





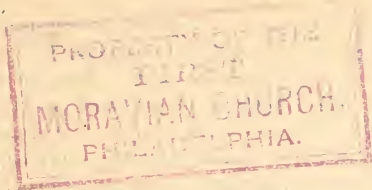
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

THE
LITURGY AND HYMNS
OF
THE AMERICAN PROVINCE
OF THE
UNITAS FRATRUM,
OR
THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

BETHLEHEM:
MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by
**THE BOARD OF ELDERS OF THE NORTHERN DIOCESE OF THE
CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,**

in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



PREFACE.

The *Unitas Fratrum* was the first among Protestant Churches to publish a Hymn-book. It appeared in the Bohemian language, at Jungbunzlau, in Bohemia, in the year 1505, and contained versions of old Latin hymns, together with many original compositions, mostly by John Hus and Bishop Luke of Prague. The latter was its editor. In 1531 it was followed by a German, and in 1554 by a Polish, Hymn-book. All these Collections were subsequently revised and enlarged, the Bohemian in 1561, the German in 1566, and the Polish in 1569. In this new form, they remained in use until the overthrow of the Ancient *Unitas Fratrum*, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The tunes, printed in full at the head of each hymn, were partly Gregorian, partly borrowed from Germany, and partly original. Many of the original ones consisted of popular melodies adapted to the uses of the sanctuary.

The hymns of the Brethren were a power in the Church and the land. They gave life to public worship; they were familiarly sung in the homes of nobles and of peasants; they set forth the pure Gospel in strains that captivated thousands of hearts in the Roman Catholic Church and brought them to a knowledge of free grace in Christ Jesus.

But few copies of the old Hymn-book remain. Most of them were destroyed in the Bohemian Anti-reformation. A modern selection, however, in the German language, with the tunes prefixed, was published at Nuremberg in 1875.

The Renewed *Unitas Fratrum* inherited the hymnological

tendency of its fathers. Soon after its resuscitation at Herrnhut, in Saxony, in 1722, several Collections of Hymns were published by Count Zinzendorf, many of them being his own productions. These, however, do not rank as Hymn-books of the Church. The first work bearing this character and title appeared in 1735. It was frequently reprinted, and was followed by twelve appendixes, containing the outgrowth of that period of sentimental fanaticism which, for a few years, disfigured the history of the Renewed Brethren. Hence, these appendixes were gradually suppressed. An entirely new Hymn-book, moreover, was issued in London in two Parts, the first in 1753, and the second in 1755. This work, generally known as the "London Hymn-book," contained more than three thousand hymns. An abridged edition appeared simultaneously with the original, and was commonly used in public worship. In 1778 a new Collection came out, under the supervision of Christian Gregor, a distinguished hymnologist of the Church. This Hymn-book is still in use. An abridgment of it appeared in the United States in 1848, and another in Germany in 1869.

All these works were issued in the German language, and contain many hymns of the Ancient *Unitas Fratrum*. Among the tunes, moreover, are more than thirty of its chorals. Of the other tunes, some are original; the rest, with the exception of a few popular melodies, are borrowed from the old Roman Catholic Church and the Churches of the Reformation.

The German Hymn-book, in its various editions, formed the basis for Collections of hymns, published at various times, in the English, French, Lettonian, Esthonian, Bohemian, Greenland, Esquimaux, Negro-English, Cherokee-Indian, Delaware-Indian, and Kaffre languages.

The first English Hymn-book of the *Unitas Fratrum* appeared in London, in 1742, and was entitled "A Collection of Hymns, with several translations from the Hymn-book of the Moravian Brethren." It was followed, in 1746, by a Second, and in 1749 by a Third Part. In 1754 it came out in a greatly enlarged form, bearing the following title: "A Collec-

tion of Hymns of the Children of God in all ages. In two Parts. Designed chiefly for the use of the Congregations in union with the Brethren's Church." This work was edited chiefly by Bishop Gambold, on the plan of the German "London Hymn-book," and embraced eleven hundred and sixty-nine hymns, many of which were exceedingly poor translations from the German, and others objectionable on account of their extravagant phraseology. Hence, an abridgment was published, in 1769, entitled: "A Collection of Hymns, chiefly extracted from the larger Hymn-book of the Brethren's Congregations." This remained in use for twenty years, and was then superseded by the revised and greatly improved edition of 1789, called "A Collection of Hymns for the use of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren." Of this work, two revised editions appeared: the one in 1801, reprinted in 1809; and the other, in 1826.

In 1835 the Provincial Synod of the British Province of the *Unitas Fratrum* unanimously requested James Montgomery—a member of the Church—to subject the Hymn-book to a still further and more thorough revision. This he consented to do, and the result of his labors was laid before the Provincial Synod of 1847. That body appointed a committee to prepare a new edition, and this committee received full liberty from Montgomery to adopt, reject, or modify any of his emendations, and, at the same time, to make free use of his own compositions. Under such auspices appeared, in 1849, the "Liturgy and Hymns for the use of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren, or *Unitas Fratrum*," which work is still used in Great Britain.

The first English Hymn-book of the Church printed in the United States came out in Philadelphia, in 1813, at the office of Conrad Zentler. Prior to that time, Hymn-books were imported from England. It was a reprint of the edition of 1801. The edition of 1826 was also reprinted in this country, and remained in use until 1851. In that year, according to a resolution adopted by the Provincial Synod of 1849, the first original Hymn-book of the American Province of the *Unitas*

Fratrum appeared. It was based upon the English edition of 1849, but differed from it in many respects.

The Liturgy and Hymns, herewith presented to the Church, are the result of a series of resolutions adopted by the Provincial Synods of 1864, 1867, 1868, 1870, and 1873. It has been the great aim of all those connected with this work, to bring the new Hymn-book up to the standard of modern hymnology, without destroying its Moravian character.

In accordance with synodical enactments, the Liturgy has been carefully revised, and the Liturgical Services for the Festivals of the Christian Church and other special occasions, ordered by the Synod of 1864, have been appended. These Services are all based upon such as have been in use, for many years, in the German Moravian Church.

In conclusion, we renew the pious wishes of our fathers as set forth in the Preface to every edition of the Hymn-book since 1789: "May all who use these hymns experience, at all times, the blessed effects of complying with the apostle Paul's injunction (Ephesians v, 18 and 19), 'Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.' Yea, may they anticipate, while here below, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the blessed above, who, being redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are standing before the throne, and singing in perfect harmony with the many angels round about it (Rev. v, 9-12, and vii, 9-14), 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen!'"

OCTOBER, 1876.

A TABLE

OF THE

EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

FOR THE

SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH-YEAR.

SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS.	EPISTLES.	GOSPELS.
1ST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.....	Rom. 13: 8-14.	Matt. 21: 1-13.
2D	 15: 4-13.	Lu. 21: 25-36.
3D	1 Cor. 4: 1-5.	Matt. 11: 2-10.
4TH	Phil. 4: 4-7.	John 1: 19-28.
CHRISTMAS EVE.....	{ Is. 9: 1-7.	
	{ Titus 2: 11-14.	Lu. 2: 1-14.
1ST CHRISTMAS DAY.....	Heb. 1: 1-12.	John 1: 1-18.
2D	Titus 3: 4-7.	Lu. 2: 15-20.
SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.....	Gal. 4: 1-7.	 2: 33-40.
NEW YEAR'S EVE.....	2 Tim. 4: 1-8.	 12: 35-40.
NEW YEAR'S DAY, or Circumcision of Jesus.....	{ Rom. 4: 8-14.	
	{ Gal. 3: 23-29.	 2: 21-32.
SUNDAY AFTER NEW YEAR.....	1 Peter 4: 12-19.	Matt. 2: 13-23.
EPIPHANY.....	{ Is. 9: 1-7.	
	{ Eph. 3: 1-12.	 2: 1-12.
1ST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.....	Rom. 12: 1-5.	Lu. 2: 41-52.
2D	 12: 6-16. ^a	John 2: 1-11.
3D	 12: 16-21. ^b	Matt. 8: 1-13.
4TH	 13: 1-7.	 8: 23-27.
5TH	Col. 3: 12-17.	 13: 24-30.
6TH	{ 1 John 3: 1-8.	 24: 23-31.
	{ 2 Pet. 1: 16-21.	 17: 1-9.
SEPTUAGESIMA, or the 3d Sunday before Lent	1 Cor. 9: 24.—10: 5.	 20: 1-16.
SEXAGESIMA, or the 2d Sunday before Lent.....	2 Cor. 11: 19.—12: 9.	Lu. 8: 4-15.
QUINQUAGESIMA, or the Sunday before Lent.....	1 Cor. 13: 1-13.	 18: 31-43.
ASH WEDNESDAY.....	Joel 2: 12-17.	Matt. 6: 16-21.
1ST SUNDAY IN LENT, or <i>Invocavit</i> 2D, or <i>Reminiscere</i>	2 Cor. 6: 1-10.	 4: 1-11.
3D, or <i>Oculi</i>	1 Thess. 4: 1-7.	 15: 21-28.
4TH, or <i>Laetare</i>	Eph. 5: 1-9.	Lu. 11: 14-28.
5TH, or <i>Judica</i>	Gal. 4: 21-31.	John 6: 1-15.
6TH, or PALM SUNDAY.....	Heb. 9: 11-15.	 8: 46-59.
MAUNDY THURSDAY.....	Phil. 2: 5-11.	Matt. 21: 1-11.
GOOD FRIDAY.....	1 Cor. 11: 23-32.	John 13: 1-15.
GREAT SABBATH, or EASTER EVE.....	Heb. 10: 1-25.	Is. 52: 13—53: 12.
EASTER SUNDAY.....	1 Peter 3: 17-22.	Matt. 27: 57-66.
	{ 1 Cor. 5: 6-8.	{ Mark 16: 1-8.
	{ Col. 3: 1-7.	{ Jno. 20: 1-10.
EASTER MONDAY.....	Acts 10: 34-41.	Lu. 24: 13-35.
EASTER TUESDAY.....	 13: 26-41.	 24: 36-48.
1ST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, or <i>Quasimodogeniti</i>	1 John 5: 4-12.	John 20: 19-31.
2D, or <i>Misericordias</i>	1 Peter 2: 19-25.	 10: 11-16.

^a End: "men of low estate."

^b Begin: "Be not wise in your own conceits."

TABLE OF THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS.—*Continued.*

SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS.	EPISTLES.	GOSPELS.
3D SUND. AFT. EASTER, or <i>Jubilate</i>	1 Peter 2: 11-17.	John 16: 16-23. ^c
4TH, or <i>Cantate</i>	James 1: 17-21.	 16: 5-15.
5TH, or, <i>Rogate</i>	 1: 22-27.	 16: 23-30. ^d
ASCENSION DAY.....	Acts 1: 1-11.	Mark 16: 14-20.
SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY...	1 Peter 4: 7-11.	Jn. 15: 26.—16: 4.
WHIT-SUNDAY.....	Acts 2: 1-13.	 14: 15-31. ^e
WHIT-MONDAY.....	 10: 34-48. ^f	 3: 16-21.
WHIT-TUESDAY.....	 8: 14-17.	 10: 1-10.
TRINITY SUNDAY.....	{ Rev. 4: 1-11.	
1ST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.....	{ Rom. 11: 33-36.	 3: 1-15.
2D	1 John 4: 7-21.	Lu. 16: 19-31.
3D	 3: 13-24.	 14: 16-24.
4TH	1 Peter 5: 5-11. ^g	 15: 1-10.
5TH	Rom. 8: 18-23.	 6: 36-42.
6TH	1 Peter 3: 8-15. ^h	 5: 1-11.
7TH	Rom. 6: 3-11.	Matt. 5: 20-26.
8TH	 6: 19-23.	Mark 8: 1-9.
9TH	 8: 12-17.	Matt. 7: 15-23.
10TH	1 Cor. 10: 1-13.	Lu. 16: 1-9.
11TH	 12: 1-11.	 19: 41-48.
12TH	 15: 1-11.	 18: 9-14.
13TH	2 Cor. 3: 4-11.	Mark 7: 31-37.
14TH	Gal. 3: 15-22.	Lu. 10: 23-37.
15TH	 5: 16-24.	 17: 11-19.
16TH	 5: 25-6: 10.	Matt. 6: 24-34.
17TH	Eph. 3: 13-21.	Lu. 7: 11-17.
18TH	 4: 1-6.	 14: 1-11.
19TH	1 Cor. 1: 4-9.	Matt. 22: 34-46.
20TH	Eph. 4: 17-32.	 9: 1-8.
21ST	 5: 15-21.	 22: 1-14.
22D	 6: 10-20.	Jn. 4: 46-54. ⁱ
23D	Phil. 1: 3-11.	Matt. 18: 21-35.
24TH	 3: 17-21.	 22: 15-22.
25TH	Col. 1: 3-14.	 9: 18-26.
26TH	{ Jer. 23: 5-8.	{ John 6: 5-14.
27TH	{ 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.	{ Mt. 24: 15-28.
THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN	{ 2 Pet. 3: 3-14.	
THE TEMPLE, February 2.....	{ 2 Thess. 1: 3-10.	Matt. 25: 31-46.
THE ANNUNCIATION, March 25.....	1 Thess. 5: 1-11.	 25: 1-13.
THE VISITATION, July 2.....	Mal. 3: 1-5.	Lu. 2: 22-32.
IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS,	Is. 7: 10-16.	 1: 26-38.
July 6.....	.. 11: 1-5.	 1: 39-56.
S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS,		{ Mt. 23: 34-39.
Sept. 29.....	Acts 7: 55-60.	{ Ps. 31: 1-24.
ALL SAINTS' DAY, NOV. 1.....	Rev. 12: 7-12.	Matt. 18: 1-11.
	 7: 2-12.	... 5: 1-12.

^c End: "ye shall ask me nothing."

^d Begin: "Verily, verily, I say."

^e End: "even so I do."

^f End: "in the name of the Lord."

ⁱ Begin: "And there was a certain nobleman."

^g Begin: "All of you be subject one to another."

^h End: "sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."



PREFACE	iii—vi
A TABLE of the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays and Festivals of the Church Year	vii, viii

THE LITURGY.

	PAGES.
THE LITANY	1—6
The Doxology	7
The Te Deum Laudamus	8
A Canticle of Praise	9, 10
The Service for Easter Morning	10—15
The Baptism of Children	15—17
The Baptism of Adults	17—19
The Rite of Confirmation	19, 20
The Lord's Supper	20, 21
The Communion of the Sick	22
The Rite of Ordination	22—27
I. The Ordination of a Deacon	22—24
II. The Ordination of a Presbyter	24, 25
III. The Consecration of a Bishop	25, 26
The Laying of a Corner-stone	26, 27
The Consecration of a Church or Chapel	28, 29
The Solemnization of Matrimony	29—31
The Burial of the Dead	31—34

LITURGICAL SERVICES FOR THE CHURCH SEASONS :

	PAGES.
The First Sunday in Advent	35-38
The Second Sunday in Advent	38-41
Christmas Day	41-44
Epiphany	44-48
The Season of Lent	48-51
Easter	51-54
Whit-Sunday	54-58
Trinity Sunday	58-62
In Memory of the Martyrs	62-66
Thanksgiving	66-69
A Day of Humiliation and Prayer	69-72
Ascension Day	73-76
Office of Worship for Sunday Evening, I.	77-79
Office of Worship for Sunday Evening, II.	79-81

COMMUNION LITURGIES :

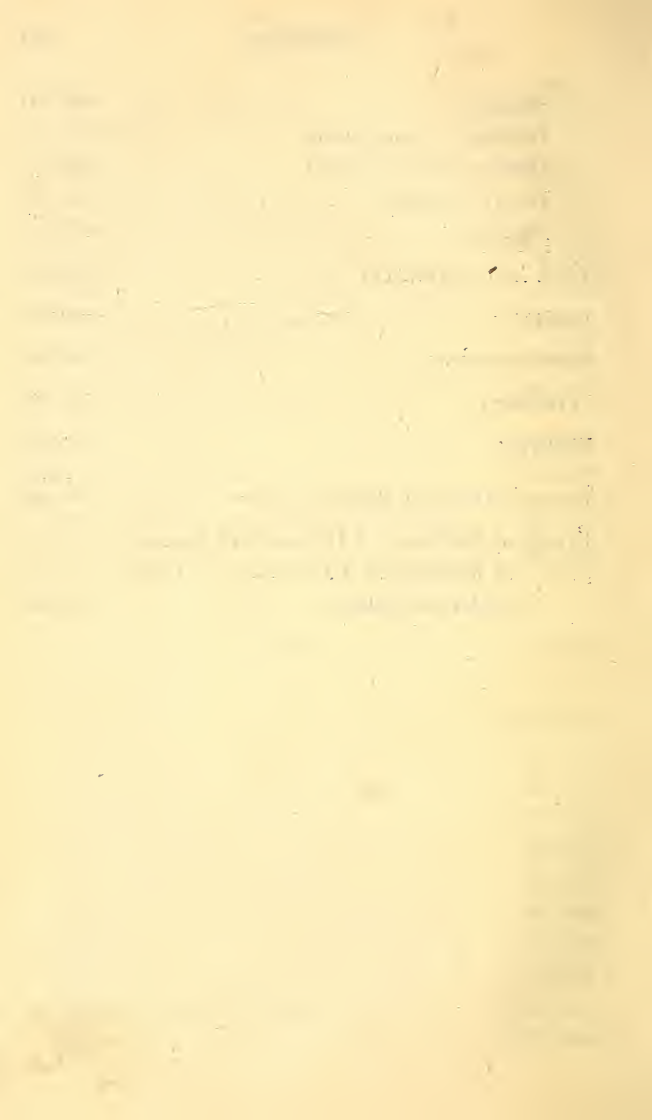
Introduction	82
I. For the Opening Year	83-87
II. For Lent	88-92
III. For Maundy-Thursday or Good Friday	92-97
IV. For Easter Sunday	98-102
V. For Whit-Sunday	102-107
VI. For the Anniversary Festival of a Congregation	107-111
VII. For August the Thirteenth	111-115
VIII. For General Occasions	116-119
IX. For November the Thirteenth	120-124
X. For General Occasions	124-128

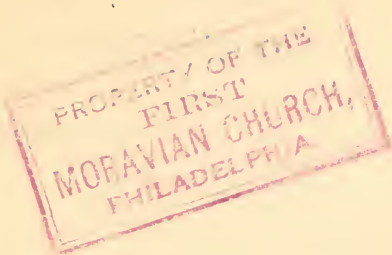
HYMNS.

THE WORD OF GOD	HYMNS. 1-9
THE HOLY TRINITY	10-18
GOD THE FATHER :	
In Creation and Providence	19-31
In the Ministry of Angels	32-34
In the Work of Redemption	35-37
GOD THE SON :	
Divinity	38-48
Advent	49-56
Incarnation and Birth	57-79
Name of Jesus	80-87
Manifestation to the Gentiles	88-96
Life, Example and Ministry	97-107
Transfiguration	108-109
Triumphal Entry	110-112
Sufferings and Death	113-155
Burial	156-167
Resurrection	168-184
Ascension and Exaltation	185-192
Kingdom and Priesthood	193-201
Praise to Christ	202-226
GOD THE HOLY GHOST	227-245
CHRISTIAN LIFE :	
Warning and Invitation	246-271
Sorrow for Sin	272-289
Faith and Justification	290-321
Self-Consecration and Confession	322-350

	HYMNS.
Love and Communion	351-411
Holiness	412-459
Brotherly Love	460-472
Patience and Trust	473-518
Watchfulness and Fidelity	519-527
Conflict	528-540
Prayer	541-563
Praise and Thanksgiving	564-588
Christian Activity	589-603
THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH	604-619
BAPTISM	620-628
THE LORD'S SUPPER	629-654
PUBLIC WORSHIP AND THE LORD'S DAY	655-701
REVIVALS	702-705
MISSIONARY	706-724
THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST	725-751
SPECIAL HYMNS :	
Children	752-765
Youth	766-771
Marriage	772-774
Parents	775-781
The Aged	782-785
New Year	786-795
Harvest	796-800
Morning	801-813
Evening	814-828
Before and After Meals	829-832
Travelers	833-835

	HYMNS.
Sickness	836-841
Laying a Corner-Stone	842-844
Dedication of a Church	845-852
Days of Fasting	853-856
National	857-862
TIME AND ETERNITY	863-869
DEATH	870-889
RESURRECTION	890-893
JUDGMENT	894-904
HEAVEN	905-930
	PAGES.
DOXOLOGIES AND BENEDICTIONS	598-603
INDEX of first lines of Hymns and Stanzas	605-678
“ of Metres and Tunes, and of Hymns under each Metre	679-684





THE LITURGY.

THE TITANIC

THE LITANY.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond :

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.

Unto thee do we give thanks; for thou art good: for thy mercy endureth forever.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

¶ Then shall all kneel and say :

Most Holy and Almighty God, our Saviour,

We acknowledge our transgressions.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

We have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly.

The good that we knew to do we have not done;

And in all our works we have been unprofitable servants, and have come short of thy glory.

Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name; and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake: Amen.

Thus saith the Lord: I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Go, and sin no more.

¶ Then the congregation shall sing, all standing:

L. M.

TUNE TE DEUM.

O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call;
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

¶ Then shall follow the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, the congregation standing until the invocation to the Holy Ghost shall have been said:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried. He went to the place of departed spirits. The third day he rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy christian church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting: Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us forever.

TUNE 132, PART 2.

Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

¶ Then shall the Minister continue, the congregation responding:
From all sin,
From all error,
From all evil,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

From pestilence and famine,
From calamity by fire or water, hail or tempest,
From war and bloodshed,
From the violence of wicked men,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

From indifference to thy merits and death,
From pride and self-complacency,
From needless perplexity,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From envy, hatred, and malice,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy life,
By thy human birth and circumcision,
By thy obedience, diligence and faithfulness,
By thy humility, meekness and patience,
By thy extreme poverty,
By thy baptism, fasting and temptation,
By thy griefs and sorrows,
By thy prayers and tears,
By thy having been despised and rejected,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

By thy agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourging,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross and passion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy dying words,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By thy divine presence,
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being
called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us. gracious Lord and God.

TUNE 519

Most holy Lord and God,
 Holy, Almighty God,
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God,
 Grant that we may never
 Lose the comforts of thy death :
 Have mercy, O Lord.

¶ Instead of this hymn may be sung the following:

C. M.

TUNE 12

May we a grateful sense retain
 Of thy redeeming love ;
 And live below like those that hope
 To live with thee above.

Thou Head and Saviour of thy body, the church.
 Unite all the children of God in one spirit ;
 Send faithful laborers into thy harvest ;
 Give spirit and power to preach thy word ;
 Hinder all schisms and offenses ;
 Put far from thy people all deceivers :
 Bring back all that have erred or that are deceived :
Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Grant love and unity to all our congregations ;
 Give to our bishops and ministers soundness of doctrine
 and holiness of life, and preserve them therein ;
 Help all elders to rule well ; and may every steward of
 things spiritual or temporal be faithful not only in that
 which is much, but also in that which is least.

Preserve and sanctify each member through the truth ;
 Grant that all of us, in every age and station, may enjoy
 the powerful and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity,
 and make us chaste before thee in soul and body.

Let our children be brought up in thy nurture and admo-
 nition :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Supply, O Lord, we pray thee, all the wants of thy people ;
 Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life,
 But may all our labor of body and mind be hallowed unto
 thee ;

Bless the sweat of the brow and faithfulness in business ;
 Help us to use thy gifts aright, and never to forget that it
 is more blessed to give than to receive,

For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may
 we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men ;

Teach us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to
 them that hate us ;

Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not this sin to their charge :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord, the hope of Israel, and the desire of all nations, Have mercy on thy ancient covenant people, deliver them from their blindness ;

O that Ishmael might live before thee ;

Prosper the endeavors of all thy servants to spread thy gospel ;

Bless our and all other christian congregations gathered from among the heathen ;

Keep them as the apple of thine eye :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations :

Praise Him, all ye people.

Watch graciously over all governments ;

Establish them in truth and righteousness, and give them thoughts of peace.

Bless the President of the United States, and both Houses of Congress ; the Governor and Legislature of this Commonwealth, and all others that are in authority ; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.

Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for thy sake ; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell.

Give prosperity, O God, to this land, and salvation to all its people :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ A Prayer in times of war.

[Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve himself the father of the people ;

Be thou the gracious protector of these States, and of all our fellow-citizens in all parts of the world ;

Turn the hearts of our enemies ; defeat every evil design against us ; and continue to show thy tender mercies unto these United States as thou hast done in days past ;

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercies that we are not consumed ;

Stop in thy tender mercies the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease ;

To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.]

O thou preserver of men,
 Watch over those who travel by land or sea;
 Send help to all that are in danger, tribulation, or distress,
 Strengthen and uphold those who suffer persecution for the
 sake of the gospel;

Defend and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and
 all who are desolate and afflicted;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and in the midst of suffering let
 them feel that thou lovest them;

Enable the dying to put their trust in thee, as the propitia-
 tion for the sins of the whole world:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Have mercy, O Lord, on thy whole creation;

Hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall
 become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and
 may we be accounted worthy to stand before Him.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise, and remain standing until the close of
 the Litany.

8s, 6s & 8s.

TUNE 79.

Lord, for thy coming us prepare;
 May we to meet thee without fear
 At all times ready be:
 In faith and love preserve us sound;
 O let us day and night be found
 Waiting with joy to welcome thee.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumph-
 ant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Christ, Almighty God,

Have mercy upon us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Manifest thyself to us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world

Give unto us thy peace.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us:

Amen.

DOXOLOGY.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, and the congregation respond

Unto the Lamb that was slain,
And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth ;

Unto the Lord who purchased our souls for himself ;
*Unto that Friend who loved us, and washed us from our sins
in his own blood ;*

Who died for us once,
That we might die unto sin ;

Who rose for us,
That we also might rise ;

Who ascended for us into heaven,
To prepare a place for us ;

And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions:

To him be glory at all times,
*In the church that waiteth for him, and in that which is
around him,*

From everlasting to everlasting: *Amen.*

Little children, abide in him ; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following hymns, after which the Minister shall pronounce the Old Testament benediction.

11s.

TUNE 39.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress.

7s.

TUNE 11.

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word ;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

TO BE USED ON THE GREAT FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH, AND ON OTHER SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, the congregation responding :

We praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud ; the heavens, and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee.

*The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee ;
the Father, of an infinite majesty ;*

Thine adorable, true, and only Son ; also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

*Thou art the King of glory, O Christ ; thou art the everlasting
Son of the Father.*

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin.

*When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst
open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.*

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood ;

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage : govern them, and lift them up forever.

*Day by day we magnify thee ; and we worship thy name ever,
world without end.*

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted ; let me never be confounded.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;

*As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world
without end : Amen.*

A CANTICLE OF PRAISE.

[From the German Liturgy of the Unitas Fratrum.]

TO BE USED ON DAYS OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, AND ON OTHER
OCCASIONS OF PRAISE.

¶ All standing. the Minister shall say, or chant, the congregation responding.

Blessed be thou that dwellest between the cherubim, and graciously regardest them of low estate. O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise him, and magnify him for ever.

Magnify him for ever.

Heaven and earth, fire and water, sun and moon, all the stars of heaven, rain and dew, frost and snow, heat and cold, air and wind, clouds and lightning, day and night, light and darkness, hills and mountains, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

All that groweth upon the earth, all that moveth in the water, all the fowls of the air, all ye beasts and cattle, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

Laud him, all ye hosts of heaven; ye angels of the Lord, praise him; glorify, magnify him for ever.

Magnify him for ever.

Ye saints, ye humble and contrite souls, who trust in the Lord, glorify the Lord.

Glorify the Lord.

Ye servants of the Lord, serve him with gladness, and magnify him for ever.

Magnify him for ever.

Ye churches of the Lord, rejoice ye in him; and thou, the whole Israel of God, born of the Spirit, rejoice thou in him, and sing praises unto him forever.

Sing praises unto him for ever.

For he hath redeemed us from the hand of the enemy, he hath saved us from our sins, and hath delivered us out of many dangers: praise the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

His mercy endureth for ever.

O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord of lords; glorify him, magnify him, for his mercy endureth forever.

6s, 7s & 7s.

TUNE 341.

Worthy, O Lord, art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

¶ Instead of this hymn, may be sung the following:

7s.

TUNE 205.

Meet and right it is to sing,
At all times, in every place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
To the God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Never ceasing praise be thine.

THE SERVICE FOR EASTER MORNING.

TO BE USED IN THE MORNING OF EASTER DAY, EITHER IN THE CHURCH,
OR ON THE CONSECRATED GROUND OF THE DEAD.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, the congregation responding:

The Lord is risen!

The Lord is risen indeed!

10s & 7s.

TUNE 185.

Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, the great favor
To embrace thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail thee as our risen Lord.

¶ Then the Minister shall offer prayer, all kneeling, after which he shall begin the Litany.

I believe in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;

Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

This I verily believe.

¶ The following ascription of praise may be sung by the Choir, or said by the Minister:

We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father, glorify thy name.

Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him;

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman:

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit have sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord:

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen: as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

Went also by the Spirit and preached unto the spirits in prison;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

¶ Then shall be sung by the Minister, the Choir, and the Congregation successively, or they may all unite in singing, the following hymn:

6s, 7s & 6s.

TUNE 146.

MINISTER.—The Spirit and the Bride

“O come!” are now entreating;

CHOIR.—Let all who hear their voice

“O come!” be loud repeating:

CONGREGATION.—Amen! Lord Jesus, come;

We wait in faith for thee;

Soon, we implore thee, come,

Thy glory let us see.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil;

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy, precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness:

Even as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

This I most certainly believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children:

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father:

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temple;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus,

the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity: *Amen.*

I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian church, God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied a member of the church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word: *Amen.*

In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for me, and shed his blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith, Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also, our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

¶ Then may be sung the following hymns, the first by the Choir and the second by the Congregation, or both by the Congregation:

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

7s.

TUNE 205.

- Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
- We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fullness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

¶ The following hymn shall be sung by the Choir and Congregation alternately, or unitedly, whenever this Service is used on the consecrated ground of the dead, else it shall be omitted.

C. M.

CHOIR.

TUNE 14.

The graves of all his saints Christ blest,
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head?
 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

CONGREGATION.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

¶ Then shall the Minister continue and say, the Congregation responding:

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption; my flesh shall rest in hope.

And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter-day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

¶ Then shall be sung by the Choir and the Congregation alternately, or unitedly, the following hymn:

7s.

CHOIR.

TUNE 205.

What are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song:
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour?"

CONGREGATION.

These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came;
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

¶ Then the Minister shall conclude the Service and say, the congregation responding and singing the hymn:

Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life; he was dead, and behold, he is alive forevermore; and he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to him in the Church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, from everlasting to everlasting.

Amen.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

I give thee thanks unfeigned,
 O Jesus, friend in need,
 For what thy soul sustained,
 When thou for me didst bleed:
 Grant me to lean unshaken
 Upon thy faithfulness,
 Until I hence am taken
 To see Thee face to face.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.

Amen.

THE BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

¶ The service shall begin with the singing of a hymn, and a short discourse by the Minister, setting forth the meaning and obligations of this sacrament.

Then, all standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

Christ, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us: Amen.

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples, Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them

in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

Baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God, who hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

He also gave this promise: He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

Children may be made partakers of this grace; for Christ hath said: Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

[¶ Then the Minister shall ask and the parents shall answer :

Is it your sincere desire, by the grace of God, as much as lieth in you, to bring up this child in the fear and admonition of the Lord?

It is.]

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following hymns :

L. M.

TUNE 90.

An infant we present to thee
As thy redeemed property,
And thee most fervently entreat
Thyself this child to consecrate
By baptism, and its soul to bless,
Out of the fullness of thy grace.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed we need not fear,
When in his presence we appear.

¶ Then, after a prayer, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond :

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?
Into his death.

¶ Then the Minister shall name the child, and pour, or sprinkle, water on its head thrice, saying :

Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

¶ Here the sponsors shall join the Minister in the imposition of hands.

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then the Minister shall continue and say :

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

¶ Then may be sung the Doxology :

11s.

TUNE 39.

The Lamb, who by blood our salvation obtained,
Took on him our curse, and death freely sustained,
Is worthy of praises, let with one accord
All people say, Amen, O praise ye the Lord.

THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

¶ After a short discourse, shall follow these petitions :

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever : Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us forever.

By thy divine presence,
By thy holy sacraments,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then the Minister shall ask, the candidate responding :

Dost thou believe in God the Father, almighty Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth ?

I do.

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, who loved us, and gave himself for us ?

I do.

Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Christian church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting ?

I do.

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, deserving of wrath and eternal punishment?

I verily believe it.

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is thy Lord, who redeemed thee, a lost and undone human creature, from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, with his innocent suffering and dying, and with his holy and precious blood?

I verily believe it.

Dost thou in this faith desire to be baptized into the death of Jesus, to be washed from thy sins, and to be embodied into the congregation of the faithful?

This is my sincere desire.

Dost thou in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine to live under Christ in his kingdom, and serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of thy life?

I do most heartily, in the strength of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and of his Spirit.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following hymns:

C. M.

TUNE 14.

Jesus, as water well applied
Will make the body clean,
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.

C. M.

TUNE 582.

Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
Will wash away your guilt.

While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot them out,
Remember them no more.

¶ Here the candidate for baptism kneeling, the Minister shall offer prayer, and then say, the congregation responding:

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?
Into his death.

¶ Then the Minister shall name the candidate, and pour, or sprinkle, water on him thrice, saying:

Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

¶ During the imposition of hands the Minister shall continue:

Now art thou washed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee;

and the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following doxologies:

L. M.

TUNE 22.

All power and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

7s.

TUNE 11.

Praise on earth to thee be given
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

THE RITE OF CONFIRMATION.

¶ The candidates for confirmation shall be carefully instructed by the Minister in the doctrines of the Christian religion as set forth in the catechism appointed for this purpose, and examined as touching their personal faith in Christ.

¶ At the time of the confirmation he shall address to them, all standing, the following questions, to which they shall publicly respond:

Do you believe in your heart, and confess with your mouth, the divine truths of the Holy Scriptures; and do you now declare your desire, by the grace of God, to abide by them, as the rule of your conduct in life, and the ground of your hope in death?

I do.

Are you ready in the presence of God the Omniscent, and of this congregation, to ratify the covenant within the bonds of which your baptism in infancy placed you, and to seal that covenant in the Holy Communion; and are you resolved by grace, cleaving to Christ your Saviour, to continue, in this covenant, to show forth his death until life's end?

I am.

Do you believe in God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in whose name you have been baptized; and do you look for the remission of your sins and acceptance with God, solely to his mercy and the all-sufficient merits of our Lord Jesus Christ?

I do.

Do you in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine to live under Christ in his kingdom, and to serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of your life?

I do most heartily, in the strength of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and of his Spirit.

¶ Then the following, or some other hymn, shall be sung by the choir, or by the congregation :

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

¶ Thereupon the candidates shall kneel, and the Minister, laying his hands upon the head of each one, shall pronounce a text of Scripture ; such as, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," or any other suitable text, giving to each candidate a different text, and shall impart the Old Testament benediction, saying :

The Lord bless thee and keep thee ;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

¶ Then the whole congregation shall kneel, and the Minister shall offer prayer, committing those who have been confirmed into the keeping of the Triune God.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

¶ The service of the Lord's Supper may be opened by the officiating Minister with one or more texts of Scripture, or with a brief discourse. A hymn setting forth the meaning of this sacrament, or the Lord's invitation to his people to approach his table, shall then be sung, followed by hymns of penitence and contrition of heart. Thereupon, all kneeling, the Minister shall offer prayer, confessing sin and praying for absolution. This prayer may be closed with the Lord's Prayer, at the discretion of the Minister. A hymn expressive of pardon, peace, and joy in the Lord, shall follow, during the singing of which the communicants, all standing, shall extend to each other the right hand of fellow-

ship. Then, all still standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

¶ The consecrated bread shall then be distributed by those ministers who assist in the administration of this sacrament, or, if he be alone, by the officiating Minister himself, and the occupants of each pew shall rise to receive it, the congregation meanwhile singing hymns that treat of the sufferings and death of our Lord. When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

¶ Then shall the whole congregation partake simultaneously, and immediately afterward kneel in silent prayer, which may be followed by a brief hymn, the communicants still kneeling, or by these petitions:

By thy divine presence,

By thy holy sacraments,

By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall be sung, all standing, a hymn treating of the atoning blood of Christ, during the singing of which the Minister and his assistants shall pour the wine into the cup. Thereupon the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

¶ At the discretion of the Minister he may chant or say, and the congregation respond:

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

Until he come.

¶ The Minister and his assistants shall partake of the cup first, and then it shall be administered to the communicants who shall again rise to receive it, while hymns are sung treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, of its healing and sanctifying power, of brotherly love, and of a present and eternal communion with Christ. In conclusion shall be sung a hymn pledging the communicants to faithfulness in their service of the Lord and to love among themselves, as a sign of which they shall again extend to each other the right hand of fellowship. Then shall follow the benediction.

THE COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

¶ If several infirm or aged communicants desire to partake of this sacrament together, or if a sick communicant wishes to receive it in fellowship with his family or others, and his sickness does not forbid the singing of hymns, the usual order for the administration of the Lord's Supper shall be observed.

In other cases, all things necessary being prepared, the Minister shall say:

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Dearly beloved: Hear the cheering promise of your Saviour: Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them; and the comforting words of the apostle: My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

Hear also what St. John writes: If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

And again, Jesus says: Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

Let us pray.

¶ Then kneeling the Minister shall offer prayer, after which he shall proceed to consecrate and administer the elements, first to those who partake with the sick, if such there be, and last of all to the sick person himself. Thereupon shall be said the Lord's Prayer by all that are present, and the Minister shall pronounce the following, or some other benediction:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Amen.

THE RITE OF ORDINATION.

I.—THE ORDINATION OF A DEACON.

¶ The service shall be opened with the *Te Deum Laudamus*, or with an invocation by the Bishop, after which shall be sung the following, or some other hymn:

L. M.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

TUNE 22.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but one:
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song.

¶ Then shall the Bishop preach a sermon setting forth the work and obligations of the Ministry in general, and the duty and office of a Deacon in particular, and, after the sermon, shall deliver a charge to the candidate for ordination. Thereupon, the candidate standing before him, the Bishop shall say and the candidate respond:

Brother (*here he shall name him*), do you believe in the truth of the Old and New Testaments, as inspired by the Holy Ghost?

I do.

Do you trust that you have by divine grace been brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ?

This is my humble trust.

Are you resolved to devote yourself to the work of the Ministry, and to the service of the Lord in the Church of the United Brethren?

I am.

Will you diligently apply yourself to the study of the Holy Scriptures and to prayer, and declare all the counsel of God, that you may be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed?

I will, by the grace of God.

Is it your sincere purpose to live according to the precepts of God's word, and to teach nothing but the truths and doctrines contained therein, as received and taught in the Church of the United Brethren?

This is my sincere desire.

Do you promise to conform to the principles, regulations and requirements of the Church of the United Brethren, as they are laid down by her Synods and constituted authorities, so long as you shall continue in the service of the same?

This I promise to do, the Lord helping me.

¶ Then, all kneeling, the Bishop shall offer prayer, invoking the blessing of the Triune God upon the act of ordination which is about to be performed, and imploring him, in particular, that the candidate may be en-

dowed with power and unction for doing all those things which belong to the office of a Deacon, for the edification of the Church. At the close of the prayer the choir shall sing :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

¶ Then the congregation standing, but the candidate kneeling, the Bishop, with the imposition of hands, shall say :

I ordain thee, Brother (*here he shall name the candidate*), to be a Deacon of the Church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

¶ Thereupon all shall kneel in silent prayer, at the close of which the choir shall sing the following doxology, and the congregation, still kneeling, shall join in the *Amen, Hallelujah*.

Glory be to thy most meritorious ministry,
O thou servant of the true tabernacle,
Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
But to minister.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

¶ The service shall close with the singing of a hymn, and the benediction.

II.—THE ORDINATION OF A PRESBYTER.

¶ The service shall be opened in the same way as at the ordination of a Deacon. After the singing of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, or of some other hymn, the Bishop shall preach a sermon, setting forth the work and obligations of the Ministry in general, and the duty and office of a Presbyter in particular, and deliver a charge to the candidate for ordination. Thereupon, the candidate standing before him, the Bishop shall say and the candidate respond :

Brother (*here he shall name him*), do you abide by the sentiments and purposes which you solemnly avowed at your ordination as a Deacon of the Church ?

I do.

Will you continue faithfully to administer the word and sacraments, to exercise the discipline of the church, and in every way, to fulfill the functions of your pastoral office, that souls may be won for Christ, and built up in their most holy faith ?

I will.

Having recognized in your past experience the importance of upholding the principles and regulations of the Church of the United Brethren, as they are laid down by its Synods, will you faithfully observe them, and as much as lies in your power guard against any violation of the same?

I will, God being my helper.

¶ Then, all kneeling, the Bishop shall offer prayer, invoking the blessing of the Triune God upon the act of ordination which is about to be performed, and imploring him, in particular, that the candidate may be endowed with power and unction for preaching the word of God, for administering the sacraments, and for doing all those things which belong to the office of a Presbyter, for the edification of the Church. At the close of the prayer the choir shall sing:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then, the congregation standing, but the candidate kneeling, the Bishop with the imposition of hands, shall say:

I ordain thee, Brother (*here he shall name the candidate*), to be a Presbyter of the church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ At the close of the silent prayer the choir shall sing the following doxology, and the congregation, still kneeling, shall join in the *Amen*, *Hallelujah*.

Glory be to thy most holy priesthood,

Christ, thou Lamb of God;

Thou who wast slain for us;

Who by one offering hast perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Amen, Hallelujah.

¶ The service shall be closed with the singing of a hymn, and the benediction.

III.—THE CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP.

¶ If possible, not less than three Bishops shall take part in the consecration of a Bishop. The service shall be opened with the Church Litany, or a part thereof, and the singing of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, or of some other hymn. Thereupon, one of the Bishops shall preach a sermon setting forth the work and obligation of the Ministry in general, and the duty and office of a Bishop in particular, and another Bishop, or the same Bishop, shall deliver a charge to the Bishop elect. Then, all kneeling, the presiding Bishop shall offer prayer, invoking the blessing of the Triune God upon the act of consecration which is about to be

performed, and imploring him, in particular, to endow the Bishop elect with power and unction for ordaining his brethren, with diligence and zeal for doing all other things which belong to the episcopal office, and with wisdom and grace for edifying the church and setting a holy example to its ministry. At the close of the prayer the choir shall sing:

In the name of Jesus, Amen.

¶ Then, the congregation standing, each of the officiating Bishops shall lay his right hand upon the head of the Bishop elect who kneels before them, and the presiding Bishop shall say:

We consecrate thee, Brother (*here he shall name him*), to be a Bishop of the Church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace;

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Thereupon, all shall kneel in silent prayer, at the close of which the choir shall sing the following doxology, and the congregation, still kneeling, shall join in the *Amen, Hallelujah*.

Glory be to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls,
The great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant;

Glory and obedience be unto God the Holy Ghost, our Guide and Comforter;

Glory and adoration be to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Who is the Father of all who are called children on earth and in heaven.

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,

And every breath his praise repeat.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Amen, Hallelujah.

¶ The service shall end with the singing of a hymn, and the doxology which follows the Litany (page 7); or, instead of the doxology, merely with the benediction.

THE LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

¶ The service may be opened with the *Te Deum Laudamus*, or with the Canticle of Praise, or with an Invocation. Then shall be sung a hymn, after which shall be read the ninety-sixth Psalm, or some other portion of Scripture. An address, or several addresses, shall follow.

Thereupon, the Pastor of the church shall read the document appointed for such occasions, and put it into the corner-stone, as well as all the other articles which the same is to contain, naming them, as he does so, one by one. Then shall be sung the following hymn:

L. M.

TUNE 22.

This stone to thee in faith we lay,
 We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
 And when thou hearest, oh forgive.

Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,
 Still, by the power of his great name,
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Thy glory never hence depart:
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart,
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

¶ Here the Bishop, or, if no Bishop be present, the Pastor of the Church, or some other Minister appointed by him, shall lay the stone in its place, saying and the congregation responding:

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

¶ Then, taking a hammer, he shall say, and the congregation respond:

I lay the corner-stone of a church, (*or chapel,*) to be here erected by ———— (*here he shall name the congregation for whose use it is to be built*), and to be set apart for the worship of the Triune God agreeably to the ritual and usages of the Church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Amen.

¶ Here he shall thrice strike with the hammer upon the corner-stone. Then each of the Ministers present shall in like manner strike thrice upon the corner-stone, repeating the words:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Amen.

¶ Thereupon the Bishop, or the officiating Minister, shall offer prayer, and the service shall close with a hymn and the benediction.

THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH OR CHAPEL.

¶ The service may be opened with an anthem of praise by the choir, during the singing of which the Bishop and Ministers present may enter in procession, taking their places around the communion table.
Then, all standing, one of the Ministers shall say, and the congregation respond:

PSALM XXIV.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein:

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

¶ Then may be sung the following hymn:

C. M.

TUNE 14.

Arise, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Behold, thy Church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit, and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

¶ Here shall be prayed the *Te Deum Laudamus*, all standing, after which the Bishop, or, if no Bishop be present, the Minister appointed to perform the act of consecration, shall read the eighty-fourth Psalm, and Solomon's prayer at the consecration of the temple, as found in 1 Kings viii. 22-53.

Then shall be sung the following hymn :

L. M.

TUNE 22.

O thou, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

In us, and round about us, shine ;
Here cause us to behold thy face ;
Oh, make this tabernacle thine !
Oh, sanctify this holy place !

¶ Thereupon, all standing, the Bishop, or, if no Bishop be present, the Minister appointed to perform the act of consecration, shall say :

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I consecrate this church, (*or chapel*), to the worship of the Triune God, agreeably to the ritual and usages of the Church of the United Brethren.

Let us pray.

¶ Here he shall offer the prayer of consecration, imploring God to own and bless the reading and the preaching of his word, the baptism of infants and those of riper years, the renewal of the baptismal covenant in the rite of confirmation, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the solemnization of matrimony, and all other services that will be held in the church, (*or chapel*), to the good of souls, the spread of his kingdom, and the glory of his name. After the prayer of consecration, another anthem of praise may be sung by the choir.

Then shall follow the sermon by the Minister appointed to preach it, and the service shall be closed with the singing of a hymn, and the doxology which follows the Litany (page 7), or with a short prayer and the benediction.

THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

¶ The persons to be married shall stand before the Minister with their witnesses, the man on the right hand and the woman on the left. The Minister shall then say :

Dearly Beloved : We are here assembled, in the presence of God and these witnesses, to join together this man (*here he shall mention the man's name*) and this woman (*here he shall mention the woman's name*) in holy matrimony, which is commended by the Apostle to be honorable among all men ; and, therefore, is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God.

In holy writ we are taught :

That matrimony was instituted by God himself, and is therefore, an holy estate ;

That, according to the ordinance of God, a man and his wife shall be one flesh ;

That, under the New Covenant, the married state hath been sanctified, to be an emblem of Christ and his church ;

That the husband, as the head of the wife, should love her, even as Christ also loveth the church ; and that the wife be subject to her own husband in the Lord, as the church is subject unto Christ ;

That, in consequence, Christians thus united together, should love one another, as one in the Lord, be faithful one to the other, assist each other mutually, and never forsake one another.

Into this holy estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, according to the word of God and the laws of this State, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

¶ Then the Minister shall say to the man, addressing him by name :

Wilt thou have this woman (*here he shall name her*) here present to thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, honor her, and care for her ; and, through the grace of God, approve thyself unto her, in every respect, a faithful Christian husband, so long as ye both shall live? If this is thy desire, then answer and say, "I will."

¶ Then shall the man answer and say :

I will.

¶ In like manner the Minister shall say to the woman, addressing her by name :

Wilt thou have this man (*here he shall name him*) here present to thy wedded husband, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love him, honor him, and be subject unto him in the Lord ; and, through the grace of God, approve thyself unto him, in every respect, a faithful Christian wife, so long as ye both shall live? If this is thy desire, then answer and say, "I will."

¶ Then shall the woman answer and say :

I will.

¶ If a ring be used, the man shall here give the ring to the woman, which the Minister taking from her shall deliver again to the man, and say :

Let this ring be the sign and the token of this holy vow. Take it, and place it upon the finger of this woman and say :

With this ring I thee wed.

¶ Then the Minister shall say :

For as much, then, as ye have thus consented to live together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and these witnesses, we exhort you, that ye enter upon the estate of matrimony in the name of the Lord, and that ye live therein according to the precepts of his holy word.

Let us pray :

O Lord, our God! who thyself hast instituted and blessed the estate of matrimony, sanctifying the same, under the New Covenant, to be an emblem of Christ and his church, we beseech thee, graciously to look upon these two persons, who are about to be united in holy wedlock. Grant, that they may enter upon, and continue in this estate, in thy name. Replenish their hearts with thy love, and enable them to be faithful one to the other, and thus to live together in perfect love and peace. Sanctify and bless their union; vouchsafe unto them the guidance of thy Holy Spirit, and teach them to do that which is well pleasing in thy sight, through Jesus Christ, our Lord: *Amen.*

¶ Here the Minister shall join their right hands, and say :

In the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I now join you together to live in holy wedlock, as husband and wife. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Receive ye the blessing of the Lord:—

The Lord bless you, and keep you;

The Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace :

In the name of Jesus: *Amen.*

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

¶ The following may be used in the house of mourning, previously to the burial of the dead, or, at the discretion of the Minister, before the address in the church.

All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond :

O Lord our God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being,

Have mercy upon us.

O Lord our God, who turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye children of men,

Be gracious unto us.

O Lord our God, who dost not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,

Bless and comfort us, we humbly pray.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us lost and undone human creatures from all sin and from death, with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying ; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness ; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end :

Amen.

¶ Then shall the Minister say one, or more, of the following texts :

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down ; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

[As touching children, Jesus saith : Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.]

Thou Saviour of the world ! So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself ; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord ; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's : for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

O Lord, what wait we for ? our hope is in thee.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.

The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down.

He relieveth the fatherless and widow.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Blessed be his glorious name forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end : Amen.

¶ Then, there shall follow a hymn, a prayer, and a short discourse, at the discretion of the Minister.

At the grave the funeral procession shall dispose itself in proper order, and then the Minister shall say, the congregation responding :

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever : Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By thy human birth,

By thy prayers and tears,

By all the troubles of thy life,

By the grief and anguish of thy soul,

By thine agony and bloody sweat,

By thy bonds and scourgings,

By thy crown of thorns,

By thine ignominious crucifixion,

By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,

By thy atoning death,

By thy rest in the grave,

By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,

By thy sitting at the right hand of God,

By thy divine presence,

By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

¶ Then, while the body is committed to the grave, shall be sung one of the following hymns:

C. M.

TUNE 14.

Now to the earth let these remains
 In hope committed be,
 Until the body changed attains
 Blest immortality.

The body here to rest we lay
 Within its silent bed,
 Till Jesus comes, at the last day,
 And earth gives up her dead.

*We poor sinners pray,
 Hear us, gracious Lord and God;*

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together in thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

Glory be to him who is the Resurrection and the Life, who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and, after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to him in the church which waiteth for him, and in that which is around him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

L. M.

TUNE 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
 My beauty is, my glorious dress;
 Thus well arrayed I need not fear,
 When in his presence I appear.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITURGICAL SERVICES

FOR THE

CHURCH SEASONS.

[NOTE.—These Liturgical Services are intended for use, at the discretion of the Minister, in the morning or evening service of the days named. If used in the morning, they shall take the place of the Litany, and be followed by the sermon; if in the evening, they shall be followed by a sermon or a short address.

The *italic type* indicates the responses of the congregation.

Some of the hymns have been arranged to be sung antiphonally by the Minister, the choir, and the congregation. Should this be found impracticable, these hymns may be sung by all.]

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

ALL.—Hail to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

CHOIR.—He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

ALL.—O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love.

Sing, O heaven, and be joyful, O earth, for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just and having salvation!

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people; and hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David:

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began:

That we should be saved from our enemies and from the hand of all that hate us:

To perform the mercy promised unto the fathers, and to remember his holy covenant:

That he would grant unto us that we, being delivered from the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

MINISTER.—Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

CHOIR.—The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at his side:
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

ALL.—O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed:
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes.

Behold, his tabernacle shall be with men; yea, he will be their God, and they shall be his people.

The voice of the herald cries: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

CHOIR.—Oh, how shall I receive thee,
How greet thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!

ALL.—O kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please thee best.

Thy Zion palms is strewing,
 And branches fresh and fair;
 My heart, its powers renewing,
 An anthem shall prepare;
 My soul puts off its sadness,
 Thy glories to proclaim;
 With all her strength and gladness
 She fain would serve thy name.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne, O God: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong and fear not. Behold your God will come and save you.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

S. M.

TUNE 595.

O Saviour of our race,
 Welcome indeed thou art,
 Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,
 To this my longing heart!

Therefore, rejoice in God, your Saviour! For he that is mighty, hath done great things, and holy is his name.

Through the tender mercy of our God, the Day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace.

¶ Here the children shall sing the Hosanna, or some other appropriate anthem; after which the congregation shall sing:

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

Hail, thou long expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Blessed be thou that dwellest between the cherubim, and graciously regardest them of low estate! Praise the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth for ever.

His mercy endureth for ever!

Grace be with you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, make us perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle us!

To him be glory and power, from everlasting to everlasting Amen.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

ALL.—Praise to thee, O Lord, we render,
For thy love in Jesus shown;
May that love, so strong and tender,
Bind us fast to him alone;

CHOIR.— Now and ever,

ALL.— Now and ever,
Gather us among thine own.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

S. M.

TUNE 582.

ALL.—And will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

S. M.

TUNE 595.

MINISTER.—But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

CHOIR.—Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him:

I believe that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on him the form of a servant: By the overshadowing of

the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman: and being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

For he is the Lord, the messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit have sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord: he spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen: as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

This I most certainly believe.

8s, 6s & 8s.

TUNE 79.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And to awake to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet from thee a joyful doom?

For the Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth to judgment.

Then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and all the holy angels with him, and before him shall be gathered all nations.

This I most certainly believe.

But who may abide the day of his coming? And who shall stand when he appeareth?

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

MINISTER.—Lo, he cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in:

CHOIR.—'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
See our Judge and Saviour shine:

ALL.— Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain!

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall God be all in all.

This I most certainly believe.

6s, 7s & 6s.

TUNE 146.

MINISTER.—The Spirit and the Bride
"O come!" are now entreating:

CHOIR.—Let all who hear their voice
"O come!" be loud repeating.

ALL.—Amen, Lord Jesus, come!
We wait in faith for thee;
Soon, we implore thee, come,
Thy glory let us see.

By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By thy divine presence,
By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being
called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

CHOIR.—Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;

The evening is advancing,
 And darker night is near :
 The bridegroom is arising,
 And soon he will draw nigh ;
 Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
 At midnight comes the cry.

ALL.—Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus, now appear ;
 Arise, thou sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere.
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with thee.

Now the very God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray
 God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved
 blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
 When the heavens shall pass away ;
 Jesus comes again in glory ;
 Let us then our homage pay,
 Hallelujah ! ever singing,
 Till the dawn of endless day.

¶ On the Third and Fourth Sunday in Advent the same Service may be used
 as on the First Sunday. See page 35.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

C. M.

TUNE 593.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come ;
 Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with
 God, and the Word was God.

*All things were made by him, and without him was not anything
 made that was made.*

Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord, the Almighty, who was,
 and is, and is to come.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and they

that were his beheld his glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

For the law was given by Moses,

But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time;

The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

In him was life, and the life was the light of men. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

He is before all things, and by him all things consist. He upholdeth all things by the word of his power, being the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his person.

S. M.

TUNE 595.

O Saviour of our race,

Welcome indeed thou art,

Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,

To this my longing heart.

Light of the world, abide

Through faith within my heart:

Leave me to seek no other guide,

Nor e'er from thee depart.

Thou art the life, O Lord!

Sole light of life Thou art!

Let not thy glorious rays be poured

In vain on my dark heart.

¶ Then shall all unite in the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory.

O Lord God, heavenly king, God the Father Almighty: O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord;

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.



11s.

TUNE 39.

CHOIR.—Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing;
 Come see in the manger the angels' dread King!
 To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
 O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

ALL—True Son of the Father, he comes from the skies;
 To be born of a virgin he doth not despise:
 To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
 O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

To thee, then, O Jesus, this day of thy birth,
 Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
 True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
 O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Glory be to thee, Lord God our Father,
Thou Father of mercies, and God of all comfort,

In that thou hast chosen us in Jesus Christ, our Lord, before
 the foundation of the world.

*Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,
 that we should be called the sons of God.*

Thou hast blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly
 places in Christ.

*Thou hast delivered us from the power of darkness, and hast
 translated us into the kingdom of thy dear Son.*

In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily;
 he is the true God, and eternal life.

*By himself hath he reconciled all things unto himself, whether
 they be things on earth, or things in heaven.*

O thou, who art the one God and Father of all, and who
 hast adopted us as children in Jesus Christ, thy Son, in whom
 we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins, quicken
 us, we beseech thee, who have been dead in trespasses and sins.

*For the sake of that great love wherewith thou hast loved us,
 make us to live in Christ our Lord.*

O Immanuel, thou Saviour of the world,
Manifest thyself to us.

By thy holy incarnation,
 By thy human birth,
 By thy pure and gracious childhood,
 By thy obedience and diligence,
 By thy humility, meekness and patience,
 By thy extreme poverty,
 By thy griefs and sorrows,
 By thy prayers and tears,
 By thy having been despised and rejected,

By thy cross and passion,
 By thy death and burial,
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
Help us and save us.

May we all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord,
 be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as
 by the Spirit of the Lord.

11s.

TUNE 39.

'To God our Immanuel, made flesh as we are,
 Our friend, our redeemer, and brother most dear,
 Be honor and glory : let with one accord
 All people say, Amen ! Give praise to the Lord.

EPIPHANY.

¶ The following Service may likewise be used at a Mission Festival.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
 Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,
*Hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done
 in earth, as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and
 forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against
 us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for
 thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and
 ever : Amen.*

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

7s.

TUNE 205.

From the vast and veiled throng,
 Round the Father's heavenly throne,
 Swells the everlasting song :
 Glory be to God alone !
 Round Immanuel's cross of pain
 Mortal men, in tribes unknown,
 Sing to him who once was slain :
 Glory be to God alone !

Blend, ye raptured songs, in one,
 Men redeemed, your Father own ;
 Angels, worship ye the Son :
 Glory be to God alone !

Spirit, 't is within thy light,
 Streaming far from cross and throne,
 Earth and heaven their songs unite:
 Glory be to God alone!

When he hath made his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong: because he hath poured out his soul unto death.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

Arabia's desert ranger
 To him shall bow the knee;
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see:
 With offerings of devotion
 Ships from the isles shall meet,
 To pour the wealth of ocean
 In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing:
 For he shall have dominion
 O'er river, sea and shore,
 Far as the eagle's pinion,
 Or dove's light wing, can soar.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the earth.

The Lord gave the word:

Great was the company of those that published it.

Lift up your eyes, and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.

Thus saith the Lord, I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

Surely the isles shall wait for me, saith the Lord of Sabaoth, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee.

7s.

TUNE 11.

Hark, the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise, unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.

Hearts, that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored,
Honor Jesus as their Lord.

Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in every land:
Mark his progress,
Darkness flies at his command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
While he "enters like a flood,"

God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad ;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God :

And bless our and all other Christian congregations gathered
from among the heathen ; keep them as the apple of thine eye.
Let them be a light unto them which sit in darkness and in
the region and shadow of death.

Have mercy on thine ancient covenant-people ; deliver them
from their blindness.

Oh that Ishmael might live before thee !

S. M.

TUNE 595.

Send thou thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home ;
From west and east, and south and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet ;
And show thy mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete.

¶ The Minister and the congregation, all standing, shall pray :

*Thou light and desire of all nations,
Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea ;
Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy atone-
ment with demonstration of the Spirit and of power.*

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

Who but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim ?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens still will be the same :
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

*Thou knowest where they dwell, and wherein they labor ; and
that they are keeping the word of thy patience.*

*In the hour of temptation do thou keep them ; and let thy holy
name be named upon them : preserve them in times of danger and
distress.*

*Let them find comfort in the fellowship and intercessions of the
churches, which have sent them forth in obedience to thy call.*

*May the fire of thy love awaken and preserve amongst us the
spirit of the great cloud of witnesses, who loved not their life unto
the death.*

*Bless us all, both them and us, and make of us a blessing.
Amen.*

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

When exposed to fearful dangers,
 Jesus will his own defend;
 Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
 Jesus will appear your friend,
 And his presence
 Shall be with you to the end.

Behold, a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, who are before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

O THOU LAMB OF GOD, which takest away the sin of the world,

Give unto us thy peace.

Lord God, our FATHER in heaven, thou hast manifested thy great love toward us, because that thou hast sent thy Son into the world to be the propitiation for our sins.

We give thee thanks, that thou hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, having delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of thy dear Son:

In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

CHOIR.—Give to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

ALL.—He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, from darkness, and the grave:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

Lord God, SON, thou Saviour of the world, forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, thou didst also thyself likewise take part of the same, that through death thou mightest destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.

Thou wast in all things made like unto thy brethren, that thou mightest be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things

pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

Thou wast despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Thou wast wounded for our transgressions; thou wast bruised for our iniquities;

The chastisement of our peace was upon thee; and with thy stripes are we healed.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Maker of all things, Lord our God,
Now veiled in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery;

What heights, what depths of love divine
In thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heaven and earth unite their lays,
To magnify thy boundless grace.

Lord God, HOLY GHOST, thou didst descend and abide upon him; thou didst anoint him to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

7s.

TUNE 581

CHOIR.—Now with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the slaughtered Lamb!

ALL.—Blessing, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

From the sin of unbelief,
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit,
From all self-righteousness,
From every neglect of our duty,
From ingratitude and selfishness,
From lukewarmness,
From all indifference to thy meritorious life and death,
Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest friend,
 For all thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 Oh, should I leave thee ever,
 Then do not thou leave me:
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee.

By thy holy incarnation and birth; thine early exile; thy
 pure and blameless childhood; thy willing obedience; thy
 humility, meekness and patience; thy faithfulness in thine
 earthly calling; thy perfect life before God and man,

Help us, O Christ, to dedicate both soul and body to thy service.

Thy tears and agony, thy crown of thorns and cross,

Lead us to repentance for our sins.

By thy willing sacrifice of thyself even unto death,

Make known to us the mystery of thy love.

10s & 7s.

TUNE 185.

Lamb of God, thou shalt remain for ever
 Of our songs the only theme;
 For thy boundless love, thy grace and favor,
 We will praise thy saving name:
 That for our transgressions thou wast wounded,
 Shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,
 When we, perfected in love,
 Once shall join the church above.

Into thine open arms stretched out upon the cross,

Receive us all.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

By all thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
 By thine innocent suffering and dying,
 By thy rest in the grave,
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
Bless us and save us, O Christ, our Redeemer.

C. M.

TUNE 14.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

Fulfill in us thy prayer that all who love thee may be one,
 as thou art in the Father, and the Father in thee.

Hear us and help us, gracious Saviour.

Thou hast declared unto us the Father's name, that the love
 wherewith he hath loved thee may be in us,

And thou in us.

CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED,
Remain our confession of faith.

TUNE 519.

MINISTER.—Most Holy Lord and God,
 Holy, Almighty God,

CHOIR.—Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God!

ALL.—Grant that we may never
 Lose the comforts of thy death:
 Have mercy, O Lord.

¶ In place of this hymn, may be sung the following:

C. M.

TUNE 593.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life:
 Grant us that way to know;
 That truth to keep; that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow.

EASTER.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151

CHOIR.—The day of resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad:
 The passover of gladness,
 The passover of God.

ALL.—From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light;
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own, "All hail!" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead;—unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved for us in heaven.

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

He was delivered for our offences :
And was raised again for our justification.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ?
It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth ?

It is Christ that died ; yea rather, that is risen again ; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

CHOIR.—Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
 Sing to God a hymn of praise ;

MINISTER.—He, who on the cross a victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
 Now is risen from the dead.

ALL.—Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
 Of the holy harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At his second coming yield ;

Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before him wave,
 Ripened by his glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.

Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so let us walk in newness of life.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord;

Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

It is sown in corruption,

It is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor,

It is raised in glory:

It is sown in weakness,

It is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body,

It is raised a spiritual body.

Brethren, I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

7s, 8s & 7s.

TUNE 83.

CHOIR.—What now sickens, mourns, and sighs,
 Christ with him in glory bringeth;
 Earthly is the seed and dies,
 Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
 Natural is the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.

ALL.—Saviour, draw away our heart
 Now from pleasures base and hollow;
 Let us there with thee have part,
 Here on earth thy footsteps follow;
 Fix our heart beyond the skies,
 Whither we ourselves would rise.

¶ Instead of this, the following hymn may be sung:

8s, 6s & 8s.

TUNE 79.

CHOIR.—Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour, clothed with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb:
 Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
 In heaven your mansions he prepares,
 And soon will come to take you home.

ALL.—His church is still his joy and crown,
 He looks with love and pity down
 On her he did redeem:
 The members of that church he knows,
 He shares their joys and feels their woes,
 And they shall ever reign with him.

Glory be to him who is the resurrection and the life, even Jesus Christ our Lord;—the faithful and the true witness, the first-born from among the dead, the prince of the kings of the earth. For the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ:

And he shall reign forever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ:

To whom be glory for ever and ever: Amen.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth! Sing his praise in the congregation of the saints, for he hath done marvellous things!

Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord! Who can shew forth his praise!

7s

TUNE 20'

ALL.—Hail the joyful day's return,
 Hail the Pentacostal morn,
 Morn when our ascended Head
 On his church the Spirit shed.

CHOIR.—Like to cloven tongues of flame,
 On the twelve the Spirit came;
 Tongues, that earth may hear the call;
 Fire, that love may burn in all.

6s, 7s & 6s.

TUNE 146.

ALL.—All praise and thanks to God,
 The Father, now be given;
 The Son, and Him who reigns
 With them in highest heaven;
 The one eternal God,
 Whom heaven and earth adore:
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness! Let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation; and let righteousness spring up together.

Thou, O Lord, hast created it: Hallelujah!

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens also dropped, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

But now, O God, thou dost send a gracious rain, and dost confirm thine inheritance that is weary. Thou hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

The heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord; thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints. Let us praise the Lord!

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

MINISTER.—From that height which knows no measure

As a gracious shower descend,

CHOIR.—Bringing down the richest treasure

Man can wish or God can send.

ALL.—Author of the new creation!

Come with unction and with power;

Make our hearts thy habitation;

On our souls thy graces shower.

Thus saith the Lord: And it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

ALL.—Come, thou witness of his dying,

Come, remembrancer divine!

Let us feel thy power, applying

Christ to every soul and mine;

Let us groan thine inward groaning,

Look on him we pierced, and grieve;

All receive the grace atoning,

All the sprinkled blood receive.

CHOIR.—Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages olden
Call the Comforter their own?

ALL.—Wonders we may not inherit,
Signs and tongues we may not crave,
Yet we still receive the Spirit,
Still the Comforter we have.

John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Except we are born of water and of the Spirit, we cannot see the kingdom of God.

And Christ said: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

C. M. D.

TUNE 590.

CHOIR.—The Spirit came into the church
With his unfailing power;
He is the living heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

ALL.—Most tender Spirit, mighty God,
Sweet must thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have thee.

And now hath the Father sent the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.

Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you.

If we have not the Spirit of Christ, we are none of his.

If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.

And if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in us, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in us. And hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us.

He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

Order our path in all things
According to thy mind,
And when this life is over,
And all must be resigned,

With calm and fearless spirit
 O grant us then to die,
 And after death inherit
 Eternal life on high.

Glory be unto the Holy Ghost, our teacher, guide, and comforter, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, that he should abide with us forever.

O Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, who callest us by the gospel, enlightenest us by thy gifts, sanctifiest and preservest us in the true faith, our tongues shall praise thee, and our lips shall declare thy glory.

O thou most gracious Comforter, who helpest our infirmities, and makest intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered, we worship thee with grateful hearts.

For thou dost comfort us, as a mother doth comfort her children.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee,
 Changed from glory into glory
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Thou bestowest diversities of gifts, and workest all in all, dividing unto every man severally as thou wilt.

Thou sheddest abroad in our hearts the love of God; and makest our bodies thy holy temple.

Thou takest away the stony heart, and givest us an heart of flesh, that we may walk in the Lord's statutes and keep his ordinances.

Thou bearest witness with our spirit that we are children of God; and teachest us to cry, Abba, Father.

O Spirit of grace, direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ; and grant unto us an unction from the Holy One.

Establish thou us in the faith, that we may abound therein with thanksgiving; and seal our hearts unto the day of redemption.

To thee be glory, with the Father, and with the Son,

In the church which is by Christ Jesus; the holy, universal christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity: Amen.

7s.

TUNE 205.

Thou, who didst our fathers guide,
 With their children still abide;

Grant us pardon, grant us peace,
 Till our earthly wanderings cease.
 To the Father praises sing,
 Praise to Christ, our risen King,
 Praise to thee, the Lord of love,
 Blessed Spirit, holy dove.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

7s.

TUNE 205.

Meet and right it is to sing,
 At all times in every place,
 Glory to our heavenly King,
 To the God of truth and grace;
 Join we, then, in sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join:
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!
 Never-ceasing praise be thine.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts! The whole earth is full of his glory!

No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

O Lord, thou Triune God! of thee, through thee, and to thee, are all things. Thou dwellest between the cherubim; yet thou graciously regardest them of low estate: in mercy hear our prayer.

Lord, Lord God! great in counsel, and mighty in deed; whose eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; we poor sinners come before thee, trusting, not in our own righteousness, but solely in thy great mercy.

O Lord God! comfort us; lift up the light of thy countenance upon us, and we shall be saved:

Amen! Amen! Amen!

Lord God, our FATHER, which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, SON, thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, HOLY GHOST,
Abide with us forever.

7s.

TUNE 581.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host,
 Let thy will on earth be done;
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

Holy FATHER! glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

We pray not that thou shouldest take us out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep us from the evil. Sanctify us through thy truth: thy word is truth.

Thou God of all grace, the true Father of all thy children both in heaven and on earth, do thou, while we are in this world, make us perfect, stablish, strengthen us.

By thy Spirit strengthen us in the inner man, and grant that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, and that we may be rooted and grounded in him through love; so that we may be with him where he is, and behold his glory, which thou hast given him.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

L. M.

TUNE TE DEUM.

Father of heaven! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend;
 To us thy pardoning love extend: Amen.

Faithful is he that hath called you, who also will do it.

Amen! Amen! Amen!

Lord God SON, thou Saviour of the world! Thou eternal Word, by whom, and for whom, all things were made! Thou didst become flesh for our sakes, that whosoever believeth on thee should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Grant us to behold thy glory, the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

O Jesus Christ, our Saviour! who art true God and true man; thou art the light of the world. Teach us to walk in thy light.

Thou hast the words of eternal life! Feed our souls unto life everlasting. No man cometh unto the Father but by thee. Teach us, therefore, to know the Father.

And as thou hast gone to the Father, do thou send to our hearts the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, that he may reveal

thee unto us as the propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

O Christ, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Reveal thyself unto our hearts.

O Christ, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Give unto us thy peace.

5s, 8s & 5s.

TUNE 68.

Holy Trinity,
Thanks and praise to thee,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
And his death for us
On the shameful cross.

O most merciful Saviour! who hast reconciled all things unto thyself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven, and who hast made peace through the blood of thy cross; may thy precious blood cleanse us from all sin; and by thy stripes may we be healed.

Crucify with thee our sinful flesh, with all its desires, that henceforth we may not serve sin, but walk with thee in newness of life.

O thou Prince of life, who didst rise from the grave; thou who hast overcome him that had the power of death; who hast brought life and immortality to light; confirm us in the Faith, that we may live, even though we die.

Teach us to look away from the things that are seen and are temporal, and to seek those things that are above; and let thy strength, O thou Prince of our salvation, be mighty in our weakness.

O thou, our eternal High-priest! thou, who for us didst enter within the vail; be thou our advocate at the right hand of the Father, so that neither height nor depth, things present nor things to come, nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of God.

O Christ, thou eternal King of glory! unto whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, rule thou over thine enemies, till they become thy foot-stool. Lead thou thy church out of conflict unto victory, when thou shalt come again in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead.

Amen! Come, Lord Jesus!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

L. M.

TUNE TE DEUM.

Almighty Son ! Incarnate Word !
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy saving grace extend : Amen.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever : Hallelujah !

Amen ! Amen ! Amen !

O thou, HOLY SPIRIT ! who proceedest from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath sent unto us, thou who art true God, do thou testify of Christ unto our hearts.

O Spirit of truth, who provest all things, search and try our hearts whether we be in the faith.

Teach us to call Jesus Our Lord ; and help us to cry Abba, Our Father ; that we may not again fear, but have access to the throne of grace with all confidence and joy.

Bear witness with our spirits that we are children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may, hereafter, be glorified with him.

Enlighten us with thy light, and lead us into all truth, that we may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Constrain us by faith and by love to be obedient unto thee, that we may not grieve thee ; for by thee are we sealed unto the day of redemption.

Incite us to every good word and work ; and enable us to mortify the flesh, that we may truly live.

Help our infirmities, when we know not how to pray for anything as we ought ; make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Adorn us with strength and gifts in Christ Jesus ; and change us into his glorious image from glory to glory ; that we may be his property, and abound unto the praise of his grace.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

L. M.

TUNE TE DEUM.

Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy quickening power extend : Amen.

O Spirit of grace ! direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.

Amen ! Amen ! Amen !

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

Grace and peace be with all them that are the elect of God, according to the foreknowledge of the Father, through the blood of sprinkling of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit:

Amen! Amen! Amen!

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS.

¶ To be used on the Sunday nearest July 6th, the Memorial Day of the Martyrdom of John Huss; or, on the Sunday nearest November 1st.

C. M. D.

TUNE 590.

CHOIR.—The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

MINISTER.—Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

ALL.—A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain :
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

Behold, a great multitude, which no man can number, stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, with palms in their hands.

And they cry with a loud voice, saying : Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb !

Who are these, in white robes arrayed ? And whence are they come ?

These are they of whom the world was not worthy. They wandered in deserts, and mountains, and dens, and in the caves of the earth. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they were burned at the stake. They were destitute, afflicted, and in misery.

C. M.

TUNE 593.

ALL.—Triumphant martyrs ! ye did fight,
And fighting, ye did fall ;
And falling, ye took up a crown :
Crown him who crowned you all.

Praise, praise him, all ye saved ones,
From whom salvation came ;
Praise him that sits upon the throne,
Yea, praise the glorious Lamb.

CHOIR.—'T was through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe ;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honors owe.

ALL.—Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed path
Which led them safe to heaven.

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony ; who loved not their lives unto the death.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple.

7s

TUNE 205.

Who were these ?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race ;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us :
Ah, when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake,

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and separate you from their company, and reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven.

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise.

S. M.

TUNE 595.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all, in life or death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from the Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this, thy name we bless;
And humbly pray, that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Who shall separate us from the love of God? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

If God be for us, who can be against us!

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

'T is only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:

Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth
 In all its care and woe.

Thus saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, who was dead and is alive again: Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!

8s, 7s & 7s.

TUNE 89.

Can a mortal flee from sorrow?
 No, it falleth everywhere;
 Heavy are the ills we borrow;
 Those from heaven, God helps us bear:
 What in bitter tears we sow,
 Will a heavenly harvest grow.

Unto him, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth, who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God,—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever:—Amen.

Lord, who should not love thee, who should not serve thee, when he thinks of thee!

8s & 7s.

TUNE 16.

ALL.—Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
 Ye to me are welcome guests,
 When I have this consolation,
 That my soul in Jesus rests.

CHOIR.—The reproach of Christ is glorious;
 Those who here his burden bear,
 In the end, shall prove victorious,
 And eternal gladness share.

Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
 Ye who live a life of faith;
 Lift triumphant songs and praises,
 E'en in martyrdom and death.

ALL.—Bonds, and stripes, and evil story,
 Are our honorable crowns;
 Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
 Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after ye have suffered a while, will make you perfect, stablish, strengthen you.

Abide in Christ, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming.

6s, 7s & 6s.

TUNE 146.

MINISTER.—The Spirit and the Bride,
 “O come,” are now entreating;
 CHOIR.—Let all who hear their voice,
 “O come,” be loud repeating;
 ALL.—Amen, Lord Jesus, come,
 We wait in faith for thee;
 Soon, we implore thee, come;
 Thy glory let us see.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

Then praise we God the Father,
 And praise we God the Son,
 And God the Holy Spirit,
 Eternal Three in One:
 Till all the ransomed number
 Fall down before the throne,
 And honor, power, and glory
 Ascribe to God alone.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all: *Amen.*

THANKSGIVING.

¶ To be used on occasion of a Harvest Festival, or on any other appointed Day of Thanksgiving.

S. M.

TUNE 595.

MINISTER.—Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

ALL.—God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and sing of thy righteousness.

6s, 7s & 6s.

TUNE 146.

To thee, O God, we raise
 Our voice, in choral singing;
 We come, with prayer and praise,
 Our hearts' oblations bringing.
 Thou art our fathers' God,
 And ever shalt be ours:
 Our lips and lives shall laud
 Thy name, with all our powers.

Lord God, we worship thee:
 For thou our land defendest;
 Thou pourest down thy grace,
 And strife and war thou endest.
 Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to thee.

The Lord said in his heart: While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease. Hath he said, and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly. He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth forth his word and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow. He prepareth rain for the earth, and maketh it soft with showers, and blesseth the springing thereof. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth. Let us fear the Lord our God, who giveth us the former and latter rain in its season, and reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

7s.

TUNE 11.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days!
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 All to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow. .

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all

his benefits. He redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with tender mercies. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust. He openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

CHOIR.—For thy love what due requital
Can our feeble praises be?

ALL.—May its power and spirit vital
Lift our daily life to thee.

Give us, in our work allotted,
Active hand and fervent mind,
Strength to serve with heart devoted,
Grace to bear with heart resigned.

Blessed be God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you. For he hath said: I am the bread of life. He that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.

L. M.

TUNE 90.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of life! from day to day,
Be thou their comfort, food, and stay.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

And let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come.

And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Oh may our lives, through grace, abound
In holy fruits, and thee proclaim!
Let all thy courts with praises sound
Thy gracious hand, thy wondrous name.

Lord, when thou shalt descend from heaven,
 Thy ransomed harvest here to reap :
 Oh, in that day thy joy be given
 To those who now go forth and weep.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

CHOIR.—Thanks we give and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound ;

ALL.— King of glory,
 Sway thy sceptre all around.

Glory be to God, the Father !
 Glory be to God, the Son !
 Glory be to God, the Spirit !
 Great Jehovah, three in one :

CHOIR.— Glory, glory,

ALL.— Glory, glory,
 While eternal ages run.

A DAY OF HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
 Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 107.

CHOIR.—Dread Jehovah, God of nations,
 From thy temple in the skies
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 Now for their deliverance rise !
 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.

7s & 6s.

TUNE 151.

MINISTER.—Hast thou thy loving-kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath ?

ALL.—No ; this is our own blindness,
 That cannot see thy path.
 We call to recollection
 The years of thy right hand ;
 And, strong in thy protection,
 Again through faith we stand.

Thus saith the high and lofty one, that inhabiteth eternity,
 whose name is holy :

Return, ye backsliding children; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, and I will not keep anger for ever. Only acknowledge your iniquity, that ye have transgressed against the Lord your God.

We acknowledge our transgression: and our sin is ever before us. Against thee, thee only, have we sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

O Lord, the great and dreadful God, we have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments: wherefore we abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.

S. M.

TUNE 582.

CHOIR.—But whither should we go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should we our trouble show,
And pour out our complaint?

L. M.

TUNE 22.

ALL.—This, Lord, our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to thee
For rescue from our misery.

And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

Our iniquities are gone over our heads; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for us.

Enter not into judgment with thy servants; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

We do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness:

According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
 Create in me a clean heart, O God ;
And renew a right spirit within me.
 Cast me not away from thy presence ;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation ;
And uphold me with thy free spirit.
 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways ;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
 Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God :
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
 O Lord, open thou my lips,
And my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.
 For thou desirest not sacrifice ;
Else would I give it.
 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit :
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn ;
 To our forsaken God return :
 O spare our guilty country, spare
 The Church which thou hast planted here.
 We plead thy grace, indulgent God,
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood,
 We plead thy gracious promises :
 And are they unavailing pleas ?

O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord. I am the Lord thy God who teacheth thee to profit, who leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments ! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

11s.

TUNE 39.

CHOIR.—O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh ?
 Now Jesus invites you ; the Spirit says, " Come !"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

6s, 7s, & 6s.

TUNE 146.

ALL.—Therefore, though void of good
 Defiled by sin and stained,

Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
 Who our salvation gained,
 We sinners, vile and poor,
 Appear before thy face,
 Most humbly thee adore,
 And pray for peace and grace.

Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also who are the church of God, which thou hast purchased with thine own blood. Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

8s, 7s & 7s.

TUNE 89.

See the vineyard thou hast planted,
 God of mercy, Lord of hosts!
 Let thy people's prayer be granted,
 Keep it safe from hostile hosts.
 Hear thy people when they pray,
 Keep thy vineyard night and day!

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. The gates of hell shall not prevail against my church. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

ALL.—Zion stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!

CHOIR.—In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting light.

7s.

TUNE 581.

ALL.—What our Father does is well:
 Though he sadden hill and dell,
 Upward yet our praises rise
 For the strength his Word supplies.
 He has called us sons of God;
 Can we murmur at his rod?

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble:
 Amen.

ASCENSION DAY.

TUNE 11.

Hail the day that sees him rise,
 Glorious, to his native skies!
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven.

Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens;

And his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father;

To him be glory and dominion for ever and ever: Amen.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him!

Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of power enthrone him,

While the heavenly concave rings:

Crown him! crown him!

Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

S. M.

TUNE 595.

CHOIR—Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

ALL—To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

Thus saith the Lord: The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool.

He maketh the clouds his chariots, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

O Lord, our Redeemer! Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men;

Yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

8s & 7s.

TUNE 167.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

¶ Congregation seated.

The Father of glory hath raised Christ from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.

We see Jesus who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor.

By his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

After he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, he sat down on the right hand of God; from thenceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool.

L. M. 61.

TUNE 96.

Before the Father's awful throne,
Our high-priest lifts his piercéd hands,
And, interceding for his own,
His purchased property demands;
His people's everlasting friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God.

If we be risen with Christ, let us seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.

C. M.

TUNE 14.

Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven.

¶ Congregation rises.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, our merciful Saviour! May thy glorious resurrection and ascension,

Render us more spiritually and heavenly-minded.

May thy sitting at the right hand of God,

Inspire us with the confident assurance of final triumph.

May thy sending the Holy Ghost,

Bring us a fuller revelation of thy truth and grace.

May thy prevailing intercession,

Secure our peace and safety.

May thy return in glory, or our being called home to thee,

Introduce us to the joy of our Lord.

5s, 8s & 5s.

TUNE 68

When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart;
Where thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be ;

But we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ?

It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth ?

It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign ;
This song our song of songs shall be ;
" Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain ! "

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

7s.

TUNE 205.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on his word,
Saints that walk with him in white,
Pilgrims walking in his light ;
Glory to the eternal One,
Glory to his only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
Now, and through eternity.

OFFICES OF WORSHIP

FOR

SUNDAY EVENING.

[NOTE.—These offices of worship are intended for use at the opening of the evening service on those Sundays for which there is no special liturgy.

The first may be used particularly on the Sundays between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, and the second on the Sundays after Trinity.

Either may, however, be used at the option of the Minister, at any season of the year.]

I.

¶ The Minister shall begin the service by reading the following sentences of Scripture :

The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.

The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, hath God shined.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord.
Stand up and bless the Lord your God forever and ever.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise and sing :

TUNE, OLD HUNDRETH.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

¶ Then, all standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond :

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts.

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house even of thy holy temple.

But who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins:

And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Thou high and lofty One that inhabitest eternity, whose Name is holy, who dwellest in the high and holy place, but with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit; give us grace that we, truly confessing our manifold sins, may bring thee the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, which thou God dost not despise. *Amen.*

Drawing near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, we will confess our sins, and present our supplication before the Lord our God. Let us pray.

¶ Here all shall kneel, and the Minister shall continue, the congregation responding:

Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that wilt by no means clear the guilty; incline thine ear and hear; for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Have mercy upon us, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out our transgressions, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Create in us a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within us. Cast us not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from us. Restore unto us the joy of thy salvation; and uphold us with thy free spirit.

O Lord, open thou our lips,

And our mouths shall show forth thy praise.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise, and remain standing until the Gloria Patri shall have been said or chanted.

P. M.

TUNE 249.

In humble, grateful lays,
The Lord of hosts we praise,
His saving name confess;
Yea, filled with holy awe revere
The Father, Son and Comforter;
Amen, hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, hallelujah.

¶ Instead of this hymn may be sung the following:

S. M.

TUNE 595.

I praise the God of grace,
 I trust his truth and might;
 He calls me his, I call him mine,
 My God, my joy, my light.

Lord God, our Father, which art in heaven;

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is done in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Manifest thyself to us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

¶ After this the following lines may be sung, and the service then continued in such order as the occasion may require, or the Minister may determine.

TUNE, TE DEUM.

O Lord, lift up thy countenance
 Upon thy church, and own us thine;
 Thy blessing unto us dispense;
 Impart to us thy peace divine. Amen.

II.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

As for me, in the multitude of thy loving-kindness will I come into thy house: in thy fear will I worship.

L. M.

TUNE 22.

Lord God of hosts! Oh may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of thy kingdom. Lord, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart.

C. M.

TUNE 14.

Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turned away from thee;
Oh, let thy work, renewed to-day,
Remain eternally.

Against thee have we sinned;
O Lord, rebuke us not in thine anger.

We have transgressed and rebelled;
O Lord, chasten us not in thy hot displeasure.

Remember not the sins of our youth, nor our transgressions,
But have mercy upon us, O God, according to thy loving-kindness.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed,
Because his compassions fail not.

¶ Congregation seated.

P. M.

TUNE 168.

Thou hast canceled my transgression,
Jesus, by thy precious blood;
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since thou for sinners suffering,
On the cross wast made an offering,
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly thine may be.

Restore unto us the joy of thy salvation,
And renew a steadfast spirit within us.

Lead us, O Lord, in thy righteousness, and guide us in thy truth,

For thou art the God of our salvation.

Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

The ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them; but the transgressors shall fall therein.

From the sin of unbelief,
 From all defilement of the flesh and spirit,
 From all self-righteousness,
 From every neglect of our duty,
 From all ingratitude and selfishness,
 From lukewarmness in our love to thee and our neighbor,
 From indifference to thy meritorious life and death,
Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.

And ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

8s, 7s & 4s.

TUNE 585.

Then to all who have confesséd,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow :
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

8s, 7s & 4s.

¶ All standing.

TUNE 585.

Thanks we give and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound;
 King of Glory,
 Sway thy scepter all around.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. *Amen.*

COMMUNION LITURGIES.

In conformity with a resolution of the Provincial Synod of 1888, the following Liturgies have been compiled for use in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. (See pages 20 and 21.)

At the discretion of the Minister any of these services may be used at any Communion season; but, without placing any restriction on liturgical freedom, appropriate times for using some of these services are herewith indicated:

	PAGE.
I. For the Opening Year	83
II. For Lent	88
III. For Maundy-Thursday or Good Friday	92
IV. For Easter Sunday	98
V. For Whit-Sunday	102
VI. For the Anniversary Festival of a Congregation	107
VII. For August the Thirteenth	111
VIII. For General Occasions	116
IX. For November the Thirteenth	120
X. For General Occasions	124

Care has been taken to make these Liturgies long enough for all practical purposes, and the judicious Minister will shorten the services, as occasion may require, by passing over one or more hymns.

THE OFFICE FOR THE SERVICE PRE- PARATORY TO THE HOLY COMMUNION.

- ¶ To be used as a distinctly separate service or in immediate connection with the celebration of the Lord's Supper.
¶ All shall rise to begin the service, and remain standing to the end of the second hymn.

TUNE 205.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

Lord, hear my voice; let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If Thou, O Lord, should'st mark iniquities, O Lord who could stand?

But there is forgiveness with Thee, that Thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope.

Thus saith the Lord: I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep. My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life. I will seek that which was lost, and will bring back that which was driven away, and bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick.

We have gone astray like lost sheep; O Lord, seek Thy servants.

As many as I love, I reprove and chasten; be zealous, therefore and repent. Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with Me. I am the Bread of Life; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

2 SERVICE PREPARATORY TO THE HOLY COMMUNION.

TUNE 119.

Bread of Life,
Christ, by Whom alone we live;
Bread that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive
Unless Thou appease its craving;
Lord, I hunger only after Thee,
Feed Thou me.

¶ Here may follow a Scripture lesson and an address, after which, all standing, the following hymn shall be sung. If no address is given, the hymn may be omitted, the congregation being seated until the prayer.

TUNE 23.

Deeply moved and duly heeding
My good Shepherd's kindly leading,
Bowed with reverence before Him,
I would praise Him and adore Him.

Jesus, heed me, lost and dying,
Unto Thee for shelter flying;
All my sin and sorrow feeling,
I now come for help and healing.

Beloved, draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you. Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He will exalt you. Confess, therefore, your sins one to another, and pray one for another.

We will search our hearts and try our ways and turn again to the Lord.

If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the whole world. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

We, therefore, draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy, and may find grace to help us in time of need.

Jesus, our blessed Redeemer, has said: Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest; him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.

TUNE 253.

While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

¶ Here shall the congregation kneel in prayer.

Lord Jesus Christ, our only Mediator with God the Father, our mighty Saviour and our glorious King, we humbly bow before Thee and confess our manifold transgressions.

We, Thy disciples, have oft, in word and deed, dishonored the holy name we bear, and have turned aside from that path of holiness and loving service, in which Thou hast called us to follow Thee.

Pardon all our forgetfulness of Thy great love and our coldness of heart, our frequent conformity to the ways of the world, and our failure to labor for the extension of Thy Kingdom.

Have mercy upon us, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness; hide Thy face from our sins and blot out all our iniquities.

O Lord, our crucified, but now risen and ascended Redeemer, our trust is in the merits of Thy blood, shed for the remission of our sins; let that precious blood cleanse us from all iniquity, and let the Holy Spirit sanctify us to Thy service.

Hear us and help us, most gracious Saviour; increase our faith and hope and love.

Grant us, through the communion of Thy Holy Supper, the assurance of our pardon, a greater power of sanctification, a closer union with Thyself, and the joyous expectation of eternal life in Thy heavenly Kingdom.

In mercy hear our prayer.

Thus saith the Lord: I will be merciful to your iniquities, and your sins will I remember no more. Peace be unto you.

4 SERVICE PREPARATORY TO THE HOLY COMMUNION.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise.

TUNE 582.

I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's name;
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
Forevermore the same.

The God of peace, Who brought again from the dead the Great Shepherd of the sheep, with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus, make you perfect in every good thing to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ.

To Whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

COMMUNION LITURGIES.

I.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus;”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our hearts reply,
“For he was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

PRAYER.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, “My peace I leave with you:”
Amen, Amen, be it so.

L. M., 6 l.

Tune 90.

The Lamb was slain! let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy own;
May all within us evermore
In silence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with reverence love
The Lord, whose boundless love we prove.

Through him alone we live, for he
Hath drownèd our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:

Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might life regain.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying :

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said : Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

L. M

Tune 22.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise :
How can the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done :
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

S. M.

Tune 393.

Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet thee, Lord !

Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

Thy presence makes the feast ;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us the banner spread
Of everlasting love.

L. M.

Tune 22

The cross, the cross, oh, that's my gain ;
Because on that the Lamb was slain ;
'T was there my Lord was crucified,
'T was there my Saviour for me died.

The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears ;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile;
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Amazing grace, (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I am already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

7s.

Tune 203.

Vain, delusive world, adieu!
Thou, with all thy creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Him, who bought me with his blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus and him crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
Joy and pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On my Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
In his favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus, and him crucified.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

L. M. D

Tune 166.

Ye followers of the slaughtered Lamb,
 Draw near and take the cup of God;
 Approach unto the healing stream,
 And drink of the atoning blood;
 That blood for our redemption spilt,
 Assuring us of purchased grace;
 That blood which takes away all guilt,
 And speaketh to the conscience peace.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

7s, 6 l.

Tune 581.

Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

L. M.

Tune 22.

With humble faith on thee I call,
 My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
 I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
 "My blood hath washed thy sins away."

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
 Make my infected nature pure;
 Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
 And give thyself unto my heart.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune 585

Blessèd Jesus, we implore thee,
 Let us, cleansed and purified,
 Walk in grace and truth before thee,
 And in thee by faith abide;
 Sanctified
 Both in body and in mind.

We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
 Where the flocks of Zion feed;

Oft resort unto the fountain,
 Opened when the Lord did bleed ;
 Thence deriving
 Grace, and life, and holiness.

5s, 8s & 5s.

Tune 68

Bliss beyond compare, which in Christ I share :
 He's my only joy and treasure ;
 Tasteless is all worldly pleasure
 When in Christ I share bliss beyond compare.

Jesus is my joy, therefore blest am I :
 Oh, his mercy is unbounded,
 All my hope on him is grounded ;
 Jesus is my joy, therefore blest am I.

7s.

Tune 11.

Fix, oh, fix our wavering mind,
 To thy cross us firmly bind ;
 Gladly now we would be clean :
 Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery ;
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood.

Sinners who in thee believe,
 Everlasting life receive ;
 They with joy behold thy face,
 Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

S. M.

Tune 593.

Come, O my soul, and sing
 How Jesus thee hath fed ;
 How Jesus gave himself to thee,
 The true and living Bread.

For food he gives his flesh ;
 He bids us drink his blood :
 Amazing favor, matchless grace
 Of our incarnate God !

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

This holy bread and wine
 Confirms us in the faith,
 In love and union with our Lord,
 And we show forth his death.

BENEDICTION.

II.

C. M.

Tune 14

Come, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
 With thy immortal flame;
 And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
 The Saviour's lovely name.

God's only Son, stupendous grace,
 Forsook his throne above;
 And swift to save our wretched race,
 He flew on wings of love.

On thee alone my hope relies;
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All.

PRAYER.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 183, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

7s & 6s.

Tune 151.

Draw near to Jesus' table,
 Ye contrite souls, draw near;
 The hungry, sick and feeble
 Are made most welcome here:
 Let Jesus' death engraven
 Upon your hearts remain;
 Thus here, and there in heaven,
 Eternal life you gain.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

3s, 8s & 5s.

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity, we confess with joy,
 That our life and whole salvation
 Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
 And his death for us on the shameful cross.

Had we angels' tongues, with seraphic songs,
 Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
 Triune God, we would adore thee
 In the highest strain, for the Lamb once slain.

7s.

Tune 11.

Let me dwell on Golgotha,
 Weep and love my life away;
 While I see him on the tree
 Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
 Shows my sin in all its guilt;
 Ah, my soul, he bore thy load;
 Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

Hark, his dying word: "Forgive,
 Father, let the sinner live;
 Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
 I thy ransom freely pay."

He has dearly bought my soul:
 Lord, accept and claim the whole;
 To thy will I all resign,
 Now no more my own, but thine.

8s, 6s & 8s.

Tune 79.

I, I and my transgressions,
 Which by my own confessions
 Exceed the sea-shore sands,
 These, these have been the reason
 Of thy whole bitter season,
 Of all thy bruises, stripes and bands.

While here on earth I'm living,
 I have naught worth the giving
 To thee for all thy pain;
 Yet shall thy passion ever,
 Till soul and body sever,
 Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.

8s & 7s.

Tune 167.

O the love wherewith I'm lovéd.
 Source of all my happiness;
 Thou, O Love, by mercy movéd,
 Tak'st upon thee my distress:

As a lamb led to the slaughter
 Goest to the cross's tree,
 Seal'st thy love with blood and water,
 Bear'st the world's iniquity.

Love so strikingly displayéd
 In thy tears and bloody sweat:
 Love, by sinful men betrayéd,
 Dragged before the judgment-seat:
 Love, who for my soul's salvation
 Willingly didst shed thy blood,
 Through thy death and bitter passion
 I am reconciled to God.

Love, who hast for me enduréd
 Death upon the accurséd tree,
 And eternal bliss procuréd,
 Fill my soul with love to thee:
 Lord, how hast thou captivated
 My else cold and lifeless heart:
 Let me, till to heaven translated,
 Never more from thee depart.

† When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say :

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

S. M.

Tune 382.

My Saviour's piercé side
 Poured forth a double flood ;
 By water we are purified,
 And pardoned by his blood.

Look up, my soul, to him
 Whose death was thy desert,
 And humbly view the living stream
 Flow from his wounded heart.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying :

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying : Drink ye all of it ; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

C. M.

Tune 14.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day :
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

L. M.

Tune 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
 My beauty is, my glorious dress ;
 Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,
 When in his presence I appear.

The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
 Who freely gave his life and blood,
 For all my numerous sins to atone,
 I for my Lord and Saviour own.

In him I trust for evermore,
 He hath expunged the dreadful score
 Of all my guilt ; this done away,
 I need not fear the judgment-day.

Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
 Are here the substance of my faith :
 And shall remain, when I'm called hence,
 My only hope and confidence.

8s, 6s & 8s.

Tune 79

The more through grace myself I know,
 The more inclined I am to bow
 In faith beneath thy cross ;
 To trust in thy atoning blood,
 And look to thee for every good,
 Yea, count all earthly gain but loss.

7s.

Tune 11.

O how wondrous is his love
To all who his goodness prove;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.

Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free:
Lord, accept our thanks and praise
For thy goodness, truth, and grace.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

L. M.

Tune 22.

Happy, thrice happy hour of grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

Ah, might in my behaviour shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking and his finding me.

BENEDICTION.

III.

P. M.

Tune 519.

Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death:
Have mercy, O Lord.

Most Holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Bless thy congregation
Through thy sufferings, death, and blood:
Have mercy, O Lord.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, " My peace I leave with you : "
Amen, Amen, be it so.

8s & 7s.

Tune 167.

Praise for every scene distressing,
Praise for all thou didst endure,
Praise for every gift and blessing
Which thy griefs for us procure :
In thy ransomed congregation
Shall thy death our theme remain,
Till thou comest with full salvation,
Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.

Thou, to purchase our salvation,
Didst assume humanity ;
Jesus, for thy bitter passion
May we ever thankful be :
Filled with awe and humbly bowing,
At thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That thou art our All in all.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying .

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said : Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

S. M.

Tune 582.

Go forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount ;
See there thy friend between two thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, " My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procured."

P. M.

Tune 168.

Jesus, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell,

Thou who didst, as my oblation,
 Feel what I deserved to feel,
 Through thy sufferings, death, and merit,
 I eternal life inherit;
 Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
 Dearest Lord, for ever be.

Thou hast cancelled my transgression,
 Jesus, by thy precious blood;
 May I find therein salvation,
 Happiness and peace with God;
 And since thou for sinners suffering
 On the cross wast made an offering,
 From all sin deliver me,
 That I wholly thine may be.

7s, 6s, 7s & 8s.

Tune 79

I, I and my transgressions,
 Which by my own confessions
 Exceed the sea-shore sands,
 These, these have been the reason
 Of thy whole bitter season,
 Of all thy bruises, stripes, and bands.

Yet thou dost even for my sake
 On thee, in love, the burdens take,
 That weigh me to the ground.
 Yes, thou art made a curse for me,
 That I might yet be blest through thee;
 My healing in thy wounds is found.

C. M.

Tune 14

According to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord,
 I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane can I forget?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes.
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
 I must remember thee,
 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember thee.

F. M.

Tune 58.

They who hunger after Christ, are fed,
 All the thirsty to life's fountain led ;
 He the needy doth supply
 With good things abundantly ;
 From his fullness they are nourished.

Since he welcomes every soul distressed
 And hath promised to the weary rest,
 At his call we now draw nigh ;
 He invites each graciously :
 " Come, poor sinner, come and share my feast."

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say :

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

7s & 6s.

Tune 131

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
 Love made thee shed for me ;
 O may I now, dear Jesus,
 Love thee most fervently :
 May the divine impression
 Of thy atoning death,
 And all thy bitter passion.
 Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying :

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying : Drink ye all of it ; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

7s.

Tune 203.

Saviour, when in dust to thee
 Low we bend the adoring knee;
 When repentant to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
 Oh, by all the pains and woe
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany

By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
 Listen to our humble cry,
 Hear our solemn litany!

S. M.

Tune 332.

Because of Jesus' cross,
 And that unfathomed sea,
 The crimson tide that laves the world,
 Have mercy, Lord, on me!

No other name than his,
 My hope, my help may be;
 Oh! by that one all saving name,
 Have mercy, Lord, on me!

C. M.

Tune 14.

Alas, we own with conscious shame,
 While we behold his cross.
 Our sins have slain the guiltless Lamb,
 He suffered all for us.

But hence our confidence begins;
 For we may boldly say,
 That thus, by bearing all our sins,
 He took them all away.

P. M.

Tune 159.

Naught in this world affords true rest
 But Christ's atoning blood;
 This purifies the guilty breast,
 And reconciles to God:
 Hence flows unfeigned love to him
 Who came lost sinners to redeem,

And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God:
Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see him as he is,
Where countless pardoned sinners meet,
Adoring at his feet.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune 585.

On his precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
Sing his triumphs,
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.

Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
Lo, he bows his head and dies;
From his death we life inherit,
Hence our happiness takes rise:
We now glory
Only in his sacrifice.

Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading thine own blood and merit;
Here our faith rests on thy grace,
There in glory
We shall see thee face to face.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

10s & 7s.

Tune 185.

Lamb of God, thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme:
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favor,
We will praise thy saving name:
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the church above.

BENEDICTION.

IV.

L. M.

Tune 22.

Come, let us sing the song of songs,
 With hearts and voices swell the strain,
 The homage which to Christ belongs;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

To him who suffered on the tree,
 Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
 Blessing, and praise, and glory be;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

PRAYER.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 183, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Lord, how divine thy comforts are!
 How heavenly is the place,
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace!

There the rich bounties of our God,
 And heavenly glories shine:
 There Jesus saith, that I am his,
 And my beloved's mine.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

8s & 7s.

Tune 16.

Take me, O my Father, take me,
 Take me, save me, through thy Son;
 That, which thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let thy will in me be done.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.

Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune 585.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
 Bend from heaven thy gracious ear,
 While our waiting souls adore thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
 By thy mercy,
 Oh, deliver us, good Lord!

From the depth of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!

When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
 In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!

7s, 6l.

Tune 581.

Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,
 Clouds they are that hide my day;
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

Blessed Saviour! thine am I,
 Thine to live, and thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or creature power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
 Ever shall my glory be,
 Only, only, only thee.

C. M.

Tune 14.

We would not live by bread alone,
 But by that word of grace,
 In strength of which we travel on
 To our abiding-place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart;
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread
 Thy table in our heart.

Then sup with us in love divine:
 Thy body and thy blood,
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,
 Be our immortal food.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

7s, 6s & 8s.

Tune 79.

Incline thine ear in favor
 To us, most gracious Saviour,
 Accept our promises:
 Thy death, thy wounds, and passion
 Abide our heart's confession,
 Till we shall see thee face to face

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

L. M.

Tune 22.

Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am ; thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down ;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God ! I come—I come !

S. M.

Tune 595.

I bless the Christ of God ;
 I rest on love divine ;
 And with unfaltering lip and heart,
 I call this Saviour mine.

I praise the God of grace,
 I trust his truth and might :
 He calls me his, I call him mine,
 My God, my joy, my light.

C. M.

Tune 14.

My God accept my heart this day,
 And make it always thine,
 That I from thee no more may stray ;
 No more from thee decline.

Before the cross of him who died,
 Behold I prostrate fall ;
 Let every sin be crucified,
 Let Christ be all in all.

May the dear blood once shed for me,
 My blest atonement prove ;
 That I from first to last may be
 The purchase of thy love.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
 To thee be ever given ;
 Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven.

7s.

Tune 203.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

P.M.

Tune 82.

Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as his sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour,
I shall be conveyed to rest;
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

BENEDICTION.

V.

S.M.

Tune 595.

Spirit of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood.

His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

P.M.

Tune 519.

Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Bless thy congregation
Through thy sufferings, death, and blood:
Have mercy, O Lord.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

7s & 8s.

Tune 131.

Draw near to Jesus' table,
 Ye contrite souls, draw near;
 The hungry, sick, and feeble
 Are made most welcome here:
 Let Jesus' death engraven
 Upon your hearts remain;
 Thus here, and there in heaven,
 Eternal life you gain.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying :

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: 'Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Together with these symbols, Lord,
 Thy blessed self impart:
 And let thy holy flesh and blood
 Feed the believing heart.

Let us from all our sins be washed
 In thy atoning blood;
 And let thy Spirit be the seal
 That we are born of God.

Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
 Prepare us for this feast;
 Oh let us banquet with our Lord,
 And lean upon his breast.

P. M.

Tune 119.

Bread of life,
 Christ, by whom alone we live;
 Bread that came to us from heaven,
 My poor soul can never thrive
 Unless thou appease its craving:
 Lord, I hunger only after thee,
 Feed thou me.

Holy Lord,
 By thy body given to death,
 Mortify my sinful nature,
 Till I yield my dying breath;

Ah, protect thy feeble creature:
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,
Thine abide.

7s.

Tune 205.

Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to him with joy;
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'T is through grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below;
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow:
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide;
Zion, if thy head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

† When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

8s & 7s.

Tune 16.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

‡ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

7s & 6s.

Tune 151.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
 Love made thee shed for me;
 Oh, may I now, dear Jesus,
 Love thee most fervently;
 May the divine impression
 Of thy atoning death,
 And all thy bitter passion,
 Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

C. M.

Tune 14.

For ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy piercé side;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.

The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

P. M.

Tune 139.

Naught in this world affords true rest
 But Christ's atoning blood;
 This purifies the guilty breast.
 And reconciles to God:
 Hence flows unfeignéd love to him
 Who came lost sinners to redeem,
 And Christ our Saviour doth appear
 Daily to us more dear.

3s & 7s.

Tune 167.

Oh, could we but love that Saviour,
 Who loves us so ardently,
 As we ought, our souls would ever
 Full of joy and comfort be:
 If we, by his love excited,
 Could ourselves and all forget,
 Then with Jesus Christ united,
 We should heaven anticipate.

Did but Jesus' love and merit
 Fill our hearts both night and day,
 And the unction of his Spirit
 All our thoughts and actions sway :
 Might we all be ever ready
 Cheerfully to testify,
 How our spirit, soul and body
 Do in God our Saviour joy.

7s, 8s & 7s.

Tune 83

Jesus will I never leave,
 He's the God of my salvation;
 Through his merits I receive
 Pardon, life, and consolation :
 All the powers of my mind
 To my Saviour be resigned.

He is mine, and I am his,
 Joined with him in close communion ;
 And his bitter passion is
 The foundation of this union :
 Full of hopes which never yield,
 Firm on him, my rock, I build.

P. M.

Tune 168.

Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
 Is our pledge of joys to come,
 Of the bliss we shall inherit
 When above with Christ at home :
 Oh, this blessed meditation
 Yields us solid consolation,
 That we shall, when time is o'er,
 With the Lord be evermore.

L. M.

Tune 22.

Spirit of mercy, truth and love,
 Oh, shed thine influence from above ;
 And still, from age to age, convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
 Be God's surpassing glory sung ;
 Let all the listening earth be taught
 The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

Unfailing comfort, heavenly guide,
Still o'er thy holy church preside;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

L. M.

Tune 22.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy name be praised for evermore.

BENEDICTION.

VI.

P. M.

Tune 230.

Jesus, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and crown of the victorious.

Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,
And send to thee our fervent cries :

O Lord our righteousness,
'Tis thy delight to bless ;

We desire it,
Come then, for we
Belong to thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

L. M.

Tune 22.

O Church of Jesus, now draw near,
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to his testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

Here all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died :
May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

PRAYER.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

Tune 185, last part.

Say, " My peace I leave with you : "
Amen, Amen, be it so.

L. M. D.

Tune 166.

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 Show forth thy death and praise thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb:
 In memory of our dying Lord,
 The church on earth, till time shall end,
 Meets at his table to record
 The love of her departed Friend.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying :

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said : Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

C. M. D.

Tune 590.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings;
 We feed upon thy love divine,
 Forget all earthly things:
 O tune our voices, and inflame
 Our hearts with love to thee;
 That each may gratefully proclaim,
 The Saviour died for me.

76.

Tune 203.

Christ, thy all-atoning death
 Is our life while here below;
 Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
 Constantly thy aid bestow:
 In thy mercy we confide,
 Safely to the end us guide;
 Zion, if thy Head depart,
 Void of life and strength thou art.

P. M.

Tune 168

O how blessed is the station
 Of all those who love the Lord,
 Who partake of his salvation,
 Trusting in his sacred word:
 Blest who, in love's bond united,
 To his altars are invited;
 In his courts on earth they dwell,
 There his matchless praise to tell.

P. M.

Tune 119.

Gracious Lord,
 Blessed is our lot indeed,
 In thy ransomed congregation :
 Here we on thy merits feed,
 And the well-springs of salvation
 All the needy to revive and cheer,
 Stream forth here.

10s & 7s.

Tune 183.

Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
 Who may feast and take their fill :
 Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
 And thy goodness to reveal :
 Soul and body in this rich fruition
 Gain from thee, the Bread of life, nutrition ;
 And we, as thy flesh and bone,
 Lord, with thee are rendered one.

† When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say :

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

6s, 7s & 6s.

Tune 146.

Lord Jesus, may the blood
 Thou shed'st for our salvation,
 Which is our highest good,
 Refresh this congregation,
 When in the sacrament
 We take the cup in faith,
 And by this testament
 Show forth thy bitter death.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying :

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying : Drink ye all of it ; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

8s & 7s.

Tune 383.

On his precious death and merit
 All our hopes are safely built ;

We rejoice in his salvation,
 Freed from sin's condemning guilt:
 Sing his triumphs,
 'T was for us his blood was spilt.

6s & 5s.

Tune 141

Lamb of God belovèd,
 Once for sinners slain,
 Thankful we remember
 What thou didst sustain;
 Nothing thee incited
 But unbounded grace,
 To bear condemnation
 In the sinner's place.

In thy wounds, O Jesus,
 We have found true peace;
 Thou in all distresses
 Art our hiding-place:
 Unto thee we 'll ever
 Look with humble faith,
 And rejoice, and glory
 In thy wounds and death.

8s & 7s.

Tune 16.

On thy ransomed congregation,
 Lord, lift up thy countenance;
 Be our help, joy, and salvation,
 Life and health to us dispense.

In each heart O fix thy dwelling,
 There erect a monument
 Of thy love, all love excelling,
 There fulfill thy blessed intent.

5s, 8s & 5s.

Tune 68.

Christ the Lamb of God fixeth his abode
 In his ransomed congregation:
 And true joy and consolation,
 Grace and truth abound where the Lord is found.

Strength to grow and thrive from Christ's death
 derive,
 And proclaim his bitter passion
 As the cause of man's salvation;
 Showing forth his praise till the end of days.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

The church above no other theme
But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise his name,
We do the same below.

Him in his glorious realms they praise,
And bow before his throne;
We, in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

P. M.

Tune 159.

We now return each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Through grace will ne'er depart:
Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to him and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

BENEDICTION.

 VII.

L. M. D.

Tune 166.

What praise unto the Lamb is due!
How should this theme our souls inspire,
When we his boundless love review,
And see him on the cross expire:
Who can describe how much he loved,
Or paint that strong and fervent zeal,
With which his tender heart was moved:
His pangs and sorrows who can tell?

8s, 6s & 8s.

Tune 79.

We, deeply bowed, can naught reply,
 But at thy piercéd feet we lie,
 Astonished at thy grace,
 That, vile and wretched as we are,
 Such undeserved love we share;
 To thee is due eternal praise.

PRAYER.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

7s & 6s.

Tune 131.

Draw near to Jesus' table,
 Ye contrite souls, draw near;
 The hungry, sick, and feeble
 Are made most welcome here:
 Let Jesus' death engraven
 Upon our hearts remain;
 Thus here, and there in heaven,
 Eternal life you gain.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

P M.

Tune 107.

As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
 Each sacred token doth declare
 Thy dying love, all thoughts surpassing;
 And while we thee in memory bear
 At each returning celebration,
 We show thy death for our salvation.

C. M.

Tune 14

Jesus, thy love exceeds by far
 The love of earthly friends;
 Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
 Is firm, and never ends.

No man of greater love can boast,
 Than for his friend to die;

Thou for thy enemies wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

8s & 7s.

Tune 167

O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn, and spite,
And his sacred name to hallow,
Did each other more excite:
Every one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

Then the souls he joined together
Will, according to his prayer,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:
As thou art with him united,
Lord, may we be one in thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

S. M.

Tune 393.

Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

P. M.

Tune 23.

Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives us now an invitation,
His unbounded love revealing,
He'll take up in us his dwelling.

This most precious, heavenly blessing,
All our thought by far surpassing,
Deeply bows us, Lord, before thee,
While we gratefully adore thee.

Now is come our time sabbatic,
 Let us feel thy power emphatic:
 Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
 Let us taste thy grace and favor.

† When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say :

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

7s & 6s.

Tune 131.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
 Love made thee shed for me;
 O may I now, dear Jesus,
 Love thee most fervently:
 May the divine impression
 Of thy atoning death,
 And all thy bitter passion,
 Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

C. M. D.

Tune 590.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign,
 To our remembrance brings;
 We feed upon thy love divine,
 Forget all earthly things:
 O tune our voices, and inflame
 Our hearts with love to thee;
 That each may gratefully proclaim,
 The Saviour died for me.

8s & 7s.

Tune 16

Lamb of God, display the virtue
 Of thy sanctifying blood;
 Overstream with life and blessing
 Us poor sinners 'fore thee bowed:
 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
 Of the smallest crumb of grace,
 But who dare of boundless mercy
 Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

8s. Tune 90.

Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
 The fullness of the Three in One;
 His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
 Our faith's foundation are alone,
 His Godhead and his death shall be
 Our theme to all eternity.

On him we'll venture all we have,
 Our lives, our all to him we owe;
 None else is able us to save,
 No other Saviour will we know;
 This we subscribe with heart and hand,
 Resolved through grace thereby to stand.

11s. Tune 39.

Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,
 And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,
 In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
 And live in communion with Christ as our friend?

Oh yes, having found in the Lord our delight,
 He is our chief object by day and by night;
 This knits us together, no longer we roam,
 We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

10 & 7s. Tune 183.

We who here together are assembled,
 Joining hearts and hands in one,
 Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
 Christ to love and serve alone:
 Oh, may our imperfect songs and praises
 Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
 Say, "My peace I leave with you;"
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

BENEDICTION.

VIII.

C. M. D.

Tune 590.

That dreadful night before his death,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Did almost with his latest breath
 This solemn feast ordain :
 To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
 And to remember thee ;
 Help each poor sinner to repeat,
 For me he died, for me.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
 To our remembrance brings ;
 We feed upon thy love divine,
 Forget all earthly things ;
 O tune our voices, and inflame
 Our hearts with love to thee ;
 That each may gratefully proclaim,
 The Saviour died for me.

PRAYER.

Say, " My peace I leave with you : " Tune 185, last part.
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

7s, 6l.

Tune 581.

Hither each afflicted soul
 May repair, though filled with grief ;
 To the sick, not to the whole,
 The physician brings relief :
 Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,
 Christ will all your wants supply.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying :

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said : Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

L. M. D.

Tune 166

Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
 We 'll ne'er forget thy love divine ;
 Thy cross we 'll ever bear in mind,
 Which made thee ours, and made us thine :

We thus commemorate thy death,
 Till thou shalt once again appear ;
 Meanwhile remember, gracious Lord,
 Us thy unworthy followers here.

10s & 7s.

Tune 183.

Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
 Who may feast and take their fill ;
 Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
 And thy goodness to reveal :
 Soul and body in this rich fruition
 Gain from thee, the Bread of life, nutrition ;
 And we as thy flesh and bone,
 Lord, with thee are render'd one.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Lord, how divine thy comforts are !
 How heavenly is the place,
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace !

There the rich bounties of our God,
 And heavenly glories shine :
 There Jesus saith, that I am his,
 And my Beloved's mine.

P. M.

Tune 82.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
 I'm his sheep, and know his voice ;
 He's a shepherd kind and gracious,
 And his pastures are delicious ;
 Constant love to me he shows,
 Yea, my worthless name he knows.

Trusting his mild staff always,
 I go in and out in peace ;
 He will feed me with the treasure
 Of his grace in richest measure ;
 When athirst to him I cry,
 Living water he'll supply.

L. M.

Tune 22

Thy love and mercies all exceed ;
 The more I on these dainties feed,
 The more my eager soul is bent
 To live but in this element.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

† When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

S. M.

Tune 582.

My Saviour's piercéd side
Poured forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by his blood:
Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

8s & 7s.

Tune 18.

O what would be my condition,
Did not Jesus stand my friend!
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screened.

Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood;—

Straight to Jesus' wounds and bruises,
With believing confidence:
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.

Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bowed.

7s.

Tune 203.

All the bliss which we possess
 Is derived from Jesus' cross;
 He to God hath by his blood
 Reconciled and savéd us:
 Now his righteousness is found
 Our salvation's only ground:
 Hence all our felicity
 Springs, here and eternally.

7s, 8s & 7s.

Tune 83.

More than shepherd's faithfulness
 To his flock our Saviour showeth;
 From the treasures of his grace
 He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
 As his sheep by him we 're owned,
 Since his blood for us atoned.

They who feel their want and need,
 Thirsting for his great salvation,
 On the richest pastures feed,
 With true joy and delectation;
 Till they shall, when perfected,
 With celestial joys be fed.

L. M.

Tune 22.

Happy, thrice happy hour of grace!
 I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;
 He did himself to me impart,
 And made a covenant with my heart.

Ah, might in my behavior shine
 The power of Jesus' love divine,
 His conflict and his victory,
 His seeking and finding me.

12s & 11s.

Tune 39.

O that we with gladness of spirit for ever
 Adoréd and praiséd our crucified Saviour;
 O might each pulsation thanksgiving express,
 And each breath we draw be an anthem of praise.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

The Lamb who by blood our salvation obtained,
 Took on him our curse, and death freely sustained,
 Is worthy of praises, let with one accord
 All people say, Amen, O praise ye the Lord.

BENEDICTION.

IX.

10s & 7s.

Tune 183.

Jesus, great high-priest of our profession,
 We in confidence draw near;
 Condescend, in mercy, the confession
 Of our grateful hearts to hear:
 Thee we gladly own in every nation,
 Head and Master of thy congregation,
 Conscious that in every place
 Thou dispensest life and grace.

PRAYER.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 183, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
 Amen, Amen, be it so.

P. M.

Tune 107.

Lord Jesus, who before thy passion,
 Distressed and sorrowful to death,
 To us the fruits of thy oblation
 In thy last supper didst bequeath;
 Accept our praise, thou bounteous giver
 Of life to every true believer.

† All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said: Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

L. M.

Tune 22.

When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

C. M.

Tune 14.

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from thy sorrows flow.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

P. M.

Tune 56.

They who hunger after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty to life's fountain led;
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From his fullness they are nourished.

7s.

Tune 203.

Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fullness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

L. M.

Tune 22.

Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
Remains his church's glorious dress.

All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our corner-stone remain,
Our rock which will unshaken stay.
When heaven and earth are fled away.

He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word;
And, while our Jesus reigns above,
His church will more than conqueror prove.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say :

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

7s, 6l.

Tune 381.

Rock of ages, cleft for me!
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,
 Foul, I to the fountain fly;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

L. M. D.

Tune 166.

Ye followers of the slaughtered Lamb,
 Draw near, and take the cup of God;
 Approach unto the healing stream,
 And drink of the atoning blood;
 That blood for our redemption spilt,
 Assuring us of purchased grace;
 That blood which takes away all guilt,
 And speaketh to the conscience peace.

7s & 6s.

Tune 131.

The ground of my profession
 Is Jesus and his blood;
 He gives me the possession
 Of everlasting good;
 Myself and whatsoever
 Is mine, I can not trust;
 The gifts of Christ my Saviour
 Remain my only boast.

P. M.

Tune 107.

That bond of love, that mystic union,
 By which to thee, our Head, we're joined,
 Is closer drawn at each communion;
 By love inspired, we know thy mind,
 And, feeding on thy death and merit,
 Are rendered one with thee in spirit.

11s.

Tune 39.

Though dark be my way, yet since he is my guide,
 'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis his to provide;
 Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
 The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.

How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
 Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners might live;
 His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
 Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

P. M.

Tune 82.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
 I'm his sheep, and know his voice;
 He's a shepherd kind and gracious,
 And his pastures are delicious;
 Constant love to me he shows,
 Yea, my worthless name he knows.

Trusting his mild staff always,
 I go in and out in peace;
 He will feed me with the treasure
 Of his grace in richest measure;
 When athirst to him I cry,
 Living water he'll supply.

L. M.

Tune 22.

The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
 Who freely gave his life and blood,
 For all my numerous sins to atone,
 I for my Lord and Saviour own.

O King of glory, Christ the Lord.
 God's only Son, Eternal Word,
 Let all the world thy mercy see,
 And bless those who believe in thee.

Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
 I will confess while I have breath,

'Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayèd with thy righteousness.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

Tune 183, last part.

Say, " My peace I leave with you : "
Amen, Amen, be it so.

BENEDICTION.

.X.

7s.

Tune 203.

Gracious Lord, with one accord,
We're assembled in thy name ;
Deign to hear our fervent prayer,
Mercy is our only claim,
While with tears and blushing face
We our sins to thee confess,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace thou dost bestow.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

Tune 83, last part.

Say, " My peace I leave with you : "
Amen, Amen, be it so.

L. M.

Tune 22.

O Church of Jesus, now draw near
With humble joy and filial fear ;
According to his testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying :

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples and said : Take, eat ; this is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

C. M.

Tune 14.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee.

8s & 7s.

Tune 167.

O could we but love that Saviour,
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be:
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

L. M.

Tune 22.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

P. M.

Tune 119.

Bread of life,
 Christ by whom alone we live;
 Bread that came to us from heaven,
 My poor soul can never thrive,
 Unless thou appease its craving:
 Lord, I hunger only after thee,
 Feed thou me.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is my body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

8s & 7s.

Tune 16.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to his disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

7s, 6l.

Tune 581

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labor of my hands
 Can fulfill thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

P. M.

Tune 139.

Reality and solid ground,
 Firm root in thee to gain;
 To feel thy precious blood hath drowned,
 Whatever gives thee pain:
 'Tis this I want, nor can I be
 Content, till I am one with thee,
 Until my life is hid in thine
 Till thou art wholly mine.

8s, 7s & 4s.

Tune 583.

Blessed Jesus, we implore thee,
 Let us, cleansed and purified,
 Walk in grace and truth before thee,
 And in thee by faith abide;
 Sanctified
 Both in body and in mind.
 Unto us thy name's sweet savor
 Be as ointment poured forth;
 In thine eyes may we find favor,
 Though depraved and void of worth;
 While thy banner
 Over us, is love divine.

7s, 8s & 7s.

Tune 83

Jesus will I never leave,
 He's the God of my salvation;
 Through his merits I receive
 Pardon, life, and consolation:
 All the powers of my mind
 To my Saviour be resigned.
 He is mine, and I am his,
 Joined with him in close communion;
 And his bitter passion is
 The foundation of this union:
 Full of hopes which never yield,
 Firm on him, my rock, I build.

7s, 6s & 8s.

Tune 79.

Incline thine ear in favor
 To us, most gracious Saviour,
 Accept our promises:
 Thy death, thy wounds, and passion
 Abide our heart's confession,
 Till we shall see thee face to face.

† The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung :

P. M.

Tune 185.

Joy divine and heavenly peace with unction,
Church of Christ, thy portion be :
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep compunction
Flowing from Christ's agony :
Father, bless and keep without cessation
Thy Son's dearly-purchased congregation.
Lamb of God, thy peace divine,
Seal our covenant, we are thine.

BENEDICTION.

HYMNS.



H Y M N S.

THE WORD OF GOD.

C. M.

1.

Tune 14.

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

L. M.

2.

Tune 22.

THE Word of God which ne'er shall cease,
Proclaims free pardon, grace and peace,
Salvation shows in Christ alone,
The perfect will of God makes known.

- 2 Since fallen man, weak and impure,
Can not God's awful voice endure,
It pleased the Lord, by men to give
His word to us, that we might live.
- 3 This holy word exposes sin,
Convinces us that we're unclean,
Points out the wretched, ruined state
Of all mankind, both small and great.
- 4 It then reveals God's boundless grace,
Which justifies our sinful race,
And gives eternal life to all
Who will accept the gospel call.
- 5 It gently heals the broken heart,
And heavenly riches doth impart,
Unfolds redemption's wondrous plan,
Through Christ's atoning death for man.
- 6 It gathers God's elected flock,
Beneath the shade of Christ, the rock,
With living truth each soul supplies,
Reproves, directs and sanctifies.
- 7 It keeps our faith in Jesus sound,
That we in all good works abound,
And, as joint-heirs with Christ, our Lord,
We once may share the blest reward.
- 8 O God in whom our trust we place,
We thank thee for thy word of grace;
Help us its precepts to obey,
Till we shall live in endless day.

P. M.

3.

Tune 119.

HOLY LORD,
 Thanks and praise be ever thine,
 That thy word to us is given,
 Teaching us with power divine,
 That the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Everlasting life for us to gain,
 Once was slain.

- 2 Lord, our God,
 May thy precious saving word,
 Till our race is here completed,
 Light unto our path afford ;
 And when in thy presence seated,
 We to thee will render for thy grace
 Ceaseless praise.

C. M.

4.

Tune 14

How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 Its light, descending from above,
 Our gloomy world to cheer,
 Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
 And brings his glories near.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
- 4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

C. M.

5.

Tune 14.

JESUS, thy word is my delight ;
There grace and truth are seen ;
Ah, could I study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polished glass,
Thy glory lets us see ;
And by beholding there thy face
We're rendered like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain ;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4 That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord ;
To us the promises apply,
Recorded in thy word.

C. M.

6.

Tune 14.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord !
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my griefs assuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face,
Almost in every page.

3 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows ;
Nor danger dwells therein.

4 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

C. M.

7.

Tune 14.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More prized than gold, than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels:
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to my eyes.

5 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

8s & 7s.

8.

Tune 16.

- From the doctrines I'll ne'er waver,
 In the holy scriptures stored;
 O what sweetness do I savor,
 In each sacred covenant word.
- 2 And if I myself examine,
 While the book I 'fore me hold,
 To each truth my heart saith Amen,
 One the other doth unfold.
- 3 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth
 With deep awe attentively;
 What thy holy word declareth
 Shall my rule and practice be.

8s, 7s & 7s.

9.

Tune 89.

- PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford;
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword;
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this I need no more.
- 2 In the hour of dark temptation
 Satan cannot make me yield:
 For this word of consolation
 Is to me both sword and shield:
 While the scripture truths are sure,
 From his malice I'm secure.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

L. M.

10.

Tune 22.

BLEST Trinity, from mortal sight
 Veiled in thine own eternal light,
 We thee confess, in thee believe,
 To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

- 2 O Father, thou most holy one!
 O God of God, eternal Son!
 O Holy Ghost, thou love divine!
 To join them both is ever thine.
- 3 The Father is in God the Son,
 And with the Father he is one:
 In both the Spirit doth abide,
 And with them both is glorified.
- 4 Such as the Father, such the Son,
 And such the Spirit, three in one:
 The three one perfect verity,
 The three one perfect charity.
- 5 Eternal Father, thee we praise;
 To thee, O Son, our hymns we raise;
 O Holy Ghost, we thee adore:
 One mighty God for evermore.

11s.

11.

Tune 39.

- O FATHER of mercy, be ever adored;
 Thy love was displayed in sending our Lord
 To ransom and bless us: thy goodness we
 praise
 For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.
- 2 Most merciful Saviour, who deignedst to die,
 Our curse to remove, and our pardon to buy;
 Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to save,
 Who openest heaven to all that believe.
- 3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of power,
 We prove thy blest influence, thy grace we
 adore;
 Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's
 blood,
 Attesting and sealing us children of God.

7s.

12.

Tune 581.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, eternal King!
By the heavens and earth adored!—
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

- 2 Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honor paid;
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.
- 3 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at thy command;
And, when thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.
- 4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.
- 5 Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.
- 6 Hallelujah! Lord! to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead one, and persons three!

Join with us the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

C. M.

13.

Tune 14.

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
By all thy church below.

- 2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess:
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.
- 4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be;
Supreme, essential one, adored
In co-eternal three.

C. M.

14.

Tune 14.

OUR heavenly Father, source of love,
To thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

- 2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive:
Made and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad:
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

- 4 Honor to the almighty three,
 And everlasting one;
 All glory to the Father be,
 The Spirit, and the Son.

6s & 4s.

15.

COME, thou almighty King!
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days!

- 2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
 Gird on thy mighty sword;
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and thy people bless,
 And give thy word success;
 Spirit of holiness!
 On us descend.

- 3 Come, Holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour:
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.

- 4 To the great one in three
 The highest praises be,
 Hence, evermore!
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

7s. **16.** Tune 581.

Now, with angels round the throne,
 Cherubim and seraphim,
 And the church which still is one,
 Let us swell the solemn hymn :
 Glory to the great I AM !
 Glory to the slaughtered Lamb !

2 Blessing, honor, glory, might,
 And dominion infinite,
 To the Father of our Lord,
 To the Spirit and the Word ;
 As it was all worlds before,
 Is, and shall be evermore.

L. M. **17.** Tune 22.

FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is raised from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah !—Father, Spirit, Son !—
 Mysterious Godhead—three in one !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
 Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

8s, 7s & 4s. **18.** Tune 585.

GLORY be to God, the Father !
 Glory be to God, the Son !

Glory be to God, the Spirit!—
 Great Jehovah, three in one!
 Glory, glory,
 While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to him who loved us,
 Washed us from each spot and stain!
 Glory be to him who bought us,
 Made us kings with him to reign!
 Glory, glory,
 To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
 Glory to the church's King!
 Glory to the King of nations!
 Heaven and earth! your praises bring;
 Glory, glory,
 To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
 Thus the choir of angels sings;
 Honor, riches, power, dominion!
 Thus its praise creation brings:
 Glory, glory,
 Glory to the King of kings!

GOD THE FATHER.

S. M. D.

19.

Tune 393.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now;
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,
 To thee all nations bow;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfill
 Thy perfect law above.

- 2 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live ;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive :
 From dark temptation's power,
 From Satan's wiles defend ;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.
- 3 Thine, then, for ever be
 Glory and power divine ;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.
 Thus humbly taught to pray,
 By thy beloved Son,
 Through him we come to thee and say,
 All for his sake be done.

S. M. D.

20.

Tune 593.

THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 Th' almighty God of love.
 Jehovah, Great I AM !
 By earth and heaven confessed :
 I bow and bless the sacred name
 For ever, ever blessed.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 Of heaven, at his right hand.
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame and power ;
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield, my rock and tower.
- 3 Though nature's strength decay,
 And earth and hell withstand,

To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his divine command.
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My pilgrim path pursue.

- 4 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And everlasting rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With endless mercy crowned.
- 5 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
Jesus, the Prince of peace.
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And glorious, with his saints in light,
Enthroned for ever reigns.
- 6 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His blood-bought, spotless bride.
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
His saints he still supplies.
- 7 Before the three in one
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
With his almighty hand.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,

And sing, in songs which never end,
Jehovah's wondrous name.

- 8 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Eternally they cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are thine,
And never-ceasing praise.

C. M.

21.

Tune 14.

- WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant-heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face,
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;

- Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in heaven with thee,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord.
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise:
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

7s & 6s.

22.

Tune 131

- SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The christian while he sings;
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing in his wings;
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may.
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us through;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too;

Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

L. M.

23.

Tune 22.

Give to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When earth-born powers are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

L. M. D.

24.

Tune 166

- HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs;
For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Great are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But man is thy peculiar care;
My God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And we the living water taste;
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from thy presence, gracious Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

9s & 8s.

25.

Tune 106.

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his days,
Shall be preserved in fire and water,

And saved in many dangerous ways :
 He that makes God his staff and stay,
 Builds not on sand that glides away.

- 2 What gain'st thou by thy anxious caring?
 What causes thee to pine away?
 Thy rest and health thou art impairing
 By sighs and groans from day to day :
 Thou art but adding grief to grief,
 Instead of getting sure relief.
- 3 Oh could we be resigned and quiet,
 And rest in God's good providence,
 Who oft prescribes us wholesome diet,
 In forms that please not flesh and sense :
 To him who chose us for his own,
 Our wants and cares are fully known.
- 4 He knows the hours for joy and gladness,
 The proper time and proper place ;
 Are we but faithful midst our sadness,
 Seek not our pleasure, but his praise ;
 He'll come before we are aware,
 And dissipate our grief and care.
- 5 Do thou with faith discharge thy station,
 Keep God's commands, live to his praise ;
 Rely on him for preservation,
 On whom the whole creation stays :
 The man that's truly wise and just,
 Makes God, and God alone, his trust.

C. M.

26.

Tune 14.

LONG ere the lofty skies were spread,
 Jehovah filled his throne :
 Ere man was formed, or angels made,
 The Maker lived alone.

- 2 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime ;

Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And ever is his time.

- 3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

C. M.

27.

Tune 14

IN thee I live, and move, and am ;
Thou number'st all my days :
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

- 2 From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be :
'T were better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

- 3 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought :
And nothing have I here deserved ;
Yet I have lackèd nought.

- 4 I do not praise my laboring hand,
My laboring head, or chance :
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is my inheritance.

- 5 Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,
A table free from strife :
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

- 6 The daily favors of my God
I cannot sing at large ;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

- 7 Lord, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread ;

And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

- 8 Oh, let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly king.

S. M. D.

28.

Tune 393.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head ;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 2 He everywhere hath way,
And all things serve his might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light ;
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand ?
When he his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand ?
- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
With wonder filled thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand ;
Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee,
Oh lift thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee ;

Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly thy truth declare,
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

6s, 7s & 7s.

29.

Tune 341.

THEE, O my God and King,
 My Father, thee I sing;
 Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
 Praise from earth and heaven receive;
 Lost, I now in Christ am found,
 Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

- 2 Father, behold thy son;
 In Christ I am thine own:
 Stranger long to thee and rest,
 See, the prodigal is come;
 Open wide thy arms and breast,
 Take the weary wanderer home.
- 3 Thine eye observed from far,
 Thy pity drew me near;
 Me thy bosom yearned to see,
 Me thy mercy ran to find,
 Empty, poor, and void of thee,
 Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.
- 4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
 Thy kiss forgave me all.
 Still the gracious words I hear,
 Words that made the Saviour mine,
 "Haste, for him the robe prepare,
 His be righteousness divine."

7s.

30.

Tune 381.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,

Make me as a weanèd child ;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, guard, and guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promised hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

7s.

31.

Tune 11

DAY by day the manna fell ;
 Oh, to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

- 2 "Day by day" the promise reads,
 Daily strength for daily needs,
 Cast foreboding fears away :
 Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in thy hand ;
 All my brightest hopes have planned
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.

- 4 Thou my daily task shall give,
 Day by day to thee I live;
 So shall added years fulfill,
 Not my own—my Father's will.
-

THE MINISTRY OF THE ANGELS.

6s & 5s.

32.

Tune 141.

WHILE the pilgrim travels
 On this earthly ground,
 Watchful guardian-angels
 Compass him around;
 Like Elisha's servant,
 He in faith espies
 Hosts with fiery horses,
 Flaming chariots rise.

L. M.

33.

Tune 22.

- To God let all the human race
 Bring adoration, thanks, and praise;
 He makes his love and wisdom known
 By angels who surround his throne.
- 2 The angels whom his breath inspires,
 His ministers, are flaming fires;
 With joy they in his service move,
 To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 3 With gladness they obey his will,
 And all his purposes fulfill;
 All those who Jesus' children are,
 Are special objects of their care.
- 4 Our God defends us day by day,
 From many dangers in our way,
 By angels, who forever keep
 A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless thee all our days,
Our souls shall glory in thy grace ;
Thy praise shall dwell upon our tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray thee, let the heavenly host
Be guardians of our land and coast ;
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of grace,
That we may lead a life of peace.

L. M.

34.

Tune 22

Now let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
For sinners may address their king
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain ;
Not only say, he suffered thus :
But, that he suffered all for us.

3 Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
He who redeemed us with his blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

4 Immanuel, our brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But, ah, how faint our praises rise !
Sure, 't is the wonder of the skies,
That we who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 Oh glorious hour, it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see our God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

THE WORK OF REDEMPTION.

C. M.

35.

Tune 14.

BEHOLD what love the Father hath
 On guilty men bestowed,
 That we, who children are of wrath,
 Should children be of God.

2 Oh, how beyond expression great
 His love in Christ doth shine!
 'Tis like himself—the eternal God,
 Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man,
 The Lord of glory dies;
 Lays down his life us to redeem,
 A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,
 Who for us lived and died,
 See of the travail of his soul,
 And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to man
 Most gloriously displayed,
 And life eternal we obtain
 From God, in Christ our head.

6 Oh, let us then repeat the theme,
 Which always sounds above;
 And ever sing with joyful hearts,
 The wonders of his love.

C. M. D.

36.

Tune 390

CHRIST, the good shepherd, God's own Son
 From all eternity,

Urged by his love, exchanged his throne
 For human misery ;
 His wandering sheep gone far astray
 He sought with pungent pain,
 And did for all a ransom pay ,
 To bring them home again.

- 2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost,
 Art thou, my sinful soul ;
 His life it hath the shepherd cost,
 To save and make thee whole ;
 Now hear his voice with gratitude,
 Call on his saving name ;
 For thee he shed his precious blood,
 And now his own doth claim.

L. M.

37.

Tune 22.

To GOD we render thanks and praise,
 Who pitied mankind's fallen race,
 And gave his dear and only Son,
 That us, as children, he might own.

- 2 The Word eternal did assume
 Our flesh and blood, and man become,
 The First and Last with wonder see
 Partake of human misery.
- 3 He came to seek and save the lost ;
 We sinned, and he would bear the cost,
 That we might share eternal bliss ;
 Oh, what unbounded love was this.
- 4 How wretched they who still despise
 Jesus, the pearl of greatest price ;
 Those who neglect to hear his voice,
 Must perish by their own free choice.
- 5 Unhappy those who turn away,
 Or such as carelessly delay

To meet their Saviour, though he came
Their souls from misery to reclaim.

- 6 Come, sinners, Jesus will receive
The chief of sinners ; come and live ;
“ I’ll dwell with you,” our Saviour saith ;
Receive him in your hearts by faith.

GOD THE SON.

C. M.

38.

Tune 14.

OH, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o’erflowing grace !

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow ;
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,
Through every heavenly street ;
And lay their highest honors down,
Submissive, at his feet.
- 4 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down ;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 5 Upon that dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.
- 6 This is the man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore ;
But when our eyes shall see his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

7s.

39.

Tune 581.

- CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 Unaccompanied by thee;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiancy divine!
 Scatter all my unbelief;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

5s, 8s & 5s.

40.

Tune 68.

- JESUS, who with thee
 Can comparéd be?
 Source of rest and consolation,
 Life, and light, and full salvation;
 Son of God, with thee
 None compared can be.
- 2 Thou hast died for me,
 From all misery
 And distress me to deliver,
 And from death to save forever;
 I am by thy blood
 Reconciled to God.
- 3 Highest King and Priest,
 Prophet, Lord, and Christ,

Thy dear sceptre is embracéd
 By me at thy feet abaséd ;
 I choose Mary's seat
 At thy holy feet.

4 Grant me steadiness,
 Lord, to run my race,
 Following thee with love most tender,
 So that Satan may not hinder
 Me by craft or force ;
 Further thou my course.

5 By thy Spirit's light
 Me instruct aright,
 That I watch and pray with fervor,
 Trusting thee, my soul's preserver ;
 Love unfeigned, O Lord,
 Unto me afford.

6 When I hence depart,
 Strengthen thou my heart ;
 Where thou art, O Lord, convey me ;
 In thy righteousness array me,
 That at thy right hand
 Joyful I may stand.

L. M.

41.

Tune 22.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
 My praise ascend to his abode :
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
 The great supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;
 Eternal ages saw him shine,
 He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
 Almighty ruler of the sky,

As when the six days' work he made .
Filled all the morning-stars with joy.

- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see ;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship him who died for me.
- 6 As man he pities my complaint ;
His power and truth are all divine,
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

3s, 8s & 5s.

42.

Tune 68.

O ETERNAL Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord !
While the hosts of heaven adore thee,
We with awe fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed,
Comfort in all need,
Thou becam'st a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God.

P. M.

43.

Tune 172.

THY majesty, how vast it is,
And how immense the glory,
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess ;
Both heaven and earth adore thee ;
The legions of angels exalt thy great name,

Thy glory and might are transcendent ;
And thousands of thousands thy praises proclaim,
Upon thee gladly dependent.

- 2 The Father's equal, God the Son,
With him thou ever reignest ;
Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou sustainest ;
Both angels and men view their Maker as
man,
With joy that is past all expression ;
Oh happy, unspeakably happy, who can
Find in him life and salvation.
- 3 This mystery every throne and power
Admires with adoration ;
The angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation ;
The angels and elders before him fall down,
With accents melodious him praising ;
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him on the
throne,
They render glory unceasing.
- 4 The church on earth in humble strain,
Exalteth Christ our Saviour ;
She sings, the Lamb for us was slain,
Our foe is cast for ever ;
For Christ hath redeemed us by his precious
blood
Out of every nation and kindred,
And made us thereby kings and priests unto
God,
To him thanksgiving be rendered.
- 5 When Christ in majesty shall come,
With all his bright attendance,
On every man pronounce a doom,
An awful, final sentence ;

Then shall his enemies, quaking with dread,
 Wish mountains and rocks them to cover ;
 The ransomed with gladness will lift up their
 head,
 And live with Jesus for ever.

L. M.

44.

Tune 22.

BEFORE the heavens were stretched abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word ;
 With God he was, the Word was God,
 And must divinely be adored.

- 2 By his own power were all things made ;
 By him supported all things stand ;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Mortals with joy behold his face,
 The eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth, how full of grace
 Was Christ, in whom the Godhead shone.
- 4 Archangels left their high abode,
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

S. M.

45.

Tune 393.

JESUS, my Lord, my God,
 The God supreme thou art ;
 The Lord of hosts, whose precious blood
 Is sprinkled on my heart.

- 2 Jehovah is thy name ;
 And through thy blood applied,
 Convinced and certified I am,
 There is no God beside.

- 3 Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardoned sinner knows
It is the blood divine.
- 4 Yea, only he, who feels
My Saviour for me died,
Is certain that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

S. M.

46.

Tune 593.

- PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name ;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.
- 2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.
- 3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay ;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.
- 4 And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne ;
And answers all the law demands,
With what himself hath done.
- 5 He sees us willing slaves
To sin and Satan's power ;
But with an outstretched arm he saves,
In his appointed hour.
- 6 The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

- 7 The love of sin departs,
 The life of grace takes place,
 Soon as his voice invites our hearts
 To rise and seek his face.
- 8 The world and Satan rage,
 But he their power controls ;
 His wisdom, love, and truth engage
 Protection for our souls.
- 9 Though pressed, we need not yield,
 But shall prevail at length ;
 For Jesus is our sun and shield,
 Our righteousness and strength.
- 10 Assured that Christ our king
 Will put our foes to flight,
 We on the field of battle sing,
 And triumph while we fight.

L. M.

47.

Tune 22.

- COME, worship at Immanuel's feet ;
 Behold in him what wonders meet ;
 Words are too feeble to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 He is the head ; each member lives,
 And owns the vital power he gives ;
 The saints below, and saints above,
 Joined by his Spirit and his love.
- 3 He is the vine ; his heavenly root
 Supplies each branch with life and fruit ;
 Oh may a lasting union join
 My soul to Christ the living vine.
- 4 He is the rock ; how firm he proves ;
 The rock of ages never moves ;
 But the sweet streams, that from him flow,
 Attend us all the desert through.

- 5 He is the sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears.
- 6 Yet faintly to us mortals here,
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold him face to face.

P. M.

48.

Tune 249.

WE bow before thy throne,
Jesus, and thee alone
Our God and Saviour own;
While pilgrims here on earth we are,
We to thy courts will oft repair,
To offer prayer and praise;
O God of grace,
Thy saving name we bless.

- 2 Again we raise the strain,
Worthy the Lamb once slain,
For evermore to reign;
Thee, Christ, God blessed for evermore.
Our lips confess, our hearts adore;
Honor and majesty,
Be given to thee,
Now and eternally.

 ADVENT.

7s & 6s.

49.

Tune 151.

How shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?
What manner of behavior
Is now required of me?

I wait for thy salvation ;
 Grant me thy Spirit's light ;
 Thus will my preparation
 Be pleasing in thy sight.

- 2 While with her sweetest flowers
 Thy Zion strews thy way,
 I'll raise with all my powers
 To thee a grateful lay ;
 To thee, the king of glory,
 I'll tune a song divine,
 And make thy love's bright story
 In graceful numbers shine.

L. M.

50.

Tune 22.

ON Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry
 Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
 Come near and hearken, for he brings
 Glad tidings from the King of kings.

- 2 Be purified each christian breast,
 And furnished for so great a guest :
 Yea, let us all our hearts prepare
 For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
 Our refuge and our great reward ;
 Without thy grace our souls must fade,
 And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth thine hand a balm to pour,
 And make us rise to fall no more,
 Upon thy pardoned people shine,
 And fill the world with grace divine.
- 5 To him who left the throne of heaven
 To save mankind, all praise be given ;
 Like praise be to the Father done,
 And Holy Spirit, three in one.

7s.

51.

Tune 11.

ALL the world give praises due ;
God is faithful, God is true ;
He to man doth comfort send
In his Son, the sinners' friend.

- 2 What the fathers wished of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophecy,
Is fulfilled most gloriously.
- 3 My salvation, welcome be ;
Thou, my portion, praise to thee ;
Come, and make thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God.
- 4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind ;
Oh may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside.
- 5 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my judge to be,
Grant in grace that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

L. M.

52.

Tune 22

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates ;
Behold, the king of glory waits ;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried ;
Mercy is ever at his side ;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed ;

- Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this king of triumph comes.
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.
- 5 Redeemer, come: I open wide
My heart to thee; here, Lord, abide;
Let me thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my sovereign, enter in;
Let new and nobler life begin;
The Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal is won.

7s & 6s.

53.

Tune 151

- OH how shall I receive thee,
How greet thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!
Oh kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please thee best.
- 2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare;
My soul puts off her sadness,
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness,
She fain would serve thy name.
- 3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free!

I stood, my shame bemoaning,
 Thou com'st to honor me!
 A glory thou dost give me,
 A treasure safe on high,
 That will not fail nor leave me,
 As earthly riches fly.

4 Love caused thy incarnation,
 Love brought thee down to me;
 Thy thirst for my salvation
 Procured my liberty;
 O love beyond all telling,
 That led thee to embrace,
 In love all love excelling,
 Our lost and fallen race!

5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
 Who sit in deepest gloom,
 Who mourn o'er joys departed,
 And tremble at your doom;
 He who alone can cheer you,
 Is standing at the door;
 He brings his pity near you,
 And bids you weep no more.

6s.

54.

Tune 72.

ONCE he came in blessing,
 All our ills redressing,
 Came in likeness lowly,
 Son of God most holy;
 Bore the cross to save us,
 Hope and freedom gave us.

2 Still he comes within us,
 Still his voice would win us,
 From the sins that hurt us;
 Would to truth convert us,
 From our foolish errors,
 Ere he comes in terrors.

3 Thus if thou hast known him,
 Not ashamed to own him ;
 Nor dost love him coldly,
 But wilt trust him boldly ;
 He will now receive thee,
 Heal thee, and forgive thee.

4 He, who well endureth,
 Bright reward secureth ;
 Come then, O Lord Jesus,
 From our sins release us ;
 Let us here confess thee,
 Till in heaven we bless thee.

C. M.

55.

Tune 14.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long ;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye, long closed in night,
 To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And, with the riches of his grace,
 To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

8s & 7s.

56.

Tune 16.

HAIL! thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art;
 Long desired of every nation,
 Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child, yet God our king;
 Born, to reign in us forever;
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

C. M.

57.

Tune 14.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her king;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

8s, 7s & 4s.

58.

Tune 585.

HAIL, thou wondrous infant stranger,
 Born lost Eden to regain;
 Welcome in thy humble manger,
 Welcome to thy creature man;
 Hail Immanuel,
 Thou who wast ere time began.

- 2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
 What thus brought your Maker down?
 Say, why did he leave your regions,
 Why forsake his heavenly throne?
 Notes melodious
 Tell the cause: Good will to man.

- 3 We this offered Saviour needed,
 Hence we join your theme with joy;
 We by none will be exceeded,
 While we laud this mystery,
 And with wonder
 God incarnate glorify.

8s, 7s & 4s.

59.

Tune 585

PEACE on earth, heaven is proclaiming;
 Peace, descending from above,
 Peace, good will, lost man reclaiming,
 Peace from God, God who is love;
 Peace in Jesus,
 Peace that never shall remove.

- 2 Glory to our great Creator,
 Glory in the highest strain;
 Glory to the Mediator,

Both from angels and from men ;
 To Immanuel,
 All the glory doth pertain.

S. M.

60.

Tune 595.

- O SAVIOUR of our race,
 Welcome indeed thou art,
 Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,
 To this my longing heart !
- 2 Light of the world, abide
 Through faith within my heart ;
 Leave me to seek no other guide,
 Nor e'er from thee depart.
- 3 Thou art the life, O Lord !
 Sole light of life thou art !
 Let not thy glorious rays be poured
 In vain on my dark heart.
- 4 Star of the East, arise !
 Drive all my clouds away ;
 Guide me, till earth's dim twilight dies
 Into the perfect day.

7s.

61.

Tune 11.

- WHAT good news the angels bring !
 What glad tidings of our king !
 Christ the Lord is born to-day,
 Christ, who takes our sins away !
- 2 He who rules both heaven and earth
 Hath in Bethlehem his birth ;
 Him shall all the faithful see,
 And rejoice eternally.
- 3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
 With hosannas fill the sky ;
 Glory be to God above,
 Who is infinite in love !

- 4 Peace on earth, good will to men !
Now with us our God is seen,
Angels join his name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.
- 5 Jesus is the loveliest name,
This the angel doth proclaim ;
Sinners poor he came to save,
They in him redemption have.
- 6 They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

7s.

62.

Tune 11.

- HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king ;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic host proclaim,
“ Christ is born in Bethlehem ! ”
- 3 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail the sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Lo, he lays his glory by ;
Born, that man no more may die ;
Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
Born, to give them second birth.

- 6 Sing, we then, with angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born king!
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled."

3s 7s & 4s.

63.

Tune 583.

- ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye, who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant light ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar ;
 Seek the great desire of nations ;
 Ye have seen his natal star ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord descending,
 In his temple shall appear.
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born king.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains ;
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ, the new-born king.

8s & 7s.

64.

Tune 16.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
“Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven !
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 “Christ is born, the great anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing !
Oh receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !
- 5 “Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high !”

8s & 7s.

65.

Tune 16.

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born ; oh shout aloud :
Man by him is made victorious ;
Praise your Saviour, hail your God.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ the sun of righteousness ;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pardoning grace.
- 3 Praise the Lord, whose saving splendor
Shines into the darkest night ;

Oh what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light.

- 4 Praise the Lord, God our salvation,
Praise him who retrieved our loss;
Sing, with awe, and love's sensation,
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US.

L. M.

66.

Tune 22.

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
Man as his property to claim,
And from perdition to redeem.

- 2 Awake, my heart ; my soul, arise ;
Look who in yonder manger lies ;
Who is that child, so poor and mean ?
'T is he who all things doth sustain.
- 3 Welcome, oh welcome, noble guest,
Who sinners not despised hast,
But cam'st into our misery ;
How shall we pay due thanks to thee ?
- 4 Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode ;
Oh may I, through thy aiding grace,
In all I do, show forth thy praise.

H. M.

67.

Tune 34

Lo ! GOD, our God, has come ;
To us a child is born,
To us a son is given ;
Bless, bless the blessed morn !
Oh ! happy, lowly, lofty birth !
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

- 2 Rejoice ! our God has come,
In love and lowliness ;

The Son of God has come,
 The sons of men to bless ;
 God with us now descends to dwell,
 God in our flesh, Immanuel.

- 3 Praise ye the Word made flesh ;
 True God, true man is he ;
 Praise ye the Christ of God ;
 To whom all glory be !
 Praise ye the Lamb that once was slain,
 Praise ye the king that comes to reign.

11s & 10s.

68.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-
 ing,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid :

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker and monarch and Saviour of all !

- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
 mine ?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine
 aid ;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

7s.

69.

Tune 11.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a child is born;
 From the highest realms of heaven
 Unto us a son is given.

- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Power and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh,
 Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
 Christ, th' incarnate Deity,
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to him the homage meet,
 From the manger to the throne;
 Homage due to God alone.

11s.

70.

Tune 39.

- COME hither, ye faithful,
 Triumphantly sing!
 Come, see in the manger
 The angels' dread king!
 To Bethlehem hasten
 With joyful accord!
 Oh, come ye, come hither
 To worship the Lord!
- 2 True Son of the Father,
 He comes from the skies;
 To be born of a virgin
 He doth not despise.
 To Bethlehem hasten, etc.
 - 3 Hark, hark to the angels!
 All singing in heaven,

“To God in the highest
All glory be given!”
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honor
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate,
Omnipotent Word!
Oh, come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

L. M.

71.

Tune 22.

REJOICE, our nature Christ assumes;
Born of a virgin, lo, he comes,
As the Messiah fore-ordained:
Adore and wonder, every land.

2 He left his bright, his glorious throne,
He bowed the heavens, to earth came down;
And thus his wondrous race began,
As God with God and man with man.

3 Behold a great, a heavenly light,
From Bethlehem's manger shining bright,
Around those who in darkness dwell,
The night of evil to dispel.

4 Incarnate God, exert thy power;
Arise, thou glorious conqueror:
Subdue sin, death, and every foe,
Erect thy kingdom here below.

8s, 3s & 6s

72.

Tune 137.

All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear,
Far and near,

Sweetest angel voices ;
"Christ is born," their choirs are singing :
Till the air,
Everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger ;
Brethren, come, from all that grieves you
You are freed ;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder ;
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder ;
Love him who with love is yearning ;
Hail the star,
That from far,
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door
Now is found, of gladness ;
Cling to him, for he will guide you :
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

5 Blessed Saviour, let me find thee ;
Keep thou me
Close to thee,
Cast me not behind thee ;
Life of life, my heart thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On thy breast,
All this void thou fillest.

- 6 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
 Live to thee,
 And with thee
 Dying, shall not perish ;
 But shall dwell with thee forever,
 Far on high,
 In the joy
 That can alter never.

L. M.

73.

Tune 22

- WE sing to thee, Immanuel,
 The Prince of life, salvation's well,
 The plant of heaven, the star of morn,
 The Lord of lords, the virgin-born.
- 2 All glory, worship, thanks and praise,
 That thou art come in these our days!
 Thou heavenly guest expected long,
 We hail thee with a joyful song.
- 3 For thee, since first the world was made,
 Men's hearts have waited, watched and prayed;
 Prophets and patriarchs, year by year,
 Have longed to see thy light appear.
- 4 O God, they prayed, from Zion rise,
 And hear thy captive people's cries ;
 At length, O LORD! salvation bring,
 Then Jacob shall rejoice and sing.
- 5 Now thou art here, we know thee now ;
 In lowly manger liest thou
 A child, yet makest all things great,
 Poor, yet is earth thy robe of state.
- 6 Thou, who both heaven and earth dost sway,
 In strangers' inn art fain to stay ;
 And though thy power makes angels blest,
 Dost seek thy food from human breast.

- 7 Encouraged thus, our love grows bold
 On thee to lay our steadfast hold,
 The cross which thou didst undergo
 Has vanquished death and healed our woe.
- 8 Thou art our head; then, Lord, of thee
 True living members we will be;
 And, in the strength thy grace shall give,
 Will live as thou wouldst have us live,
- 9 As each short year rolls quickly round,
 Our hallelujahs shall resound;
 And, when we reckon years no more,
 May we, in heaven, thy name adore.

L. M. D.

74.

Tune 166

WHAT offering shall I bring to thee,
 Immanuel, my king and God?
 Who didst vouchsafe a man to be,
 To save me by thy precious blood;
 Thou, at whose birth the angels sing,
 "Peace upon earth, good will to men,"
 To whom the sages humbly bring
 Their gifts, though thou appear so mean.

- 2 This will I do, thou child divine,
 I'll give thee that for which thou cam'st;
 My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
 And them in love to me thou claim'st:
 My humble sacrifice receive,
 Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
 That I by faith in thee might live,
 And with thee live eternally.

P. M.

75.

Tune 159.

WISDOM and power to Christ belong,
 Who left his glorious throne;

The new, the blessed gospel-song
Is due to him alone ;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraph's lays ;
To us, to us God's Son is given,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

P. M.

76.

Tune 249.

WITH awe, and deeply bowed,
We praise the incarnate God,
Who took our flesh and blood ;
Unto the child at Bethlehem,
Whose birth the angelic choirs proclaim,
We our thank-offerings bring,
And grateful sing
Praise to our heavenly king.

L. M.

77.

Tune 22.

MAKER of all things, Lord our God,
Now veiled in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery ;

2 What heights, what depths of love divine,
In thy blest incarnation shine !
Let heaven and earth unite their lays,
To magnify thy boundless grace.

8s & 7s.

78.

Tune 16.

WELCOME, blessed heavenly stranger !
Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 O most mighty, O most holy,
Far above the seraph's thought !

Zion, view thy king as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

11s.

79.

Tune 39.

To GOD our Immanuel, made flesh as we are,
Our friend, our redeemer, and brother most dear,
Be honor and glory : let with one accord
All people say, Amen ! give praise to the Lord.

NAME OF JESUS.

C M.

80.

Tune 14.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest and king !
My lord, my life, my way, my end !
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

C. M.

81.

Tune 14.

- COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame ;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.
- 2 The Saviour ! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in this blissful sound ;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 Here pardon, life, and joy divine,
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost by sin,
And doomed to endless woe.
- 4 God's only Son, stupendous grace,
Forsook his throne above ;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.
- 5 The almighty former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode ;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.
- 6 Oh, the rich depths of love divine ;
Of bliss a boundless store ;
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.
- 7 On thee alone my hope relies ;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

7s.

82.

Tune 11.

JESUS! name of wondrous love,
 Name all other names above!
 Name at which must every knee
 Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! name of priceless worth
 To the fallen sons of earth,
 For the promise that it gave,
 "Jesus shall his people save."

3 Jesus! name of mercy mild,
 Given to the holy child,
 When the cup of human woe
 First he tasted here below.

4 Jesus! only name that's given
 Under all the mighty heaven,
 Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
 Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
 Human name of him above!
 Pleading only this, we flee
 Helpless, O our God, to thee.

S. M.

83.

Tune 595.

THE ancient law departs,
 And all its terrors cease;
 For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
 A covenant of peace.

2 The light of light divine,
 True brightness undefiled,
 He bears for us the shame of sin,
 A holy, spotless child.

3 To-day the name is thine,
 At which we bend the knee;

They call thee Jesus, child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

- 4 All praise, eternal Son,
For thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever one
In glorious might above.

7s.

84.

Tune 11.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

- 2 When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, shield, and sun,
Shepherd, brother, husband, friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

L. M.

85.

Tune 22.

THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! name divine,
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

- 2 There is none other name than thine,
When cares and fears and griefs are mine,
That with a gracious power can heal
Each care and fear and grief I feel.
- 3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And even in death to be my life.
- 4 Name above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Jehovah Jesus! name divine,
Rock of salvation, thou art mine.

C. M.

86.

Tune 14.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

P. M.

87.

Tune 119.

JESUS' name,
 Source of life and happiness ;
 In this name true consolation
 Mourning sinners may possess ;
 Here is found complete salvation ;
 Blessed Jesus, we thy name will praise
 All our days.

- 2 God with us,
 God appears in human frame ;
 In his name rejoice with gladness,
 Since to save lost man he came ;
 None need sink in hopeless sadness,
 For Immanuel is now with us,
 God with us.
-

MANIFESTATION TO THE GENTILES.

7s.

88.

Tune 203.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
 See that glory-beaming star.
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveler, yes : it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveler, ages are its own ;
 See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

C. M.

89.

Tune 14.

- O THOU, who by a star didst guide
 The wise men on their way,
 Until it came and stood beside
 The place where Jesus lay :
- 2 Although by stars thou dost not lead
 Thy servants now below,
 The Holy Spirit, when they need,
 Will show them how to go.
- 3 As yet we know thee but in part :
 But still we trust thy word,
 That blesséd are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see the Lord.
- 4 O Saviour, give us then thy grace,
 To make us pure in heart,
 That we may see thee face to face
 Hereafter, as thou art.

L. M.

90.

Tune 22.

- O CHRIST, our true and only light,
 Illumine those who sit in night ;
 Let those afar now hear thy voice,
 And in thy fold with us rejoice.
- 2 Fill with the radiance of thy grace
 The souls now lost in error's maze,

And all, O Lord, whose secret minds,
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

3 And all who else have strayed from thee,
Oh, gently seek ! thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share thy heaven.

4 Oh, make the deaf to hear thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers to thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

6 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to thee be given,
By all thy church in earth and heaven.

7s.

91.

Tune 11.

Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star !
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

2 Fear not hence that ill should flow,
Wars or pestilence below ;
Wars it bids and tumults cease,
Ushering in the Prince of peace.

3 Mild he shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shade of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

- 4 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear!
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.
- 5 Here behold the dayspring rise,
Pouring eyesight on your eyes:
God in his own light survey,
Shining to the perfect day.
- 6 Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign;
Deigns for man his life to employ:
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

7s & 6s.

92.

Tune 151.

- HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 By such shall he be fearéd,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reveréd;
For he shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy, and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

5 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing :
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end ;
The mountain-dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

- 8 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blest ;
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever,
 That name to us is—Love.

7s.

93.

Tune 581.

- As with gladness men of old
 Did the guiding star behold ;
 As with joy they hailed its light,
 Leading onward, beaming bright ;
 So, most gracious Lord, may we
 Evermore be led to thee.
- 2 As with joyous steps they sped
 To that lowly manger-bed,
 There to bend the knee before
 Him whom heaven and earth adore ;
 So may we with willing feet
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
 At that manger rude and bare ;
 So may we with holy joy,
 Pure and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ! to thee our heavenly king.
- 4 Holy Jesus! every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And, when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last,
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds thy glory hide.
- 5 In the heavenly country bright,
 Need they no created light ;

Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
 Thou its sun which goes not down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Hallelujahs to our king.

8s & 7s. **94.** Tune 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,
 Thou, the woman's promised seed;
 Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
 Deign throughout the earth to spread:
 By thy holy incarnation,
 Life, and death, our guilt remove;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Bless us with thy heavenly love.

C. M. **95.** Tune 14.

HAIL! kingly Jesus, to thy feet
 Our hearts their tribute bring;
 Not sparkling gold, not odors sweet,
 But love, our offering.

2 Such treasures to thy manger-bed
 The ancient Magi brought,
 When, by the star resplendent, led,
 Judea's king they sought.

3 But hearts of humble poverty
 Are fairer in thine eyes,
 And penitence is more to thee
 Than costly sacrifice.

8s, 6s & 8s. **96.** Tune 79.

THE wise men from the East adored
 The infant Jesus as their Lord,
 Brought gifts to him their king:
 Jesus, grant us thy light, that we
 The way may find, and unto thee
 Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

LIFE, EXAMPLE AND MINISTRY.

8s, 6s & 8s.

97.

Tune 79.

MAY Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,
 Who to the temple humbly came
 The legal rights to pay,
 Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
 That we his precepts may fulfill,
 Whate'er rebellious nature say.

S. M.

98.

Tune 595.

WORK while it is to-day,
 This was our Master's rule;
 With docile minds let us obey,
 As learners in his school.

2 To work the work of God,
 Was his divine employ;
 And we must tread the path he trod,
 Or enter not his joy.

3 For thee our all to spend,
 Still may we watch and pray;
 And, persevering to the end,
 Work while it is to-day.

L. M.

99.

Tune 22.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord!
 I read my duty in thy word:
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

L. M. 100. Tune 22.

- How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
 Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

C. M. 101. Tune 14.

- Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
 Oh, where is he that spake,
 And lepers from their pains are free,
 And slaves their fetters break?
- 2 The lame and palsied freely rise,
 With joy the dumb do sing;
 And on the darkened, blinded eyes,
 Glad beams of morning spring!
- 3 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
 Oh, where is he that spake,

And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake?

- 4 Here, here art thou, almighty Lord!
Oh, speak to us once more,
And let thy healing, quickening word
Our ruined souls restore.

S. M.

102.

Tune 595

DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
There is no weeping there.

C. M.

103.

Tune 14

IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was thy delight,
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfill.

- 3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

L. M.

104.

Tune 22.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

- 2 Oh, who like thee so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?
- 3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?
- 4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn, to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

7s.

105.

Tune 11.

FATHER of eternal grace!
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done!

Give me, Lord! the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him, to thee, my God!

C. M.

106.

Tune 14.

- THOU art the way ;—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord ! by thee.
- 2 Thou art the truth ;—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the life ;—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those, who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

C. M.

107.

Tune 14.

- O SON of God and man, receive
This humble work of mine ;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By blessing it with thine.
- 2 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

- 3 In all I think, or speak, or do,
 Let me show forth thy praise;
 Thy bright example still pursue
 Through all my future days.
- 4 By faith through outward cares I go,
 From all distraction free;
 My hands alone engaged below,
 My spirit still with thee.
- 5 When thou, my Saviour, shalt appear,
 Then gladly may I cry,
 "The work thou gavest me while here
 Is done,—to thee I fly."
-

TRANSFIGURATION.

L. M.

108.

Tune 22

- LET me be with thee, where thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal rest;
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and forever blest.
- 2 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
 Thine unveiled glory to behold;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.
- 3 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
 Where spotless saints thy name adore;
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with thee, where thou art,
 Where none can die, where none remove;
 Where life, nor death, my soul can part
 From thy blessed presence and thy love.

L. M.

109.

Tune 22

- O WONDROUS type, O vision fair
Of glory that the church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!
- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 The law and prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaims his only Son aloud.
- 4 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever one,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by thy grace,
To see thy glory face to face.
-

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

L. M.

110.

Tune 22.

- RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.
- 2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 The wingèd armies of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
 The Father, on his sapphire throne,
 Expects his own anointed Son.
- 5 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

L. M.

111.

Tune 22.

WHAT are those soul-reviving strains
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
 What anthems loud, and louder still,
 Sweetly resound from Zion's hill ?

- 2 Lo, 't is an infant chorus sings
 Hosanna to the king of kings ;
 The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
 Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
 For we will join this song of praise ;
 Still Israel's children forward press,
 To hail the Lord their righteousness.
- 4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart ;
 He bled for us, he bled for you,
 And we will sing Hosanna too.
- 5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear ;
 See David's Son and Lord appear ;
 Glory and praise on earth be given,
 Hosanna in the highest heaven.

L. M.

112.

Tune 22

- To THEE be glory, honor, praise,
 Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, King!
 Inspired with joy at thine approach,
 Thy children loud hosannas sing.
- 2 Hail, Israel's king! hail, David's Son!
 Hail, thou that in Jehovah's name
 Didst come thy people to redeem,
 And comest now thy crown to claim!
- 3 Then, in thy way to Salem's courts,
 They met thee with triumphal palms;
 Now, for thy glad return we watch
 With longing prayers, and vows, and psalms.
- 4 Then, from the shouts of fickle joy
 Thou passedst to thy cross, thy grave;
 Now, from the dawn of endless day,
 We welcome him that comes to save.
- 5 To thee, Redeemer, Saviour, King,
 To thee be glory, honor, praise!
 At thine approach, with joy inspired,
 Thy children loud hosannas raise.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

3s, 8s & 5s.

113.

Tune 68.

HOLY Trinity,
 Thanks and praise to thee,
 That our life and whole salvation
 Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
 And his death for us,
 On the shameful cross.

- 2 Had we angels' tongues,
 With seraphic songs,

Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
 Triune God, we would adore thee
 In the highest strain,
 For the Lamb once slain.

10s & 7s.

114.

Tune 183.

MY Redeemer, overwhelmed with anguish,
 Went to Olivet for me ;
 There he kneels, his heart doth heave and
 languish
 In a bitter agony ;
 Fear and horror seize his soul and senses,
 For the hour of darkness now commences ;
 Ah, how doth he weep and groan,
 For rebellious man to atone.

2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppresséd
 With our sins' prodigious load ;
 Though an angel comforts the distresséd,
 Weak, and fainting Lamb of God,
 Yet, what trembling seizeth him all over,
 Tears, and sweat, and blood his visage cover,
 And in drops fall to the ground,
 While his heart in grief is drowned.

3 Stripes and cruel mockeries he enduréd,
 Meek and patient, in our stead ;
 How are Jesus' gracious eyes obscuréd ;
 View his wounded back and head ;
 He, whom thorns and scourges lacerated,
 Is the Lord, who all things hath created ;
 Ah, his sufferings, pain, and woe
 Make my eyes with tears o'erflow.

4 See him bear his cross, in deep affliction,
 On his sore and wounded back,
 Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
 Where his limbs they stretch and rack ;

As a lamb he's led unto the slaughter,
And his soul is poured out like water ;
Vinegar and gall he tastes,
While his suffering body wastes.

5 Now behold him weeping, bleeding, crying,
'Midst two thieves upon the cross ;
Lo, he bows his sacred head, and dying,
Life eternal gains for us ;
Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,
To consider this with heart's compunction ;
Might our words and actions prove
That we know thy dying love.

6 Our enraptured hearts shall ne'er be weary
On our dying Lord to gaze ;
At his cross in faith we wish to tarry,
There shall be our hiding-place ;
May his dying look remain engraven
On our hearts ; for pardon, life, and heaven
Our Redeemer then procured,
When he death for us endured.

7 Therefore all his agony and passion,
And his sin-atonement death,
Shall remain, through grace, our faith's foundation,
While we draw our vital breath ;
Thus shall neither honor, wealth, nor pleasures
Rob our souls of everlasting treasures ;
Jesus, both by day and night,
Shall remain our sole delight.

8 Could we tune our hearts and voices higher
Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till joined to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest praise ;
Jesus' love exceeds all comprehension,
But our love to him we scarce dare mention ;

We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

- 9 Oh, delightful theme, past all expression,
"Thy Redeemer died for thee ;"
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear, "he died for me ;"
Might my thoughts, my words and whole be-
havior
Prove, that I believe in Christ my Saviour ;
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.
- 10 Lamb of God, thou shalt remain forever
Of our songs the only theme ;
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favor,
We will praise thy saving name ;
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the church above.

7s.

115.

Tune 581.

- Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at his feet,

Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 "It is finished!" hear him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay;
 All is solitude and gloom;
 Who hath taken him away?
 Christ is risen—he meets our eyes;
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

8s & 7s.

116.

Tune 167.

GREAT high-priest, we view thee stooping
 With our names upon thy breast,
 In the garden, groaning, drooping,
 To the ground with horrors pressed:
 Angels saw, struck with amazement,
 Their Creator suffer thus;
 We are filled with deep abasement,
 Since we know 't was done for us.

- 2 Jesus, to the garden lead us,
 To behold thy bloody sweat;
 Though thou from the curse hast freed us,
 May we ne'er the cost forget;
 Be thy groans and cries rehearséd
 By thy Spirit in our ears,
 Till we, viewing whom we piercéd,
 Melt in penitential tears.

Es, 7s & 7s.

117.

Tune 89.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
 Sinners, ruined by the fall;
 Here a pure and healing fountain
 Flows to you, to me, to all,
 In a full, perpetual tide,
 Opened when our Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled, without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 4 He that drinks shall live forever,
'T is a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

C. M.

118.

Tune 14.

- I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "Crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.
- 2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.
- 3 I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.
- 4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan;

Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed him to the tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

6 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within.

7s & 6s.

119.

Tune 131.

THOU source of my salvation,
Thou conqueror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation
In torments yield thy breath;
Who barest the dreadful sentence
Due to our guilty race,
To screen my soul from vengeance;
Accept my thanks and praise.

2 I'll go with thee, my Saviour,
Up to mount Calvary;
And view with spirit's fervor
All thou hast done for me;
Thus, with intense devotion,
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through his pores, in anguish,
Great blood-drops force their way;
The load which him oppresses,
I, I deserve to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

- 4 My Saviour was betrayéd,
Reproach and pain to meet;
My sins the Lord conveyéd
Fore Pilate's judgment seat;
These, these did him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
I should have felt forever
The pangs my Lord sustained.
- 5 Behold the man, he beareth
God's wrath and curse for us;
A crown of thorns he weareth,
For us endures the cross;
There, to complete his passion,
His sorrows, pain, and woe,
His blood for our salvation
In copious streams doth flow.
- 6 Thou for thy foes entrest;
Lord Jesus, who was I?
Thy friends thou not forgettest;
Turn, Lord, to me thine eye;
Thy mouth now grace declareth
To the repenting thief;
My guilty soul this cheereth;
Of sinners I am chief.
- 7 In anguish thou complainest,
"My God forsaketh me;"
"I thirst," thou then exclaimest,
Yet none refresheth thee;
At length the conflict ending,
Thou criest,—"'T is finishéd,"
And then, thy soul commending
To God, didst bow thy head.
- 8 My heart with love is glowing,
I see my Saviour die;
His head I see him bowing,
This brought me endless joy;

He gave his soul an offering
 For sin, that I might live;
 He saved me by his suffering,
 To him myself I give.

9 Thou God of my salvation,
 In whom I trust by faith,
 Who hast for my transgression
 Lain in the dust of death;
 I place upon thy merit
 While here my confidence;
 And will commend my spirit
 To thee, when I go hence.

10 Lord, grant me thy salvation
 And peace divine, I pray,
 While under tribulation
 On earth below I stay;
 Till I shall stand before thee,
 And for redeeming grace,
 With all the saints in glory,
 My Hallelujah raise.

7s & 6s.

120.

Tune 151.

O HEAD so full of bruises,
 So full of pain and scorn,
 Midst other sore abuses
 Mocked with a crown of thorn;
 O head, ere now surrounded
 With brightest majesty,
 In death now bowed and wounded,
 Saluted be by me!

2 I give thee thanks unfeigné,
 O Jesus, friend in need,
 For what thy soul sustainéd,
 When thou for me didst bleed;
 Grant me to lean unshaken
 Upon thy faithfulness,

Until I hence am taken,
To see thee face to face.

- 3 Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart;
Support, at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seized with death's agony,
Oh, by thy pain and anguish,
Set me at liberty.
- 4 Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath;
And then, though I be dying
Midst sickness, grief and pain,
I shall, on thee relying,
Eternal life obtain.

7s & 6s.

121.

Tune 151.

- O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
 Above all joys beside,
 When in thy body broken
 I thus with safety hide :
 My Lord of life, desiring
 Thy glory now to see,
 Beside thy cross expiring,
 I'd breathe my soul to thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end ?
 Oh, make me thine forever ;
 And should I fainting be,
 Lord, let me never, never
 Outlive my love to thee !
- 5 And when I am departing,
 Oh, part thou not from me !
 When mortal pangs are darting,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !
 And when my heart must languish
 Amidst the final throe,
 Release me from mine anguish,
 By thine own pain and woe !
- 6 Be near me when I'm dying ;
 Oh, show thy cross to me !
 And for my succor flying,
 Come, Lord, and set me free !
 These eyes, new faith receiving,
 From Jesus shall not move ;
 For he who dies believing,
 Dies safely, through thy love.

THE royal banner is unturled,
 The cross is reared on nigh,

On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

2 See, through his holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive :
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And, see, the spear hath pierced his side,
And shed that sacred flood.
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy cross, from thee we learn
The only way to heaven :
And, oh, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven !

5 So let us praise the Saviour's name,
And, with exulting cry,
The triumph of the cross proclaim
To all eternity.

7s.

123.

Tune 381

MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured ;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

2 Came at length the dreadful night ;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :
See, my soul, thy Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt :
This, through grace, can be believed,

But the horrors which he felt
 Are too vast to be conceived :
 None can penetrate through thee,
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

4 Sins against a holy God,
 Sins against his righteous laws,
 Sins against his love, his blood,
 Sins against his name and cause,
 Sins immense as is the sea,
 Hide me, O Gethsemane !

5 Here's my claim, and here alone :
 None a Saviour more can need ;
 Deeds of righteousness I've none ;
 No, not one good work to plead :
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,
 Only in Gethsemane.

P. M.

124.

Tune 168.

SING with awe in strains melodious,
 Sing with awe : Behold the man !
 Yea, repeat in tones harmonious,
 Ah ! behold, behold the man !
 On thy dying look, dear Saviour,
 I will fix my eyes forever :
 I am never tired to gaze
 At thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh, this makes me think with sighing,
 I'm the cause : behold the man !
 But his love which I'm enjoying,
 Comforts me : behold the man !
 Ah, that cruelly abuséd
 Countenance, so marred and bruised,
 Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
 Till to him I've leave to go.

- 3 Wounded head, back ploughed with furrows,
Visage marred: behold the man!
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief: behold the man!
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughtered Lamb!

L. M.

125.

Tune 22.

- WHEN I by faith my Saviour see
Expiring on the cross for me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am filled with Jesus' love.
- 2 The thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see, he bows his head and dies.
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood;
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel;
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.
- 6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms mine ear,
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

8s & 7s.

126.

Tune 16

- IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming,
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

S. M. D.

127.

Tune 582.

WAS ever grief like thine,
 Jesus, thou man of woe?
 The visage and the form divine,
 Why was it marréd so?
 That man, by thee restored,
 God's image might regain,
 And, by the sorrows of his Lord,
 In joys eternal reign.

9s & 8s.

128.

Tune 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast wounded,
 Our sins, O Lord, on thee were laid;

Thy sufferings, oh, what love unbounded,
 For guilty man the debt have paid ;
 With humble thanks we now adore thee ;
 Thy cross our glory shall remain ;
 Yet oft ashamed we weep before thee,
 That we by sin the Lord have slain.

P. M.

129.

Tune 168.

- O BEHOLD your Saviour wounded,
 Hanging on the accursed cross ;
 None hath e'er the love expounded,
 Our Redeemer showed to us :
 Hear him at his crucifixion
 Pray for foes, midst keen affliction,
 "Them forgive ; they do not know,
 Heavenly Father, what they do."
- 2 At his cross' foot now tarry,
 View his languid, marréd face ;
 Mark his care for John and Mary ;
 To the thief he offers grace ;
 Ah, he thirsts with love unshaken ;
 "God, why hast thou me forsaken ?"
 And, "'Tis finished," Jesus cries,
 Yields his spirit, droops, and dies.

C. M.

130.

Tune 14.

- FOR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy piercé side ;
 This all my hope and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art ;

Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

- 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

P. M.

131.

Tune 168

JESUS, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell;
Thou who didst, as my oblation,
Feel what I deserved to feel;
Through thy sufferings, death and merit,
I eternal life inherit:
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

- 2 Lord, thy deep humiliation
Paid for my presumptuous pride;
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast died;
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favor:
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, forever be.
- 3 Thou hast cancelled my transgression,
Jesus, by thy precious blood;
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since thou, for sinners suffering,
On the cross wast made an offering,
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly thine may be.

L. M.

132.

Tune 22.

THERE hangs the Saviour of mankind,
His visage marred, his head reclined,

His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet
Declare his love divinely great.

2 The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they died ;
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou done ?
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine own.

3 Jesus and didst thou bleed for me ?
O great, O boundless mystery !
I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

C. M.

133.

Tune 14.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my sovereign die ?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When the almighty Maker died,
An offering for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While Jesus' cross appears ;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'T is all that I can do.

7s.

134.

Tune 11.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away ;
While I see him on the tree
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt ;
Ah, my soul, he bore thy load ;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark, his dying word : " Forgive ;
Father, let the sinner live ;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace revealed,
And obtain my pardon sealed,
All my soft affections move,
Wakened by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the blood-stained cross ;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

6 He has dearly bought my soul :
Lord, accept and claim the whole ;
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

L. M.

135.

Tune 22.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;

All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

C M.

136.

Tune 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid ;
" 'Tis finished," Jesus cries ;
Behold he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 Salvation thus did he obtain :
O mystery divine !
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

P. M.

137.

Tune 588.

'T IS finished now,
Salvation's finished now ;
Redeeméd sinners, bow,

Adore, and wonder,
That earth and heaven's founder
Now sinks in death.

2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierced for thee;
The rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee.

3 The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin-atoning blood,
Now freely floweth
On him, who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God.

4 We are redeemed,
Redeemed to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlarged
We see our debt dischargéd,
Our ransom paid.

5 Oh, sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks and adoration,
Hallelujah.

L. M.

138.

Tune 90.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou done?
The incarnate God hath died for me;
The Father's coëternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my love, is crucified.

- 2 Behold him, all, as ye pass by,
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
 Come, sinners, see your Saviour die;
 And say, was ever grief like his?
 Come, feel with me his blood applied;
 My Lord, my love, is crucified;—
- 3 Is crucified for me and you,
 To bring us, rebels, back to God;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side;
 My Lord, my love, is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but dross,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think or speak beside;—
 My Lord, my love, is crucified.

L. M.

139.

Tune 22.

- THE cross, the cross, oh, that's my gain,
 Because on that the Lamb was slain;
 'T was there my Lord was crucified,
 'T was there my Saviour for me died.
- 2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
 When to our view the cross appears;
 Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
 The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.
- 3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
 Upon the friend of sinners vile;
 Abased I view what I have done
 To God's eternal, gracious Son.
- 4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
 God's glory, with unveiled face;

And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who lovéd me.

- 5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss:
I glory only in the cross.
- 6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.
- 7 No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free grace;
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

7s.

140.

Tune 11.

WHEN, on Sinai's top, I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me.
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

S. M.

141.

Tune 582.

Go forth in spirit, go
 To Calvary's holy mount ;
 See there thy friend between two thieves,
 Suffering on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,
 And say, " My God and Lord,
 Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
 Which life for me procured."

3 Fix on that face thine eye ;
 Why dost thou backward shrink ?
 What a base rebel thou hast been
 To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not ; for this is he,
 Who always loves us first,
 And with white robes of righteousness
 Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss
 What thou to him shalt say ?
 Be but sincere, and all thy case,
 Just as it is, display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,
 Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,
 Look with an eye of pity down,
 And grant thee all thy prayer.

C. M.

142.

Tune 14.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;

And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

8s & 7s.

143.

Tune 167.

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name!

2 Paschal Lamb, by Gód appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;

By almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made ;
 Every sin may be forgiven
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
 Opened is the gate to heaven ;
 Man is reconciled to God.

7s.

144.

Tune 11.

“It is finished !” shall we raise
 Songs of sorrow, or of praise ?
 Mourn to see the Saviour die,
 Or proclaim his victory ?

- 2 If of Calvary we tell,
 How can songs of triumph swell ?
 If of man redeemed from woe,
 How shall notes of mourning flow ?
- 3 Ours the guilt which pierced his side,
 Ours the sin for which he died ;
 But the blood which flowed that day
 Washed our sin and guilt away.
- 4 Lamb of God ! thy death hath given
 Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven :
 “It is finished !” let us raise
 Songs of thankfulness and praise.

8s, 7s & 4s.

145.

Tune 383.

HARK, the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky ;
 “It is finished !”
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 “It is finished !” oh, what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford ;

Heavenly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ, the Lord ;
 "It is finished !"

Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth, and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name ;
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

8s & 7s.

146.

Tune 167

OH, THE love wherewith I'm lovéd,
 Source of all my happiness ;
 Thou, O love, by mercy movéd,
 Tak'st upon thee my distress :
 As a lamb led to the slaughter
 Goest to the cross's tree,
 Seal'st thy love with blood and water,
 Bear'st the world's iniquity.

- 2 Love, so strikingly displayéd
 In thy tears and bloody sweat :
 Love, by sinful men betrayéd,
 Dragged before the judgment-seat :
 Love, who for my soul's salvation
 Willingly didst shed thy blood,
 Through thy death and bitter passion
 I am reconciled to God.

- 3 Love, who hast for me enduréd
 Death upon the accursed tree,
 And eternal bliss procuréd,
 Fill my soul with love to thee :
 Lord, how hast thou captivated
 My else cold and lifeless heart :
 Let me, till to heaven translated,
 Never more from thee depart.

P, M.

147.

Tune 319.

Most holy Lord and God,
 Holy, almighty God,
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God ;
 Grant that we may never
 Lose the comforts of thy death :
 Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most holy Lord and God,
 Holy, almighty God,
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God ;
 Bless thy congregation
 Through thy sufferings, death, and blood :
 Have mercy, O Lord.

3 Most holy Lord and God,
 Holy, almighty God,
 Holy and most merciful Saviour,
 Thou eternal God ;
 Lamb of God unspotted,
 To our prayers, oh lend an ear :
 Have mercy, O Lord.

7s & 6s.

148.

Tune 131.

THY blood, so dear and precious,
 Love made thee shed for me ;
 Oh, may I now, dear Jesus,
 Love thee most fervently ;
 May the divine impression
 Of thy atoning death,
 And all thy bitter passion,
 Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

L. M.

149.

Tune 22.

" 'T is finished !"—so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died :

- 'T is finished !—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'T is finished !—all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old ;
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 'T is finished !—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 'T is finished !—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;
'T is finished !—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

8s, 6s & 8s.

150.

Tune 79.

- O HEAD, so full of bruises !
Brow that its life-blood loses !
Oh, great humility !
Across his face are flying
The shadows of the dying ;
'T was suffered all for me, for me !
- 2 O back, by scourges ploughéd !
O soul, by sorrow bowéd !
Upon the accurséd tree !
He hears the bitter scorning ;
'T is night, without a dawning ;
'T was suffered all for me, for me !
- 3 Eye, that in darkness sinketh !
Lip, that the red cup drinketh !
Hands, bound to misery !
See, from his feet forth streameth
The fountain that redeemeth !
'T was suffered all for me, for me !

- 4 And now he speaks ; oh, hearken,
 While clouds all nature darken !
 “ LAMA SABACHTHANI ? ”
 His head is bent, and droopeth !
 To such a death he stoopeth !
 ’T was suffered all for me, for me !

8s, 6s & 8s.

151.

Tune 79.

- O WORLD ! behold upon the tree
 Thy life is hanging now for thee ;
 Thy Saviour yields his breath ;
 The mighty Prince of glory now
 For thee doth unresisting bow
 To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.
- 2 Alas ! my Saviour, who could dare
 Bid thee such bitter anguish bear,
 What heart entreat thee thus ?
 For thou art good, hath wrongéd none,
 As we and ours too oft have done ;
 Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, but we.
- 3 I and my sins, that number more
 Than yonder sands upon the shore,
 Have brought this agony.
 ’T is I have caused the floods of woe
 That now thy dying soul o’erflow,
 And those sad hearts that watch by thee.
- 4 ’T is I to whom these pains belong,
 ’T is I should suffer for my wrong,
 Bound hand and foot in chains ;
 Thy scourge, thy fetters, whatsoe’er
 Thou bearest, ’t is my soul should bear,
 For I have well-deserved such pains.
- 5 Yet thou dost even for my sake
 On thee, in love, the burdens take,
 That weigh me to the ground.

Yes, thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through thee;
My healing in thy wounds is found.

6 From henceforth there is nought of mine
But I would seek to make it thine,
Since all to thee I owe.

Whate'er my utmost power can do,
To thee to render service true,
Here at thy feet I lay it low.

7 Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live;
Till soul and body part,
This one thing I will do for thee,
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

8s & 7s.

152.

Tune 167

WHEREFORE weep we over Jesus,
O'er his death and bitter smart?
Weep we rather that he sees us
Unconvinced and hard of heart;
For his soul was never tainted
With the smallest spot or stain,
'T was for us he was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

2 Oh, what profits it with groaning,
Underneath his cross to stand;
Oh, what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand;
Wherefore gaze on him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of inquiring,
Wherefore and for whom he died?

3 If no sin could be discovered
In the pure and spotless Lord,

If the cruel death he suffered
 Is sin's just and meet reward ;
 Then it must have been for others,
 That the Lord on Calvary bled,
 And the guilt have been a brother's,
 Which was laid upon his head.

4 And for whom hath he contended
 In a strife so strange and new ?
 And for whom to hell descended ?
 Brothers, 't was for me and you !
 Now you see that he was reaping
 Punishment for us alone ;
 And we have great cause for weeping,
 Not for his guilt, but our own.

5 If we then make full confession,
 Joined with penitence and prayer ;
 If we see our own transgression
 In the punishment he bare ;
 If we mourn with true repentance,
 We shall hear the Saviour say,
 " Fear not, I have borne your sentence ;
 Wipe your bitter tears away."

L. M.

153.

Tune 22.

ROUND Tabor heavenly glories shone,
 But what on Olivet was done,
 What signalized Mount Calvary,
 Calls forth my praise, 't was done for me.

8s, 8s & 7s.

154.

Tune 93.

AT the cross her station keeping,
 Stood the mournful mother weeping,
 Where he hung, her son and Lord ;
 For her soul, of joy bereavéd,
 Bowed with anguish, deeply grievéd,
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

- 2 Oh how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed,
Of the sole-begotten One.
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious son.
- 3 Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?
- 4 For his people's sin chastised
She beheld her son despised,
Scourged and crowned with thorns entwined,
Saw him then, from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till his spirit he resigned.
- 5 Jesus, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with thee acceptance find.

S. M.

155.

Tune 382.

- ONLY one prayer to-day,
One earnest tearful plea;
A litany from out the heart,
HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME!
- 2 Because of Jesus' cross,
And that unfathomed sea,
The crimson tide which heaves the world,
HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME!

- 3 No other name than his,
 My hope, my help may be ;
 Oh ! by that one all-saving name,
 HAVE MERCY, LORD, ON ME !
-

BURIAL.

8s & 7s.

156.

Tune 167.

- LORD of life ! now sweetly slumber.
 With the dead awhile a guest ;
 After torments without number,
 Glorious is thy hard-earned rest ;
 Lo ! the dreadful conflict's ended ;
 By thy sufferings thou hast won ;
 Now o'er all thy power's extended,
 Even my heart, oh, claim thy own.
- 2 Oh, what love is here displayéd !
 See the Father's only Son
 To the silent tomb conveyéd ;
 Ah my soul what hast thou done !
 Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,
 Own that they his blood have spilt,
 May that blood, for me prevailing,
 Wash away my sin and guilt.
- 3 Here my Sabbath is completed,
 Here my soul enjoys sweet peace ;
 At the feet of Jesus seated,
 Here I taste true happiness ;
 I adore my paschal offering,
 I adore God's counsel deep,
 I adore my Jesus suffering,
 And, while I adore him, weep.

10s & 7s.

157.

Tune 185.

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now retiring,
 There my Saviour's piercéd feet,
 Dying love a grateful sense inspiring,
 Bathed in tears I humbly greet;
 Might I never lose this blest sensation,
 But in spirit fix my happy station
 On those heights so dear to me,
 Golgotha, Gethsemane.

- 2 Might thy dying love, dear suffering Saviour,
 Which subdued my stubborn heart,
 Me constrain, and rule my whole behavior,
 Till I from this world depart;
 Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,
 And as thine with holy reverence cherish,
 Earnestly intent to bear
 More of thy blest image here.
- 3 With a mind from earthly cares divested,
 Let me dwell by day and night,
 Where the body of my Saviour rested,
 Here I find supreme delight;
 Here 't is good for me, with pardoned Mary,
 At his sepulchre in faith to tarry;
 Thus in blessed fellowship
 With my Lord, I wake and sleep.

7s.

158.

Tune 203.

RESTING in the silent grave,
 Spent with torments, pangs and cries,
 See the Lord God, strong to save;
 Him whose thunders shake the skies;
 'T was for me he groaned, he bled,
 And was numbered with the dead;
 Sacred body, with amaze
 Thankfully on thee I gaze.

7s.

159.

Tune 581.

RESTING from his work to-day,
 In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
 Still he slept, from head to feet
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
 Lying in the rock alone,
 Hidden by the sealéd stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
 Watching long the Magdalene ;
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend :
 Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
 In this rocky heart of mine,
 Where, in pure embalméd cell,
 None but thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering ;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around ;
 And in patient watch remain,
 Till my Lord appear again.

7s.

160.

Tune 11.

Go, my soul, go every day
 To the tomb where Jesus lay ;
 Be with him my members dead,
 Be his sepulchre my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come
 Near my Saviour's sacred tomb ;
 Evil never can molest
 Those who near his body rest.

7s.

161.

Tune 581

- MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
Mid this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, even as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.
- 2 Now with tears of love and joy
We remember all his pain,
Sighs and groans, and dying cry;
For the Lamb for us was slain,
And from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.
- 3 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead;
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppressed
Find a never ending rest.
- 4 In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made;
And when once, consigned to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise thy dying love.
- 5 But while here I'm left behind,
Burdened with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary and Joseph's tomb,
Till my Sabbath's also come.

7s & 6s.

162.

Tune 597

IN this sepulchral Eden
The tree of life I've found,

Here is my treasure hidden,
 I tread on hallowed ground ;
 Ye sick, ye faint and weary,
 Howe'er your ailments vary,
 Come hither, and make sure
 Of a most perfect cure.

- 2 Here lies in death's embraces,
 My bridegroom, Lord and God ;
 With awe my soul retraces
 The dark and dolorous road,
 That leads to this last station ;
 Here in sweet meditation
 I'll dwell by day and night,
 Till faith is changed to sight.

11s.

163.

Tune 39.

I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
 way ;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its
 cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within ;
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with
 fears,
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent
 tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the
 tomb :
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
 gloom ;
 There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his
God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to
greet;
While the songs of salvation unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
soul!

10s & 7s.

164.

Tune 183.

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain;
Since 't is only from his death and merit
I can life and strength obtain;
Jesus' cross, his last hours in his passion,
Jesus' stripes, his wounds, and expiration,
Jesus' body and his blood,
Shall remain my highest good.

P. M.

165.

Tune 119.

HOLY Lord,
By thy body given to death,
Mortify my sinful nature,
Till I yield my dying breath;
Ah, protect thy feeble creature;
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,
Thine abide.

7s & 6s.

166.

Tune 8

THE sepulchre is holding
To-day within its band

The Lord, who holds creation
Within his strong right hand.

2 To-day a stone is hiding,
From gaze of mortal eye,
The Lord, whose glory hideth
The brightness of the sky.

3 The life of all is sleeping,
But hell is quaking sore ;
And Adam bursts the fetters,
Which prisoned him before.

4 All praise to thee, Lord Jesus,
Whose providence of love,
Hath won for us, thy people,
The Sabbath-rest above.

5 To Christ, the king of glory,
Who in the tomb was laid,
To Father and to Spirit,
Eternal laud be paid.

7s & 6s.

167.

Tune 151.

THE passion theme pursuing,
I bow at Joseph's tomb,
My Saviour's body viewing,
Embalmed in sweet perfume ;
There I behold him sleeping,
At rest from death's hard strife,
Absolved from pain and weeping ;
On him hangs all my life.

RESURRECTION.

7s.

168.

Tune 11.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.

Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!
- 6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the resurrection thou!

7s & 6s.

169.

Tune 151.

THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it all abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright

- The Lord, in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light ;
 And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail !" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.
- 3 Now let the heavens be joyful ;
 Let earth her song begin ;
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 In grateful exultation
 Their notes let all things blend ;
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our joy that hath no end.

8s & 7s.

170.

Tune 167.

HAIL, all hail, thou Lord of glory !
 Thee our Father, thee we own !
 Abraham heard not of our story,
 Israel ne'er our name hath known :
 But, Redeemer, thou hast sought us,
 Thou hast heard thy children's wail ;
 Thou with thy dear blood hast bought us ;
 Hail, thou mighty victor, hail !

8s, 6s & 8s.

171.

Tune 79.

- JESUS who died the world to save,
 Revives, and rises from the grave,
 By his almighty power ;
 From sin and death he sets us free,
 He captive leads captivity,
 He lives again, to die no more.
- 2 Children of God, look up and see
 Your Saviour, clothed with majesty,
 Triumphant o'er the tomb ;

Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions he prepares,
And soon will come to take you home.

- 3 His church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down,
On her he did redeem ;
The members of that church he knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall ever reign with him.

10s & 7s.

172.

Tune 185.

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour !
Thou hast burst the bonds of death ;
Grant us, as to Mary, that great favor,
To embrace thy feet in faith.
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procuréd ;
Joyful, we with one accord,
Hail thee, as our risen Lord.

- 2 O thou matchless source of consolation,
Scarce thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation,
To thy followers thou dost send :
We would share thy dear disciples' feeling
When before their risen Master kneeling ;
Thus shall we, with all our heart,
Witness what a friend thou art.

S. M. D.

173.

Tune 595.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear ;
Let hope and joy succeed ;
The joyful news with gladness hear,
" The Lord is risen indeed :"
The promise is fulfilled
In Christ our only head ;

Justice with mercy's reconciled,
He lives who once was dead.

- 2 The Lord is risen again,
Who on the cross did bleed ;
He lives to die no more, Amen,
The Lord is risen indeed :
He truly tasted death
For wretched fallen man,
In bitter pangs resigned his breath,
But now is risen again.
- 3 He hath himself the keys
Of death, the grave, and hell ;
His is the victory and praise,
And he rules all things well ;
Death now no more I dread,
But cheerful close mine eyes ;
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed ;
With Jesus I shall rise.

7s.

174.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark ! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

- 2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our paschal Lamb to-day !
We, too, sing for joy, and say,
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless, upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry ;
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

4 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

8s, 6s & 8s.

175.

How calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ, the crucified, was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain!
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
“Behold the place—he is not here!”
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful, to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend;
Once, by the law, your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day!
’Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord, to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

5 And, when the shades of evening fall,
When life’s last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!

Since he hath risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.

C. M. D.

176.

Tune 390.

SING hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore;
Come, ransomed souls, and glory give,
Sing, worship and adore:
With grateful hearts to him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise;
Who aught unto our charge can lay?
'Tis God that justifies.

- 2 Who can condemn, since Christ was dead,
And ever lives to God?
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by his blood:
The ransomed hosts in earth and heaven
Through countless choirs proclaim,
"He hath redeemed us; praise be given
To God and to the Lamb."
- 3 In all we do, constrained by love,
We'll joy to him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove
Through Jesus Christ our Lord:
Sing hallelujah, and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heaven shall evermore
Exalt his name, Amen.

8s, 7s & 7s.

177.

Tune 89

"WHO is this that comes from Edom,"
All his raiment stained with blood.
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good,
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoils he bears?

- 2 'T is the Saviour, now victorious,
 Traveling onward in his might!
 'T is the Saviour! oh, how glorious
 To his people is the sight!
 Mighty to redeem the slave,
 Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Mighty victor, reign forever,
 Wear the crown so dearly won;
 Never shall thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what thou hast done;
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
 Thou wilt heal thy people's woes.

C. M. D.

178.

Tune 590.

- BELIEVING souls, rejoice and sing,
 Your risen Saviour see,
 And say, "O death, where is thy sting!
 O grave, thy victory!"
 He died your guilty souls to save,
 And, dying, conquered death;
 Was buried in the gloomy grave,
 But re-assumed his breath.
- 2 Rejoice, your conquering Saviour lives,
 He lives to die no more;
 And life eternal freely gives,
 Since he our sorrows bore,
 To all who their lost state bewail;
 For Jesus' precious blood
 Doth for each contrite soul prevail,
 Before the throne of God.
- 3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
 Life, immortality,
 And lasting bliss are now restored
 For all, for you and me;
 Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
 Adore his saving name;

Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

- 4 The Prince of glory bowed his head,
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is risen indeed,
Is risen and lives for us;
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

7s.

179.

Tune 203.

JESUS, who is always near
To assuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
To remove his unbelief;
"Come," he said, "my nail-prints view,
And my side the spear pierced through;"
Humbled the disciple stood,
And exclaimed, "My Lord, my God."

- 2 I would go from pole to pole,
To behold my risen Lord;
But content thyself, my soul,
Listen to thy Saviour's word:
"They who me by faith receive,
Without seeing who believe,
Trust my word and thereon rest,
They abundantly are blest."

1s, 8s & 7s.

180.

Tune 83

JESUS CHRIST, my sure defence,
And my Saviour, ever liveth;
Knowing this, my confidence
Rests upon the hope it giveth,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought.

- 2 Jesus, my Redeemer lives !
 I, too, unto life must waken ;
 He will have me where he is,
 Shall my courage then be shaken ?
 Shall I fear ? Or could the head
 Rise and leave its members dead ?
- 3 Nay, too closely am I bound
 Unto him, by hope forever :
 Faith's strong hand the rock hath found,
 Grasped it, and will leave it never :
 Not the ban of death can part
 From its Lord, the trusting heart.
- 4 What now sickens, mourns, and sighs,
 Christ with him in glory bringeth ;
 Earthly is the seed and dies,
 Heavenly from the grave it springeth ;
 Natural is the death we die,
 Spiritual our life on high.
- 5 Saviour, draw away our heart
 Now from pleasures base and hollow,
 Let us there with thee have part,
 Here on earth thy foot-steps follow ;
 Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
 Whither we ourselves would rise.

7s, 8s & 7s.

181.

Tune 83

- JESUS lives, and so shall I,
 Death, thy sting is gone for ever !
 He who deigned for me to die,
 Lives, the bonds of death to sever ;
 He shall raise me with the just ;
 Jesus is my hope and trust.
- 2 Jesus lives and reigns supreme ;
 And his kingdom still remaining,
 I shall also be with him,

Ever living, ever reigning ;
 God has promised ; be, it must :
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

3 Jesus lives, and by his grace,
 Victory o'er my passions giving,
 I will cleanse my heart and ways,
 Ever to his glory living ;
 Me he raises from the dust,
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

4 Jesus lives, I know full well,
 Naught from him my heart can sever ;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Joy, nor grief, henceforth forever ;
 None of all his saints is lost ;
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

5 Jesus lives ! and death is now,
 But my entrance into glory ;
 Courage, then, my soul, for thou
 Hast a crown of life before thee ;
 Thou shalt find, thy hopes were just
 Jesus is my hope and trust.

7s, 8s & 7s.

182.

Tune 83

JESUS lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, death, appall me ;
 Jesus lives ! by this I know,
 From the grave he will recall me ;
 Brighter scenes will then commence ;
 This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives ! to him the throne
 High o'er heaven and earth is given ;
 I shall go where he is gone,
 Live and reign with him in heaven ;
 God is pledged ; weak doubtings, hence !
 This shall be my confidence.

- 3 Jesus lives! for me he died,
 Hence will I, to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart and act abide,
 Praise to him and glory giving;
 Freely God doth aid dispense;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 4 Jesus lives, I know full well,
 Naught me from his love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
 Part me now from Christ for ever;
 God will be a sure defence;
 This shall be my confidence.
- 5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm my trembling breath,
 When I pass its gloomy portal;
 Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
 Lord, thou art my confidence.

L. M.

183.

Tune 22.

- THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
 He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
 He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears;
 He lives, to wipe away their tears;
 He lives, their mansions to prepare;
 He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
 Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
 With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
 For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.
- 4 His saints he loves and never leaves;
 The contrite sinner he receives;

Abundant grace will he afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

7s.

184.

Tune 205.

MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn ;
Spice she brought and sweet perfume ;
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For awhile she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

- 2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved ;
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.
- 3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice ;
Just before, she thought him dead,
Now, he bids her heart rejoice :
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.
- 4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tost.
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

8s, 7s & 4s.

185.

Tune 535.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
 See the "man of sorrows" now!
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the heavenly concave rings:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
 Saints and angels crowd around him,
 Own his title, praise his name:
 Crown him! crown him!
 Spread abroad the victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station;
 Oh! what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him! crown him!
 "King of kings, and Lord of lords."

8s & 7s.

186.

Tune 167.

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide!
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side:

There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
When we join the angelic spirits,
In their sweetest, noblest lays,
We will sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

L. M.

187.

Tune 22.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way.
- 3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in."
- 4 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name."
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors! give way."

- 6 "Who is the King of glory?—who?"
 "The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
 The king of saints and angels too;
 God over all, for ever blessed."

C. M.

188.

Tune 14.

- THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
 The doors are opened wide;
 The King of glory is gone up
 Unto his Father's side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
 Thou hast prepared a place,
 That we may be where now thou art,
 And look upon thy face.
- 3 And ever on thine earthly path
 A gleam of glory lies;
 A light still breaks behind the cloud
 That veils thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
 And let thy grace be given,
 That while we linger yet below,
 Our hearts may be in heaven;
- 5 That where thou art at God's right hand,
 Our hope, our love may be:
 Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
 For evermore in thee.

C. M.

189.

Tune 14

- THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
 Decked with resplendent wounds;
 While shouts of victory rend the sky,
 And heaven with joy resounds.
- 2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
 Receive the conquering king,

The angels strike their harps of gold,
And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice, he died for you,
For you prepares a place ;
His Spirit sends, you to endow
With every gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads ;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

6s, 7s & 6s.

190.

Tune 146.

Go up with shouts of praise,
Go up, high-priest to heaven,
Thou who the ransomed race
Hast on thy heart engraven :
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our prayer ;
Nor art ashamed to own,
That we thy brethren are.

8s, 6s & 8s.

191.

Tune 79.

WHEN Christ, our Saviour, did ascend,
The Father bade his hosts attend,
And worship his dear Son ;
With loud acclaims of joy they gazed,
And cheerful hallelujahs raised,
Adoring humbly at his throne.

2 Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain ?
Yes, we will join the angelic throng,
In singing that eternal song,
" Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain."

- 3 The assembly, which with thee at rest
 Appears in spotless garments dressed,
 Bows down and humbly sings;
 We too thy saving name will bless,
 And thee with heart and voice confess
 The Lord of lords and King of kings.

L. M.

192.

Tune 22.

- To THEE, Lord Christ, all praise be given,
 For thy ascending up to heaven :
 Support us while on earth we stay,
 And lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 Though seated on thy Father's throne,
 Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to own,
 But always in their midst appear,
 When in thy name assembled here.
- 3 For us to heaven thou didst ascend,
 To plead our cause, and to attend
 To all our wants, yea, to prepare
 A place for us, thy bliss to share.
- 4 At parting from thy little fold,
 Thy second coming was foretold ;
 Therefore we wait with eagerness,
 Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

 KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD.

7s.

193.

Tune 11.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
 Glorious, to his native skies !
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,
 Re-ascends his native heaven.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 4 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!
- 5 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes:
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 6 There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

S. M.

194.

Tune 595

- JESUS who died, is now
Seated upon his throne;
The angels, who before him bow,
His just dominion own.
- 2 The unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.
 - 3 Blest Saviour, condescend
My advocate to be;
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

C. M.

195.

Tune 14.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our high-priest above;
 His heart is filled with tenderness,
 His bosom yearns with love.

- 2 In all our griefs he takes a share,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations are,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out strong cries and tears;
 And, in his measure, feels afresh
 What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In the distressing hour.
- 6 He ever lives to intercede
 Before his Father's face;
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

8s, 7s & 7s.

196.

Tune 89

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above!
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See, he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

- 2 Jesus, hail ! whose glory brightens
All above, and makes it fair :
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms thy people here—
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
- 3 King of glory, reign for ever ;
Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
- 4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
Then, with golden harps, we 'll sing,
“Glory, glory to our king.”

L. M.

197.

Tune 22.

- “I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :”
What joy this sweet assurance gives !
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,

He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, my kind, my faithful friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives, my prophet, priest and king.

6 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

7 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

C. M.

198.

Tune 14.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

- 6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

L. M.

199.

Tune 22

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our king:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

8s & 7s.

200.

Tune 167.

THOU hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;

Jesus reigns adored by angels,
 Man with God is on the throne,
 Mighty Lord, in thine ascension
 We by faith behold our own.

L. M.

201.

Tune 90.

BEFORE the Father's awful throne,
 Our high-priest lifts his piercé hands,
 And, interceding for his own,
 His purchased property demands ;
 His people's everlasting friend,
 Who, loving, loves them to the end.

- 2 By faith we claim him as our own,
 Our kinsman, near allied in blood,
 Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
 The Son of man, the Son of God ;
 We to his mercy-seat draw nigh ;
 He never can himself deny.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

8s & 7s.

202.

Tune 167.

SING with humble hearts your praises,
 For our Saviour's boundless grace ;
 Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,
 Come with thanks before his face ;
 Praise him for his death and bleeding,
 All our happiness lies there ;
 Praise him for his gracious leading,
 Praise your faithful shepherd's care.

- 2 Praise for every scene distressing,
 Praise for all thou didst endure,
 Praise for every gift and blessing
 Which thy griefs for us procure ;

In thy ransomed congregation
 Shall thy death our theme remain,
 Till thou comest with full salvation,
 Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.

- 3 Thou, to purchase our salvation,
 Didst assume humanity;
 Jesus, for thy bitter passion
 May we ever thankful be;
 Filled with awe and humbly bowing,
 At thy feet we prostrate fall,
 Gratefully this truth avowing,
 That thou art our all in all.

6s, 7s & 7s.

203.

Tune 341.

'T is done, my God hath died,
 My love is crucified!
 Break, this stony heart of mine;
 Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood;
 Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.

- 2 To love thee, Lord,—ah, this
 Even here is heavenly bliss;
 With thy love my heart inspire,
 There by faith for ever dwell;
 This I always will desire,
 Nothing but thy love to feel.
- 3 He bore the curse of all,
 A spotless criminal:
 Burdened with our crimes and guilt,
 Blackened with imputed sin,
 Man to save, his blood he spilt;
 Died, to make the sinner clean.
- 4 Join earth and heaven to bless
 The Lord our righteousness;

Sinned we all and died in one,
 Just in one, we all are made ;
 Christ the law fulfilled alone,
 Died for all, for all obeyed.

5 In him complete I shine,
 His death, his life is mine ;
 Fully am I justified ;
 Free from sin, and more than free ;
 Guiltless, since for me he died,
 Righteous, since he rose for me.

6 Jesus to thee I bow,
 Approach thee humbly now ;
 O, the depths of love divine !
 Who thy wisdom's stores can tell ?
 Knowledge infinite is thine,
 All thy ways unsearchable.

7s.

204.

Tune 203.

ALL the bliss which we possess,
 Is derived from Jesus' cross ;
 He to God hath by his blood
 Reconciled and savéd us ;
 Now his righteousness is found
 Our salvation's only ground ;
 Hence all our felicity
 Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen, yea, hallelujah ;
 Lord, our comfort, joy and peace,
 By thy cross thou gain'dst for us
 Everlasting happiness ;
 Since the effects we richly prove
 Of this wondrous act of love,
 With what gratitude should we
 Raise our hearts and eyes to thee.

7s.

205.

Tune 203.

LAMB of God, thy precious blood,
Healing wounds and bitter death,
Be our trust, our only boast,
Blesséd object of our faith ;
Thy once marréd countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense ;
By thy anguish, stripes and pain,
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace ;
For thy cross, whereby for us
Thou hast gained true happiness ;
For thy death, which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery ;
For thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

3 What can we now give to thee,
For thy unexampled love ?
We're unclean and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove ;
Is aught good in us, we own
'T is not ours, but thine alone ;
Unto us belongeth shame,
But all glory to thy name.

4 Through thy grace, may we always
Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely eternally,
On thy meritorious death ;
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore
'Midst the ransomed hosts adore.

C. M.

206.

Tune 14

I LOVE the Lord! he lent an ear,
 When I for help implored;
 He rescued me from all my fear,
 Therefore I love the Lord.

2 Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From God no longer roam;
 His hand hath bountifully blest,
 His goodness calls thee home.

3 What shall I render unto thee,
 My Saviour in distress!
 For all thy benefits to me,
 So great and numberless?

4 This will I do, for thy love's sake,
 And thus thy power proclaim,
 Salvation's sacred cup I take,
 And call upon thy name.

5 Thou God of covenanted grace!
 Hear and record my vow,
 While in thy courts I seek thy face,
 And at thine altar bow.

6 Henceforth myself to thee I give,
 With single heart and eye,
 To walk before thee while I live,
 And bless thee when I die.

6s, 7s & 6s.

207.

Tune 146.

MOST gracious God and Lord,
 Mankind's almighty Saviour,
 Worthy to be adored
 By all, both now and ever:
 Those souls are blest indeed
 Who thee embrace by faith,

As thou for us wast laid,
Low in the dust of death.

- 2 In thee I trust by faith,
Jesus, my God and Saviour;
On thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever;
Thy sufferings shall remain
Deep on my heart impressed,
Thou Son of God and man,
Till I with thee shall rest.

P. M.

208.

Tune 119.

THANKS and praise,
Jesus, unto thee are due;
Oh, accept our adoration
For the blessings, which accrue
From thy human life and passion;
May our hearts and lips with one accord
Praise thee, Lord.

- 2 For thy death,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanor
Praise thee, yea, each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honor,
And our souls uninterruptedly
Cleave to thee.

- 3 Oh, how great
Are the blessings we derive
From the fullness of our Saviour:
They who him by faith receive,^{na}
And desire to taste his favor,
From this source may freely take always
Grace for grace.

- 4 Ah remain,
Ah remain our highest good;
In our hearts, dear suffering Saviour,

Shed thy dying love abroad ;
 This will rule our whole behavior,
 And our love inflame, till we shall be,
 Lord, with thee.

6s, 7s & 7s.

209.

Tune 341.

- WORTHY, O Lord, art thou
 That every knee should bow,
 Every tongue to thee confess ;
 Universal nature join,
 Strong and mighty thee to bless,
 Gracious, merciful, benign.
- 2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones and powers :
 Source of power, he rules alone :
 Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
 Cast your crowns before his throne,
 Hail the cause, the Lord of all.
- 3 Justice and truth maintain
 Thy everlasting reign :
 One with thine almighty Sire,
 Partner of an equal throne,
 King of kings, let all conspire,
 Gratefully thy sway to own.
- 4 Jesus, thou art my king,
 To me thy succor bring ;
 Christ the mighty one art thou,
 Help for all on thee is laid ;
 This thy promise claim I now,
 Lead me down the promised aid.
- 5 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory ;
 Sin, and death, and hell control,
 Pride, and self, and every foe,
 All subdue, through all my soul
 Conquering and to conquer go.

6s, 7s & 6s.

210.

Tune 146.

ETERNAL thanks be thine,
 Author of our salvation;
 Thou didst our hearts incline
 To accept thy invitation;
 We are thy property,
 Oh, may we thine abide;
 This is our only plea,
 That thou for us hast died.

2 Might with an iron pen,
 This truth divine be graven,
 For sinners Christ was slain,
 To purchase life and heaven;
 Unwearied we prolong
 And joyfully repeat
 The blessed gospel-song;
 'T is ever new and sweet.

C. M.

211.

Tune 14

WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
 That comes with truth and grace;
 Jesus! thy Spirit and thy word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.

- 2 We reverence our high-priest above,
 Who offered up his blood,
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honor our exalted king;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
 Who saves by different ways!
 His mercies lay a sovereign claim
 To our immortal praise.

S. M.

212.

Tune 593.

JESUS, the Christ of God !
 The Father's blessed Son !
 The Father's bosom thine abode,
 The Father's love thine own :

2 Jesus, the Lamb of God !
 Who, us from hell to raise,
 Hast shed thy reconciling blood ;
 We give thee endless praise.

3 God, and yet man, thou art ;
 True God, true man art thou ;
 Of man, and of man's earth, a part,
 One with us thou art now.

4 Great sacrifice for sin !
 Giver of life for life,
 Restorer of the peace within,
 True ender of the strife.

5 To thee, the Christ of God,
 Thy saints exulting sing ;
 The bearer of our heavy load,
 Our own anointed king.

6 Rest of the weary, thou !
 To thee, our rest, we come ;
 In thee to find our dwelling now,
 Our everlasting home.

C. M.

213.

Tune 14.

O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,
 Redemption's only spring,
 Creator of the world art thou,
 Its Saviour and its king.

2 How vast the mercy and the love
 Which laid our sins on thee,

- And led thee to a cruel death,
To set thy people free.
- 3 But now the bands of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And thou art on thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.
- 4 Oh, may thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare;
Oh, may we come before thy throne,
And find acceptance there.
- 5 Oh, Christ, be thou our present joy,
Our future great reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord.

8s & 7s.

214.

Tune 16

- SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

C. M.

215.

Tune 14.

To OUR Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue!

- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display,
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die;
Was ever love like this?

- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

- 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

C. M.

216.

Tune 14.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace!
Sion! behold thy king!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the incarnate Word,
 Who from the Father came!
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.

L. M.

217.

Tune 22.

- COME, let us sing the song of songs,
 With hearts and voices swell the strain,
 The homage which to Christ belongs;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 2 Come, let us sing the song of songs,
 The saints in heaven began the strain,
 The homage which to Christ belongs;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 3 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
 To cleanse from every sinful stain,
 And make us kings and priests to God;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 4 To him who suffered on the tree,
 Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
 Blessing, and praise, and glory be;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 5 To him, enthroned by filial right,
 All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
 Honor, and majesty, and might;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"
- 6 Long as we live, and when we die,
 And while in heaven with him we reign,
 This song, our song of songs shall be;
 "Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

11s.

218.

Tune 39.

YE servants of God, your great Master pro-
 claim,
 And publish abroad his most excellent name;

The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God ruleth in heaven, almighty to save,
And yet he is with us, his presence we have ;
The great congregation his triumphs shall
sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our king.

3 Salvation be brought unto God on the throne,
Let all sing rejoicing, and honor the Son ;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the
Lamb.

4 Then let us adore him and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might,
And honor, and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

8s, 7s & 4s.

219.

Tune 585.

PRAISE to thee, O Lord, we render,
For thy love in Jesus shown ;
May that love, so strong and tender,
Bind us fast to him alone ;
Now and ever,
Gather us among thine own.

2 By thy Spirit's power renewing,
May our hearts be purified ;
And our wills to thine subduing,
May his grace control and guide ;
Now and ever,
In our hearts may he abide.

3 Visit us with thy salvation,
Guard us by thy power divine,
Make our house thy habitation,
Make each heart thy peaceful shrine ;

Now and ever,
Make us, Lord, and keep us thine.

C. M.

220.

Tune 14.

- O JESUS, for thy matchless love
Accept our warmest praise ;
Since thou didst leave thy throne above,
To save a sinful race.
- 2 Thanks for thy sufferings, tears, and cries,
And groans in thy distress :
The source of never-fading joys
And endless happiness.
- 3 Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of peace,
When hanging on the tree :
What a divine refreshment this
To souls athirst for thee.
- 4 Thanks for thy last heart-piercing cry,
And meritorious death :
Grant that we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

7s, 6s & 8s.

221.

Tune 79.

- O'ER eras past I've pondered,
Through endless ages wandered,
In spirit still unblest ;
Nought gave me satisfaction,
My heart felt no attraction,
Till I on Golgotha found rest.
- 2 And now to this spot cleaving,
This hallowed ground ne'er leaving,
My spirit roams no more ;
Here will I gaze forever
On Christ, my suffering Saviour,
Till I in heaven shall him adore.

C. M.

222.

Tune 14.

HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
 To David's Son and Lord;
 With cherubim and seraphim,
 Exalt the incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! sovereign, prophet, priest!
 How vast thy gifts, how free!
 Thy blood, our life; thy word, our feast,
 Thy name, our only plea.

3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
 Our offerings to thy throne;
 Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
 But hearts to be thine own.

4 Hosanna! once thy gracious ear
 Approved a lisping throng;
 Be gracious still, and deign to hear
 Our poor but grateful song.

5 O Saviour! if redeemed by thee,
 Thy temple we behold,
 Hosannas through eternity
 We'll sing to harps of gold.

6s & 4s.

223.

COME, all ye saints of God,
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame;
 Tell what his love has done,
 Trust in his name alone,
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears,
 Join our glad theme;

Beauty for ashes bring,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

- 3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name;
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
“Worthy the Lamb!”

6s & 5s.

224.

Tune 141.

LAMB of God belovéd,
Once for sinners slain,
Thankful we remember
What thou didst sustain;
Nothing thee incited
But unbounded grace,
To bear condemnation
In the sinner's place.

- 2 I with sacred sorrow
View Mount Calvary;
But my soul rejoices
O'er thy death for me;
Since thou by thy passion
Didst for me atone,
Take me as an offering,
Thine I'll be alone,
- 3 In thy wounds, O Jesus,
I have found true peace;
Thou in all distresses
Art my hiding-place;
Unto thee I'll ever
Look with humble faith,
And rejoice, and glory
In thy wounds and death.

- 4 I unworthy sinner
 Lie before thy throne;
 Though I scarce am able
 To express, I own,
 All my wants, dear Saviour,
 Yet thou knowest them well;
 Now in me the counsel
 Of thy love fulfill.

L. M.

225.

Tune 22.

- O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
 Saviour of all who trust thy word,
 To them who seek thee ever near,
 Now to our praises bend thine ear.
- 2 In thy dear cross a grace is found,
 It flows from every streaming wound,
 Whose power our inbred sin controls,
 Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.
- 3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
 Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
 Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
 A mortal's painful lot to bear.
- 4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
 The quaking earth acknowledged thee,
 When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
 The world grew dark as shades of death.
- 5 Now in the Father's glory high,
 Great conqueror! never more to die,
 Us by thy mighty power defend,
 And reign through ages without end.

L. M.

226.

Tune 22.

O CHRIST, thou glorious king, we own
 Thee to be God's eternal Son;

The Father's fullness, life divine,
Mysteriously is also thine.

- 2 When rolling years brought on the day,
Foretold and fixed for this display,
Our great deliverance to obtain,
Thou didst our nature not disdain.
 - 3 At God's right hand now thou art placed,
And with thy Father's glory graced,
There to remain, till thou shalt come
As judge to pass our final doom.
 - 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we,
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end for evermore.
-

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

S. M.

227.

Tune 593.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;

And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide!
O, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

L. M.

228.

Tune 22.

O. COMFORTER, God Holy Ghost,
Thou heavenly gifts on us bestow'st;
The pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were lost,
Thou callest, teaching them to trust
For help, forgiveness, peace, and grace,
In him, the Lord our righteousness.

3 Thy gladdening oil thou dost impart
To every poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,
From whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness train,
Keepst believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and death.

5 Who can thy operations trace,
The kindness, patience, truth, and grace,
Thou showest to Christ's family,
Who living temples are to thee.

C. M.

229.

Tune 14.

- COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove!
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys!
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove!
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

7s.

230.

Tune 11.

- HOLY Spirit! Lord of light!
 From thy clear celestial hight,
 Come, thou light of all that live!
 Thy pure beaming radiance give!
- 2 Come, thou Father of the poor!
 Come with treasures which endure;
 Thou, of all consolers best,
 Visiting the troubled breast.
- 3 Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
 Pleasant coolness in the heat;
 Solace in the midst of woe;
 Dost refreshing peace bestow.

- 4 Light immortal ! light divine !
Visit thou these hearts of thine ;
If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay.
- 5 Heal our wounds—our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away ;
Guide the steps that go' astray.
- 6 Give us comfort when we die ;
Give us life with thee on high ;
In thy sevenfold gifts descend ;
Give us joys which never end.

S. M.

231.

Tune 595

- COME, Holy Spirit ! come,
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
 - 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
 - 4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.
 - 5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts ;
Our minds from bondage free ;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

C. M.

232.

Tune 14.

LET songs of praises fill the sky !
 Christ, our ascended Lord,
 Sends down his Spirit from on high,
 According to his word.

- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
 New life creates within ;
 He quickens sinners from the death
 Of trespasses and sin.
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
 And to our hearts reveals ;
 Our bodies he his temple makes,
 And our redemption seals.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit ! from above,
 With thy celestial fire ;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire.

P. M.

233.

Tune 203.

COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,
 And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad
 On us, and unto every heart
 True faith and fervent love impart ;
 O Lord, who by thy heavenly light,
 Hast called thy church from sinful night,
 Out of all nations, tribes and places ;
 To thee we render thanks and praises :
 Hallelujah.

- 2 Thou light divine, most gracious Lord,
 Revive us by thy holy word,
 And teach thy flock in truth to call
 On God, the Father of us all :
 From all strange doctrines us preserve,

- 6 The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart ;
Oh, testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

C. M.

235.

Tune 14.

- MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God ;
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home ;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come !
- 3 Down from above, the blessed dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love ;
This is my heavenly feast.

C. M.

236.

Tune 14.

- COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Open the hearts of all who hear,
To make the Saviour room ;
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

C.M.

237.

Tune 14.

- COME, blessed Spirit, gracious Lord,
Thy power to us make known ;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break each heart of stone.

- 2 Give us ourselves and Christ to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
Christ's pardoning love display.
- 3 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release :
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 4 Show us our poverty, relieve
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, then lead the troubled heart
To Christ's atoning blood.

C. M.

238.

Tune 14.

- O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,
Descending from above,
Thou fill'st the soul through Jesus' blood,
With faith, and hope, and love.
- 2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppressed ;
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest.
 - 3 Thy sweet communion charms the soul,
And gives true peace and joy ;
Which Satan's power can ne'er control,
Nor all his wiles destroy.
 - 4 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain ;
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.

- 5 Breathe comfort, where distress abounds,
 Oh, make our conscience clean;
 And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,
 The festering sores of sin.
- 6 Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove,
 Take out the heart of stone;
 Show us the Father's boundless love,
 The merits of the Son.
- 7 The Father sent his Son to die;
 The willing Son obeyed;
 The witness thou, to ratify
 The purchase Christ hath made.

L. M.

239.

Tune 22.

- COME, O creator Spirit blest!
 And in our souls take up thy rest;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which thou hast made.
- 2 Great Comforter! to thee we cry;
 O highest gift of God most high!
 O fount of life! O fire of love!
 And sweet anointing from above!
- 3 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
 With patience firm, and virtue high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply.
- 4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
 And grant us thy true peace instead;
 So shall we not, with thee for guide,
 Turn from the path of life aside.

C. M.

240.

Tune 14.

WHY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days?

Great Comforter ! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial dove !
Will safe convey me home.

L. M.

241.

Tune 22.

TO THEE, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thou heavenly teacher, thee we praise
For thy instruction, power and grace,
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Most gracious comforter, we pray,
Oh, lead us further every day ;
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

4 Till we in heaven shall take our seat,
Instruct us often to repeat,
" Abba, our Father ;" and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

L. M.

242.

Tune 90.

OH, that the Comforter would come,
 Nor visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in me his constant home,
 And keep possession of my breast;
 Yea, make my soul his blest abode,
 The temple of the indwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
 Attest that I am born again;
 Come and baptize me, now, with fire,
 Nor let thy former gifts be vain;
 Grant me a sense that I'm forgiven;
 A pledge that I'm an heir of heaven.

3 Grant me the indubitable seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine,
 That powerful stamp I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine;
 Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.

L. M.

243.

Tune 22.

O SPIRIT of the living God!
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
 Confusion, order, in thy path;
 Souls without strength inspire with might;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record;

The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

- 5 God from eternity hath willed,
All flesh shall his salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
thee.

/ .
L. M.

244.

Tune 22.

- SPiRiT of mercy, truth, and love,
Oh, shed thine influence from above ;
And still, from age to age, convey
The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung ;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.
- 3 Unfailing comfort, heavenly guide,
Still o'er thy holy church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.
- 4 O holy Father, holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one ;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy name be praised for evermore.

C. M.

245.

Tune 14

- SPiRiT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed !
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give thou the word ; that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Produce the tree of life.

- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
 When nature rose to view,
 What strains will angel-harps employ,
 When thou shalt all renew!
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
 How shall the ransomed raise their voice,
 To whom that Saviour came!
- 5 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
 Thy new creation shall ascribe
 To sovereign love alone.
-

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

11s.

246.

Tune 39.

- OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye; for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
 "Come!"
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.
- 2 How vain the delusion, that, while you delay,
 Your hearts may grow better by staying
 away!
 Come wretched, come starving, come just as
 you be,
 While streams of salvation are flowing so free.
- 3 And now Christ is ready your souls to re-
 ceive;
 Oh! how can you question, if you will be-
 lieve?

If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come
 home.

- 4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?
- 5 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
 There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
 If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
 And prove that his mercy is boundless and
 free.

L. M.

247.

Tune 22.

WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
 That life which God's compassion spares,
 While in the various range of thought
 The one thing needful is forgot?

- 2 Shall God invite you from above?
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
 Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
 And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so your eyes will always view
 Those objects which you now pursue;
 Not so will heaven and hell appear
 When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
 Fix deep conviction on each heart;
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares
 That life which thy compassion spares.

S. M.

248.

Tune 595.

AH! how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?

- If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

8s, 7s & 4s.

249.

Tune 383.

- COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you ;
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him ;
Hear him cry, before he dies :
" It is finished !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

JUST as thou art—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
Oh, guilty sinner ! come, oh, come.

- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree ;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free ;
Oh, wretched sinner ! come, oh, come.
- 3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blessed ?
Trust not the world ; it gives no rest ;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed ;
Oh, weary sinner ! come, oh, come.
- 4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross :
My grace repays all earthly loss ;
Oh, needy sinner ! come, oh, come.
- 5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;
'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;
Oh, trembling sinner ! come, oh, come.
- 6 " The Spirit and the bride say, come !"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, " come !"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come ;
Thy Saviour bids thee come, oh, come.

S. M.

251.

Tune 595.

- OH ! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The rest, for which we sigh ;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest ;
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love, the rest
 Of immortality.

7s.

252.

Tune 205

- SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
 God your Maker, is your friend ;
 Think not, that his wrath pursues,
 That his curses you attend :
 " As I live," Jehovah saith,
 " I do not desire your death,
 Rather, rather would I see
 Each poor sinner turn to me."
- 2 Oh, then, turn to him and live,
 Turn to him with all your woe ;
 He is ready to forgive,
 Ready blessings to bestow :
 Outstretched see his arms of love,
 Haste his tender heart to prove ;
 Haste, ye sinners, you will find
 Jesus casteth none behind.

L. M.

253.

Tune 22

- BEHOLD ! a stranger's at the door,
 He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need ;
The man of Nazáreth, 't is he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart, and laden hands ;
Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That hateful, hell-born monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn ;
His feet departed ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
When, at his door, denied you 'll stand.

S. M.

254.

Tune 595.

- LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found:
- 2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
 - 3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
 - 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

L. M.

255.

Tune 22

Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
 'Tis God invites man's fallen race;
 Salvation without money buy,
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
 Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
 God's grace in Christ is free for all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
 See from the rock a fountain rise,
 For you in healing streams it rolls
 From Jesus, made a sacrifice.

4 Nothing you in exchange need give,
 Leave all you are and have behind;
 Thankful the gift of God receive;
 Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
 Ye toil with unavailing strife;
 Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
 Christ hath the words of endless life.

6 To you he calls, "My goodness prove,
 My promises for all are free;
 Oh taste my everlasting love,
 And let your souls delight in me."

S. M.

256.

Tune 393.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
 Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
 The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
 To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth, say
 To all about him, "Come!"

Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, " I quickly come :"
Lord ! even so ; I wait thine hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

H. M.

257.

Tune 342.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great high-priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;

The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

L. M.

258.

Tune 22

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord ;
Be wise to know your gracious day ;
All things are ready, come away.

- 2 Ready the Father is, to own
And kiss his late returning son ;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his piercéd hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit, to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart,
To shed Christ's love in you abroad,
And witness you are born of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate :
All heaven is ready to resound,
" The dead 's alive, the lost is found."
- 5 Come, sinners, to your gracious Lord,
Incline your ear, and hear his word :
His offered grace with joy receive,
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall live.

L. M.

259.

Tune 22.

COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,

- Not one of you need stay behind ;
His gospel calleth to mankind.
- 2 Attend, the gospel-trumpet sounds,
Calls sinners from earth's farthest bounds ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye wanderers, who are seeking rest ;
The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind,
With Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 The message as from God receive ;
Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
Oh, let his love your hearts constrain ;
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's almighty power,
And strive against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
A precious, bleeding sacrifice ;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.
- 7 This is the time, no more delay ;
This is the acceptable day ;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him, who died for all.

7s.

260.

Tune 11.

- COME, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,

Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

7s.

261.

Tune 203.

SINNERS, turn, why will you die?
God, your Maker, asks you, why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners ! turn, why will you die?
God, your Saviour, asks you, why ?
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that you might live ;
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will you die?
God, the Spirit, asks you, why ?
God, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love :
Will you not the grace receive ?
Will you still refuse to live ?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die ?

7s.

262.

Tune 11.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

S. M.

263.

Tune 593.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls ;
Ye wretched wanderers, come ;
O ye benighted, dying souls,
Why will you longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls ;
Oh, hearken to him now ;
Within these consecrated walls,
To Jesus come and bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls ;
To him for refuge fly ;
For soon the storm of justice falls,
And death is ever nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day ;
Yield to his saving power ;

Oh, do not grieve him now away,
'T is mercy's tender hour.

L. M.

264.

Tune 22

GOD calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

- 2 God calling yet?—shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?
- 3 God calling yet!—and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
- 4 God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still;—my heart, awake!
- 5 Ah, yield him all; in him confide:
Where but with him doth peace abide?
Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven,
And let the spirit rise to heaven!
- 6 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

C. M.

265.

Tune 14.

COME, sinner, to the gospel feast:
Oh, come without delay;
For there is room, in Jesus' breast,
For all who will obey.

- 2 There's room, in God's eternal love,
 To save thy precious soul ;
 Room, in the Spirit's grace above,
 To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room, within the church, redeemed
 With blood of Christ divine ;
 Room, in the white-robed throng convened,
 For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room, in heaven among the choir,
 And harps and crowns of gold,
 And glorious palms of victory there,
 And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room, around thy Father's board,
 For thee and thousands more :
 Oh come, and welcome, to the Lord ;
 Yea, come this very hour.

7s.

266.

Tune 203

- SINNERS, come, the Saviour see,
 Hands, feet, side, and temples view ;
 See him bleeding on the tree ;
 See, his heart is pierced for you :
 View awhile, then haste away,
 Find a thousand more, and say,
 Come, ye sinners, come with me,
 View him bleeding on the tree.
- 2 Who would still such mercy grieve ?
 Sinners, hear instruction mild ;
 Doubt no more, but now believe,
 Each become a little child ;
 Artful doubts and reasonings be
 Nailed with Jesus to the tree ;
 Mourning souls who simple are,
 Surely shall the blessing share.

S. M.

267.

Tune 595

How solemn are the words,
 And yet to faith how plain,
 Which Jesus uttered while on earth,
 "Ye must be born again!"

2 "Ye must be born again!"
 For so hath God decreed,
 No reformation will suffice,
 'T is life poor sinners need.

3 "Ye must be born again!"
 And life in Christ must have;
 In vain the soul may elsewhere go,
 'T is he alone can save.

4 "Ye must be born again!"
 Or never enter heaven;
 'T is only blood-washed ones are there,
 The ransomed and forgiven.

L. M.

268.

Tune 224

RETURN, O wandérer, return,
 And seek an injured Father's face;
 Those warm desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wandérer, return,
 He hears thy deep repentant sigh;
 He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear was nigh.

3 Return, O wandérer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
 How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wandérer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear;

'T is God who says, "No longer mourn!"

'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

7s, 6s & 7s.

269.

Tune 591 or 152.

SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face;
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood.
- 3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds;
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds;
See, from all his opened veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed, to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.
- 4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress;
By himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayst live by faith.

- 5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround ;
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found :
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says; " There yet is room :"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

7s.

270.

Tune 11.

- Now begin the heavenly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving name ;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to heaven ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears ;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, who long, alas, have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.
- 5 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Jesus Christ will give you rest ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Sing, ye ransomed, to his praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

- 7 When his Spirit leads us home,
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fullness prove
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.

P. M.

271.

- ALMOST persuaded now to believe;
 Almost persuaded Christ to receive;
 Seems now some soul to say,
 Go, Spirit, go thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On thee I'll call.
- 2 Almost persuaded, come, come to-day;
 Almost persuaded, turn not away;
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 Oh, wanderer, come!
- 3 Almost persuaded, harvest is past!
 Almost persuaded, doom comes at last!
 "Almost" cannot avail,
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail,
 "Almost, but lost!"
-

SORROW FOR SIN.

S. M.

272.

Tune 382

AH, whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?

- 2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray.
- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.
- 7 I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
Oh let it, Lord, be done.
- 8 In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, then shall I declare,
That thou, O God, art love.

7s.

273.

Tune 581.

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,
View me from thy heavenly throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Softens thou this heart of stone;

Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

- 2 By thy Spirit me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal ;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel ;
Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which he shed his blood.
- 3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return ;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn ;
Till I can, by grace restored,
Say, "Thou know'st I love thee, Lord."
- 4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distress'd ;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast ;
Utter the poor sinner's plea,
"God, be merciful to me."
- 5 Ah, remember me for good,
Passing through this mortal vale ;
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage fail ;
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me.

C. M.

274.

Tune 141

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;

Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest ;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place !
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tosséd soul, be still,
My promised grace receive :"
'T is Jesus speaks ; I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

L. M.

275.

Tune 22

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive ;
Let a repenting sinner live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace ;

Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

L. M.

276.

Tune 22.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee ;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms, and take me in.

- 2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'T is thou alone canst make me whole ;
I cannot rest till thou art mine,
Until in me thine image shine.
- 3 At last I own it cannot be,
That I should fit myself for thee ;
Here then, to thee, I all resign :
Thine is the work, and only thine.
- 4 What shall I say, thy grace to move ?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love ;
I give up every plea beside ;
Lord, I'm condemned, but thou hast died.

7s.

277.

Tune 203

OH, how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ bestows !
Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' cross ;
Weeping at the throne of grace
Lie, and never quit the place,
Never, till your suit's obtained,
Never, till the blessing's gained.

S. M.

278.

Tune 382.

O LORD, how vile am I,
 Unholy and unclean!
 How can I venture to draw nigh
 With such a load of sin?

2 And must I then indeed
 Sink in despair and die?
 Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
 For such a wretch as I.

3 That blood which thou hast spilt,
 That grace which is thine own,
 Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
 And soften hearts of stone.

4 Low at thy feet I bow,
 Oh, pity and forgive:
 Here will I lie, and wait till thou
 Shalt bid me rise and live.

C. M.

279.

Tune 14.

How sad our state by nature is,
 Our sin, how deep it stains;
 How Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
 Sounds from the sacred word:
 "Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 Believe in Christ the Lord."

3 My soul, obey the gracious call,
 And haste to gain relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord;
 Oh, help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;

Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

7s.

280.

Tune 11.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who didst for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.

- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus, to thy cross I fly.
- 4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die.
- 5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh.

7s.

281.

Tune 203.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;

Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years ;
By thy life of want and tears ;
By thy days of sore distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye ;
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold ;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

8s & 7s.

282.

Tune 16.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me,
 Take me, save me, through thy Son ;
 That, which thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod ;
 Weary come I now, and praying,
 Take me to thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin ;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine ;
 Freely, life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree ;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee.

6 Father, take me ; all forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast ;
 In thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest !

S. M.

283.

Tune 582.

OUT of the depths of woe,
 To thee, O Lord ! I cry ;
 Darkness surrounds me, but I know
 That thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hope on thee ;
 Thou canst, thou wilt forgive ;

Wert thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

3 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin :
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate ;
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above !
The waters soon will cease ;
For, lo ! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

L. M.

284.

Tune 22.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease ;
God, that creates, must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin, but do not feel ;
Nor shall I, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal, is thine.

7s.

285.

Tune 11.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
 Long provoked him to his face ;
 Would not hearken to his calls ;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are ;
 Me he now delights to spare ;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up ?
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands :
 God is love, I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above ;
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 6 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my fall lament ;
 Deeply my revolt deplore ;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

8s, 8s & 7s.

286.

Tune 132.

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
 My God, with heart's contrition ;
 Bow down thy ear in grace to me,
 And hear thou my petition :
 For if in judgment thou wilt try
 Man's sin and great iniquity,
 Ah, who can stand before thee ?

- 2 To gain remission of our sin,
 No work of ours availeth ;
 God's favor we may strive to win,
 But all our labor faileth ;
 We're 'midst our fairest actions lost,
 And none 'fore him of aught can boast :
 We live alone through mercy.
- 3 Therefore my hope is in his grace,
 And not in my own merit ;
 On him my confidence I place,
 Instructed by his Spirit ;
 His precious word hath promised me,
 He will my joy and comfort be ;
 Thereon is my reliance.
- 4 Though sin with us doth much abound,
 Yet grace still more aboundeth ;
 Sufficent help in Christ is found,
 Where sin most deeply woundeth ;
 He the good shepherd is indeed,
 Who his lost sheep doth seek and lead,
 With tender love and pity.

P. M.

287.

Tune 151

TELL me the old, old story,
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love ;
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story
 Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in,
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin ;
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon,
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones, and grave ;
 Remember, I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save ;
 Tell me the story always,
 If you would really be
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear,
 That this world's empty glory,
 Is costing me too dear ;
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story :
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

C. M.

288.

Tune 14.

- IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
 My comfort's all in thee ;
 Since I'm assured thy mercy's nigh,
 And that thou stand'st by me.
- 2 Me, nor the saints on earth can help,
 Nor angels near the throne :
 To thee I run, thy help to find,
 In thee I trust alone.
- 3 I feel the load of sin so vast,
 It sinks me to the grave :

But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Clothed in thy righteousness divine,
Oh, may I see thy face ;
And have the witness from above,
That I'm restored by grace.

5. On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
A living faith bestow ;
That I thy mercy, truth, and love,
May by experience know.

8s, 6s & 8s.

289.

Tune 79.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A guilty sinner born to die.

2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ever shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And to awake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,

To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet from thee a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
 With godly jealousy and fear,
 Eternal bliss to insure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
 To suffer all thy righteous will,
 And steadfast to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting, heavenly love.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

8s & 7s.

290.

Tune 167.

As THE serpent, raised by Moses,
 Healed the fiery serpent's bite,
 Jesus thus himself discloses
 To the wounded sinner's sight ;
 Hear his gracious invitation,
 " I have life and peace to give ;
 I have wrought out full salvation,
 Sinner, look to me and live."

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
 For thy precious life and death ;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
 Give us all the eye of faith ;
 From the law's condemning sentence
 To thy mercy we appeal ;
 Thou alone canst give repentance,
 Thou alone our souls canst heal.

L. M.

291.

Tune 22.

FAITH comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord ;
The happy means, which heaven hath blest,
To bring us to the gospel-rest.

- 2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.
- 3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ, our righteousness ;
By death our righteousness he bought :
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.
- 4 True faith receives the offered good,
And promise sealed with Jesus' blood ;
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.
- 5 In the Redeemer, as my head,
The covenant is establishéd,
In him the promises are, Yea,
In him, Amen, and not in me.

7s & 6s.

292.

Tune 151.

How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole ;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul ;
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

- 2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death

Come then to this physician,
His help he 'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'T is only, look and live.

L. M.

293.

Tune 90.

Now I have found the ground whereon
Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain ;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains on me ;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

L. M.

294.

Tune 90.

JESUS, I know, hath died for me ;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast :
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends
be gone ;

Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 3 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and strength decay ;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

C. M.

295.

Tune 14

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake forgive,
 It cannot be for mine :
 My power the pardon to receive,
 My faith, is all divine.

- 2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,
 Thy mercy I embrace,
 And gladly own, from first to last,
 That I am saved by grace.

C. M.

296.

Tune 14.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead :
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'T is faith that changes all the heart,
 'T is faith that works by love,
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

C. M.

297.

Tune 14.

- HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou author of our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.
- 2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.
- 3 Oh, let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.
- 4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

C. M.

298.

Tune 14.

- THOU friend of sinners, hear my cry,
And grant me my request,
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.
- 2 May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.
- 3 Faith is thy gift, thou slaughtered Lamb,
Gained by thy death for me,

Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

- 4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That thou for me hast died,
That I in thee with confidence
Forever may abide.

C. M.

299.

Tune 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“ Oh, help mine unbelief.”
- 4 She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view ;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh, send us not despairing home
Send none unhealed away.

L. M.

300.

Tune 22.

FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart ;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, oh, cleanse and seal it thine.
- 4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
“ My blood hath washed thy sins away.”
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

L. M.

301.

Tune 22.

THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.

- 2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price ;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.
- 3 But oh, I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,

To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeemed me with thy blood,
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

L. M.

302.

Tune 22.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;
Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

- 2 The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.
- 3 In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expunged the dreadful score
Of all my guilt ; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.
- 4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith ;
And shall remain, when I'm called hence,
My only hope and confidence.
- 5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve ;
- 6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea :

Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

7s.

280.

Tune 11.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who didst for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need,
Jesus, Saviour, hear my cry.

- 2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Jesus, lift to thee mine eye.
- 3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea thy grace to win,
But that thou canst save from sin,
Jesus, to thy cross I fly.
- 4 There on thee I cast my care,
There to thee I raise my prayer,
Jesus, save me from despair,
Save me, save me, or I die.
- 5 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, Saviour, be thou nigh.

7s.

281.

Tune 205.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;

Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

- 2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

8s & 7s.

282.

Tune 16.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me,
 Take me, save me, through thy Son;
 That, which thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proved the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying,
 Take me to thy love, my God.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely, life and soul I offer,
 Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bore our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee.

6 Father, take me; all forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast;
 In thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest!

S. M.

283.

Tune 382.

OUT of the depths of woe,
 To thee, O Lord! I cry;
 Darkness surrounds me, but I know
 That thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hope on thee;
 Thou canst, thou wilt forgive;

Wert thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?

3 Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin :
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate ;
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above !
The waters soon will cease ;
For, lo ! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

L. M.

284.

Tune 22.

WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease ;
God, that creates, must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sin, but do not feel ;
Nor shall I, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid the obedient waters flow.

4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive ;
Here, then, to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal, is thine.

7s.

285.

Tune 11.

DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace ;
 Long provoked him to his face ;
 Would not hearken to his calls ;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are ;
 Me he now delights to spare ;
 Cries, How shall I give thee up ?
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands :
 God is love, I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
- 5 Jesus, answer from above ;
 Is not all thy nature love ?
 Wilt thou not the wrong forget ?
 Lo, I fall before thy feet.
- 6 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my fall lament ;
 Deeply my revolt deplore ;
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

8s, 8s & 7s.

286.

Tune 132

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
 My God, with heart's contrition ;
 Bow down thy ear in grace to me,
 And hear thou my petition :
 For if in judgment thou wilt try
 Man's sin and great iniquity,
 Ah, who can stand before thee ?

- 2 To gain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth ;
God's favor we may strive to win,
But all our labor faileth ;
We're 'midst our fairest actions lost,
And none 'fore him of aught can boast :
We live alone through mercy.
- 3 Therefore my hope is in his grace,
And not in my own merit ;
On him my confidence I place,
Instructed by his Spirit ;
His precious word hath promised me,
He will my joy and comfort be ;
Thereon is my reliance.
- 4 Though sin with us doth much abound,
Yet grace still more aboundeth ;
Sufficient help in Christ is found,
Where sin most deeply woundeth ;
He the good shepherd is indeed,
Who his lost sheep doth seek and lead,
With tender love and pity.

P. M.

287.

Tune 131

TELL me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love ;
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear,
That this world's empty glory,
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

C. M.

288.

Tune 14.

- IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort's all in thee;
Since I'm assured thy mercy's nigh,
And that thou stand'st by me.
- 2 Me, nor the saints on earth can help,
Nor angels near the throne:
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I trust alone.
 - 3 I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave:

But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Clothed in thy righteousness divine,
Oh, may I see thy face ;
And have the witness from above,
That I'm restored by grace.

5. On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
A living faith bestow ;
That I thy mercy, truth, and love,
May by experience know.

8s, 6s & 8s.

289.

Tune 79.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A guilty sinner born to die.

2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ever shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And to awake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,

To judge the nations at thy bar ;
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
 To meet from thee a joyful doom ?

5 Be this my one great business here,
 With godly jealousy and fear,
 Eternal bliss to insure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
 To suffer all thy righteous will,
 And steadfast to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting, heavenly love.

FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

8s & 7s.

290.

Tune 167.

As THE serpent, raised by Moses,
 Healed the fiery serpent's bite,
 Jesus thus himself discloses
 To the wounded sinner's sight ;
 Hear his gracious invitation,
 " I have life and peace to give ;
 I have wrought out full salvation,
 Sinner, look to me and live."

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
 For thy precious life and death ;
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
 Give us all the eye of faith ;
 From the law's condemning sentence
 To thy mercy we appeal ;
 Thou alone canst give repentance,
 Thou alone our souls canst heal.

L. M.

291.

Tune 22.

FAITH comes by hearing God's record.
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord ;
The happy means, which heaven hath blest,
To bring us to the gospel-rest.

- 2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.
- 3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ, our righteousness ;
By death our righteousness he bought :
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.
- 4 True faith receives the offered good,
And promise sealed with Jesus' blood ;
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.
- 5 In the Redeemer, as my head,
The covenant is establishéd,
In him the promises are, Yea,
In him, Amen, and not in me.

7s & 6s.

292.

Tune 151.

How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole ;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul ;
Nigh unto death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

- 2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death

Come then to this physician,
 His help he 'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only, look and live.

L. M.

293.

Tune 90.

Now I have found the ground whereon
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
 Our scanty thought surpasses far ;
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thine arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
 My sins are swallowed up in thee ;
 Covered is my unrighteousness,
 No spot of guilt remains on me ;
 While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

L. M.

294.

Tune 90.

JESUS, I know, hath died for me ;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest ;
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast :
 Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.

- 2 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends
 be gone ;

Though joys be withered all and dead,
 Though every comfort be withdrawn;
 On this my steadfast soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.

- 3 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
 Though my heart fail and strength decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away:
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

C. M.

295.

Tune 14

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake forgive,
 It cannot be for mine:
 My power the pardon to receive,
 My faith, is all divine.

- 2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,
 Thy mercy I embrace,
 And gladly own, from first to last,
 That I am saved by grace.

C. M.

296.

Tune 14.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead:
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love,
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

C. M. 297. Tune 14.

- HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou author of our faith,
The finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.
- 2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM,
In whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.
- 3 Oh, let that faith which thou hast taught,
Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.
- 4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

C. M. 298. Tune 14.

- THOU friend of sinners, hear my cry,
And grant me my request,
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.
- 2 May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.
- 3 Faith is thy gift, thou slaughtered Lamb,
Gained by thy death for me,

Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

- 4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
That thou for me hast died,
That I in thee with confidence
Forever may abide.

C. M.

299.

Tune 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from thee, Lord.
- 3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“ Oh, help mine unbelief.”
- 4 She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view ;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh, send us not despairing home
Send none unhealed away.

L. M.

300.

Tune 22.

FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.
- 3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart ;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, oh, cleanse and seal it thine.
- 4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
“ My blood hath washed thy sins away.”
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

L. M.

301.

Tune 22.

THE one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.

- 2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price ;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.
- 3 But oh, I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,

To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeemed me with thy blood,
By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

L. M.

302.

Tune 22.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress ;
Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

- 2 The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.
- 3 In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expunged the dreadful score
Of all my guilt ; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.
- 4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith ;
And shall remain, when I'm called hence,
My only hope and confidence.
- 5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve ;
- 6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea :

“Here is a sinner, who would fain
Through the Lamb’s ransom entrance gain.”

7 Thus Abraham was saved by grace,
Believing in Christ’s righteousness;
And all the ransomed saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite :

8 “All glory, power, and might pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.”

9 While here on earth I still remain,
This doctrine firmly I’ll maintain;
And, both in word and deed, proclaim
The power of Jesus’ saving name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which thou hast made
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord,
God’s only Son, eternal Word,
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayéd with thy righteousness.

S. M.

303.

Tune 593.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 Christ, the true paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;

- A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 Lord, I look back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree;
And know my guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice,
Our curse he did remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

L. M.

304.

Tune 22

- JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice!
Bid, Lord, thy mourning ones rejoice!

Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

C. M.

305.

Tune 14.

- IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look :
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair :
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.
- 5 Alas, I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
“ I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayst live.”
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My Spirit now is filled,

That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

C. M. D.

306.

Tune 590.

GRACE, grace, oh, that's a joyful sound,
A welcome sound to all,
Who clearly see, and deeply feel,
The misery of the fall ;
Who rightly know the wretched state
Of sinners void of grace,
Ere Christ elects them to enjoy
In heavenly realms a place.

- 2 Grace, how exceeding great to those,
Who, ready to despair,
Ashamed confess, and truly know,
How vile and weak they are ;
Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
" Directly come, who will,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still."
- 3 All we, who are his people now,
Were first convinced of sin ;
Each felt the plague of his own heart,
The leprosy within ;
Then life and righteousness divine
Through faith to us were given ;
Thus we God's happy people are,
With Christ joint-heirs of heaven.
- 4 We thirst, O Lord ; give us this day
To taste more of thy grace,
More of that stream, which from the rock
Flowed through the wilderness :
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor ;
And oh, that nothing but thy grace
May rule us evermore.

L. M.

307.

Tune 22.

- JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness,
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief, my burden long had been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
Nothing but sin I thee can give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God !

7s.

308.

Tune 381.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee.

3s & 4s.

309.

- My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,

Be thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above,
 A ransomed soul.

L. M.

310.

Tune 22.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God ! I come—I come !

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God ! I come—I come !

- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God ! I come—I come !

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God ! I come—I come !

- 5 Just as I am ; thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God ! I come—I come !

- 6 Just as I am; thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

S. M.

311.

Tune 595.

- I HEAR the words of love,
 I gaze upon the blood,
 I see the mighty sacrifice,
 And I have peace with God.
- 2 'Tis everlasting peace,
 Sure as Jehovah's name;
 'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
 For evermore the same.
- 3 The clouds may go and come,
 And storms may sweep my sky;
 This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
 The cross is ever nigh.
- 4 The cross still stands unchanged,
 Though heaven is now his home;
 The mighty stone is rolled away,
 But yonder is his tomb.
- 5 And yonder is my peace,
 The grave of all my woes;
 I know the Son of God has come,
 I know he died and rose.
- 6 I know he liveth now
 At God's right hand above,
 I know the throne on which he sits,
 I know his truth and love.

S. M.

312.

Tune 595.

FAITH is a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestowed;

- It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns as king,
And all-atoning priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 't is thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

C. M.

313.

Tune 14

- WHAT joy or honor could we have,
Polluted as we are,
If not the holy Lamb of God
Our joy and honor were.
- 2 Of nothing we have ever done
To boast could we desire,
When he to judge us shall appear,
Whose eyes are flames of fire.
- 3 None is so holy, pure, and just,
So perfected in love,
That his best plea, or self-defence,
Of any weight could prove.
- 4 Nor is there any other way
Into the holy place,
But Christ who took away our sins,
His blood and righteousness.
- 5 We know the righteousness complete,
Which he procured for all;

We know the kind reception given
To the poor prodigal.

6 We know the shepherd's love, who left
The ninety-nine behind,
And through the desert anxious went,
The hundredth sheep to find.

7 To him poor sinners may appeal
With all their misery ;
The angels joy to see them come,
Christ calleth, "Come to me."

78.

314.

Tune 11.

FATHER, to thy sinful child
Though thy law is reconciled,
By thy pardoning grace I live ;
Daily still I cry, Forgive.

2 Though my ransom-price he paid
Upon whom my guilt was laid,
Humbly at thy mercy-seat,
Full remission I entreat.

3 Lord, forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay,
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun ;

4 Trespasses in word or thought,
Deeds from evil motive wrought,
Cold ingratitude, distrust,
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.

5 Pardon, Lord ; and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes,
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

6 May I feel, beneath my wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs ;

Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.

- 7 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

S. M.

315.

Tune 395.

NOT one of Adam's race,
If in the balance tried,
Can by his works of righteousness
'Fore God be justified.

- 2 The works which we have done
Are all, alas, unclean ;
But we are saved by faith alone,
And cleansed thereby from sin.

- 3 Ye sinners, who with grief
Your condemnation feel,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
And to his blood appeal.

- 4 God gave his only Son,
That sinners who believe,
Might not be lost, but be his own,
And in his kingdom live.

S. M.

316.

Tune 395.

NOT what these hands have done,
Can save this guilty soul ;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne,
Can make my spirit whole.

- 2 Not what I feel or do,
Can give me peace with God ;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

- 3 Thy grace alone, O God,
 To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
 Can this sore bondage break.
- 4 No other work save thine,
 No meaner blood will do;
No strength, save that which is divine,
 Can bear me safely through.
- 5 I bless the Christ of God;
 I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
 I call this Saviour mine.
- 6 I praise the God of grace,
 I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
 My God, my joy, my light.
- 7 'Tis he who saveth me,
 And freely pardon gives;
I love, because he loveth me;
 I live, because he lives.
- 8 My life with him is hid,
 My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
 My midnight into day.

8s & 7s.

317.

Tune 167.

ERE we know our lost condition,
 Ere we feel our inbred woe;
And exclaim with deep contrition,
 To be saved, what must I do?
Nought can yield true consolation,
 Vain is all our righteousness:
Faith alone in Christ's oblation
 Gives the conscience rest and peace.

- 2 Living faith, with clearest vision,
 Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
 And in him a full provision,
 Righteousness and peace, our own :
 Then our days are marked with blessing,
 Then our hearts with rapture glow ;
 Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
 From the wounds of Jesus flow.

8s & 7s.

318.

Tune 16.

- WHEN a sinner, in affliction,
 Mourneth on account of sin,
 Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
 But no power of faith within ;
- 2 While the troubled soul is sighing,
 "Where shall I find Jesus, where?"
 And with tears of anguish crying,
 "Oh, that he my Saviour were!"
- 3 In a moment stands before us
 Jesus, with his piercèd side :
 Now we find, that he's desirous
 Us from wrath to screen and hide.
- 4 Thus the soul at once obtaineth
 Pardon from the sinner's friend ;
 To true happiness attaineth,
 And to life which hath no end.

7s & 6s.

319.

Tune 131.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God,
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursèd load.
- I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus ;
 All fullness dwells in him,
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares ;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine,
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on his breast recline.
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ the Lord ;
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild,
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child.
 I long to be like Jesus,
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints his praises,
 To learn the angels' song.

7s.

320.

Tune 11.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
 Who in thee desire to live,
 Cry by day and night to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be.

- 2 Fix, oh, fix our wavering mind,
 To thy cross us firmly bind ;
 Gladly now we would be clean :
 Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery ;

Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

L. M. 321. Tune 90.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, to make my peace with God?
Amazing love! how can it be,
That Jesus deigned to die for me?

2 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I 'woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

3 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine;
Alive in him my living head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Now humbly I approach the throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

SELF-CONSECRATION AND CONFESSION.

8s & 7s. 322. Tune 167.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure ;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain :
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor loss is gain ;
Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring the sweeter rest.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee :
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee ;
God's own hand shall guide thee there :
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

MY God, the covenant of thy love,
Abides for ever sure ;

And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my guardian and my friend,
And heaven my final home ;
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

L. M. D.

324.

Tune 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal mind,
Consume what is not right in me ;
Whether the world in chains me bind
Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heaven ;
For thou requirest that my heart
Without reserve to thee be given,
Resolved for thee with all to part.

C. M.

325.

Tune 14.

LORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne,
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

- 2 I thank thee, that, in mercy, thou
Hast wakened me from death,
Aroused me out of sin's deep sleep,
And called to walk in faith.

- 3 Complete thy work and crown thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that still small voice,
Which whispers only love ;
- 4 Which teaches me to know thy will,
And gives me power to do ;
Which fills my heart with shame, when I
Do not that will pursue.
- 5 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

L. M.

326.

Tune 22.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
 - 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon ;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning-star, bids darkness flee.
 - 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name!
 - 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7s.

327.

Tune 11.

- GRANT, most gracious lamb of God,
Who hast bought me with thy blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.
- 2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry,
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Though it cause me pungent pain.
- 3 Gracious Lord, I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,
And to all eternity
To remain thy property.

L. M.

328.

Tune 22.

- OH, happy day! that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh, happy bond! that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;

With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.

- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

C. M. D.

329.

Tune 590

PRESENT your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy offering unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchased you.

L. M.

330.

Tune 22.

- WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
Grant us, by faith, to view thy cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.
- 4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

- 5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must bow ;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

C. M. 331.

Tune 14.

- AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

C. M. 332.

Tune 14.

AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?

It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go ; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses, I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair.

C. M.

333.

Tune 14.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break ;

- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

S. M.

334.

Tune 595.

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

- 2 Keen was the trial once,
 Bitter the cup of woe,
 When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
 Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,
 Boundless their joy above,
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
 Like them, in faith, to bear
 All that of sorrow, grief or pain
 May be our portion here.
- 5 Enough, if thou at last
 The word of blessing give,
 And let us rest beneath thy feet,
 Where saints and angels live.

S. M.

335.

Tune 393.

- A CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill;
 Oh, may it all my powers engage,
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And oh, thy servant, Lord! prepare,
 A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely,
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

7s.

336.

Tune 581.

BLESSED Saviour! thee I love,
 All my other joys above:
 All my hopes in thee abide,
 Thou my hope, and naught beside:
 Ever let my glory be,
 Only, only, only thee.

2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,
 Clouds they are that hide my day;
 Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour! thine am I,
 Thine to live, and thine to die;
 Height, or depth, or creature power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
 Ever shall my glory be,
 Only, only, only thee.

5s & 11s.

337.

Tune 587 or 596.

OH, tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound;
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live;
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
 He calls thee away;
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
 What he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort; go, follow
 him, go.

6 Perhaps with the aim
 To honor his name,
 I may do some service, poor dust though I am.

7 Yet this is confessed,
 I count it most blest,
 As at the beginning, in him to find rest:

8 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

9 But this I do find,
 We two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

10 Lo, this is the race
 I'm running through grace
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face,

C. M. 338. Tune 14.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue;
 "Hinder me not!"—ye much-loved saints,
 For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
 I'll follow where he goes;
 "Hinder me not!"—shall be my cry,
 Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
 I'll go at his command;
 "Hinder me not!"—for I am bound
 To my Immanuel's land.

- 4 And, when my Saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be,
 "Hinder me not,"—come, welcome, death!
 I'll gladly go with thee.

7s & 6s.

339.

Tune 131.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross,
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this his glorious day;
 Ye that are men, now serve him
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you,
 Ye dare not trust your own;
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

- 4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:

To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the king of glory
 Shall reign eternally.

C. M. D.

340.

Tune 390.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain :
 His blood-red banner streams afar ;
 Who follows in his train ?
 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain ;
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in his train.

- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save ;
 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came ;
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame :
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel :
 Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil and pain ;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

C. M. 341. Tune 14.

- GLORY to God, whose witness-train,
 Those heroes bold in faith,
 Could smile on poverty and pain,
 And triumph even in death.
- 2 Scorned and reviled as was their Head,
 When walking here below,
 Thus, in this evil world, they led
 A life of pain and woe.
- 3 Oh ! may that faith our hearts sustain,
 Wherein they fearless stood,
 When in the power of cruel men,
 They poured their willing blood.
- 4 God whom we serve, our God can save,
 Can damp the scorching flame,
 Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
 For such as fear his name.
- 5 Yea, should it even to man appear
 At times, as though our Lord
 Forsook his chosen people here,
 At last he'll help afford.
- 6 Lord ! if thine arm support us still,
 With its eternal strength,
 We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
 And conquerors prove at length.

C. M. 342. Tune 14.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

P. M.

343.

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

I need thee, oh, I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour:
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour:
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most holy one ;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

S. M. D.

344.

Tune 593.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled ;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild ;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone ;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my shepherd is,
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he that washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole ;
'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was he that brought me to the fold,
'T is he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold ;

No more a wayward child,
 I seek no more to roam,
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,
 I love, I love his home.

L. M. 345. Tune 90.

JESUS, what offering shall I give
 To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
 My soul and body now receive,
 A holy, living sacrifice;
 Small as it is, 'tis all my store,
 More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

P. M. 346. Tune 168.

OH, at last I've found my Saviour,
 Who laid down his life for me;
 He (O undeservéd favor!)
 Owned me as his property:
 Conscious of my imperfection,
 I'll rely on his direction;
 I will nothing know beside
 Jesus and him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction
 In this poor world's vanity;
 Meanwhile shall my heart's affection
 On my Saviour fixéd be,
 On his meritorious suffering,
 And sin-expiating offering:
 World, for ever be thou gone,
 Leave but Christ and me alone.

3 Jesus cured my soul's infection,
 By his soul's dire agony;
 From his death and resurrection
 Life and power redound to me:
 By the virtue of his merit
 I shall heavenly joys inherit,

And e'en here a foretaste have
Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation ;
When I'm weak he strengthens me,
Sweetens all my tribulation,
And supports me constantly ;
His atoning death and passion
Are the cause of my salvation ;
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
From my sight and from my heart.

5 Oh, I'm lost in deepest wonder,
To think he shall soon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my every tear ;
Then my grateful songs and praises
Shall resound in heavenly places ;
Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
Jesus will I never leave.

C. M.

347.

Tune 14.

My God accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray ;
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall ;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own ;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove ;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love.

- 5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
 To thee be ever given ;
 Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
 And death the gate of heaven.

8s, 6s & 8s.

348.

Tune 79.

- DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me incline,
 When I was lost and dead in sin,
 To hear thy quickening voice ?
 Have I obtained in thy blood
 Redemption, and found peace with God,
 And do I in thy name rejoice ?
- 2 Oh, yes ! I feel I am forgiven,
 A foretaste I enjoy of heaven,
 Thy Spirit witness bears ;
 By faith thy righteousness is mine,
 I'm well assured that I am thine,
 My soul no condemnation fears.
- 3 Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,
 I have not this salvation known
 By tracing legal ways ;
 Lo, 't was thy power raised me from sin,
 Thou didst the saving work begin ;
 Thine be the glory, thine the praise.
- 4 May I be faithful to thy call,
 Surrender unto thee my all,
 Myself to thee resign ;
 When dangers threaten me around,
 Invincible may I be found,
 And never from thy will decline.
- 5 Me with thy gladdening oil anoint ;
 The destined path thou dost appoint
 Gladly I then shall tread ;
 Bedew me with a genial shower,
 Into my heart thy influence pour,
 And me with heavenly manna feed.

L. M.

349.

Tune 22

LORD! I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sovereign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Here, at that cross, where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to thee my all.
- 4 Do thou assist a feeble worm,
 The great engagement to perform;
 Thy grace can full assistance lend,
 And on that grace I dare depend.

6s & 5s.

350.

Tune 141

I AM a poor sinner,
 This I surely know;
 And if my dear Saviour
 Did not love me so,
 As ne'er to forsake me,
 Worthless though I be,
 He, ere now, his mercy
 Had withdrawn from me.

- 2 Grace and a sensation
 Of my sinfulness,
 Keep on each occasion
 In me equal pace:
 While I own ashamed,
 I deserved wrath;
 I rejoice, reclaimèd,
 From sin's power, by faith.

- 3 Jesus, when thy blessings
 Fill my needy heart,
 Fear and anxious doubtings
 Then from me depart ;
 I in thy atonement
 My election trace,
 And rejoice, astonished
 At my lot of grace.
- 4 Witness true and faithful,
 Christ, the church's head,
 All is yea and amen
 Thou hast promised :
 As I am, so take me
 With my worst and best ;
 Ever thine preserve me
 Till with thee I rest.
- 5 While we thy past dealings
 Gratefully review,
 We're assured, thy mercies
 Are each morning new ;
 And that thou wilt freely
 Give thy promised grace,
 And amid our weakness
 Form us to thy praise.
-

LOVE AND COMMUNION.

P. M.

351.

Tune 113

How great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus,
 And to be guided by his shepherd-staff ;
 Earth's greatest honors, howsoe'er they please
 us,
 Compared to this, are vain and empty
 chaff :
 Yea, what this world can never give,

May, through the shepherd's grace, each
needy sheep receive.

- 2 Here is a pasture, rich and never failing,
Here living waters in abundance flow;
None can conceive the grace with them pre-
vailing,

Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know:
He banishes all fear and strife,
And leads them gently on to everlasting life.

- 3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting
pleasure,
Must come to Christ, and join his flock
with speed;

Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond measure,
The world meanwhile on empty husks
must feed:

Those souls may share in every good,
Whose shepherd doth possess the treas-
uries of God.

C.M.

352.

Tune 14.

IF Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace, and glory too.

- 2 If he is mine, then though he frown,
He never will forsake:
His chastisements all work for good,
And but his love bespeak.

- 3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

- 4 If he is mine, let friends forsake
And earthly comforts flee,

He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.

5 If he is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me he is mine
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

8s, 6s & 8s.

353.

Tune 79.

OH that we could forever sit
With Mary at our Saviour's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's cheering voice.

2 Oh may his love our hearts inspire;
Nought else on earth may we desire
Nought else in heaven above:
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy grace to know,
Give us to feel thy precious love.

7s, 8s & 7s.

354.

Tune 83.

JESUS will I never leave,
He's the God of my salvation;
Through his merits I receive
Pardon, life, and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resigned.

2 Nought on earth can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth;
Only Jesus can supply

All my needy heart requireth :
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I 'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am his,
Joined with him in close communion ;
And his bitter passion is
The foundation of this union :
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on him, my rock, I build.

4 Oh, the happy hours I spend
With him in blest conversation ;
He's my near and faithful friend,
Full of grace, peace, and salvation :
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth ;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
Me to living waters leadeth :
Blessed who can say with me,
Christ, I 'll never part with thee.

C. M.

355.

Tune 593

TEN thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay ;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And washed my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score ;
Much more indebted I have been
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancelled quite I know,
And satisfaction made ;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

- 4 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
For power to believe,
For present peace, and promised heaven,
No angel can conceive.
- 5 That love of thine, thou sinners' friend,
Witness thy bleeding heart,
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.
- 6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
I first from thee obtain ;
And 't is of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.
- 7 'T is well ; it shall my glory be,
Let who will boast their store,
In time and in eternity
To owe thee more and more.

8s & 7s.

356.

Tune 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,
When I feel thee, Saviour, mine :
What is this world's joy or treasure
To the thought that I am thine ?
Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment
Cannot soothe the watchful soul ;
Joy and grief, rest and employment,
Sacred be to thee the whole.

10s & 7s.

357.

Tune 183.

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation,
Blessed mansion, loved abode ;
There my Lord had oft his resting station,
Converse held in friendly mood :
With that bliss which Mary highly savored,
I could wish this day still to be favored ;
But thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

7s.

358.

Tune 11.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally ;
Friend of needy sinners, come,
Come and make my heart thy home.

- 2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy ;
This is still my cry to thee :
Dearest Jesus, come to me.
- 3 Should I in earth's pleasures roll,
None could satisfy my soul ;
Thee, O Jesus, I adore,
Thou 'rt my pleasure evermore.
- 4 Jesus, thee alone I call
My beloved friend, my all :
Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,
Shall divide my heart with thee.

8s & 7s.

359.

Tune 167

OH, could we but love that Saviour,
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be :
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

- 2 Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of his Spirit
All our thoughts and actions sway :
Might we all be ever ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul and body
Do in God our Saviour joy.

7s & 6s.

360.

Tune 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,
 From heaven to earth come down,
 Come, fix in us thy dwelling,
 Of all thy gifts the crown :
 Lord, thou art all compassion,
 Unbounded love thou art ;
 Oh grant us thy salvation,
 Speak peace to every heart.

7s, 8s & 7s.

361.

Tune 83.

- JESUS is my light most fair ;
 He, the Father's well-belovéd,
 Left his throne our griefs to share,
 By eternal mercy movéd,
 He alone is my delight,
 He hath overcome me quite.
- 2 Round his piercèd feet I'll cling,
 Him I seek with love most tender ;
 And accursed be everything,
 Which my seeking him would hinder :
 Tell me nought of worldly fame,
 Tell me of his lovely name.
- 3 But himself I must behold,
 To him I will make confession ;
 My defects are manifold,
 But I trust to his compassion ;
 For I cannot, will not rest,
 Till he grants me my request.
- 4 Thou in grace hast looked on me,
 And with precious gifts hast blessed ;
 Yet content I cannot be,
 Till I am of thee possesséd :
 Jesus, now upon me shine,
 Jesus, be thou ever mine.

P. M.

362.

Tune 115.

O HAPPY days, days marked with perfect blessing,

In converse spent with our best friend below!

Then streams of heavenly comfort, rich, unceasing,

To us from Jesus' wounds and merits flow;

Thus we for his appearance wait;

When we shall rest with him, our joy will be complete.

2 Accept us as we are, though poor and needy,
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy grace;

That we, as vessels for thy use made ready,
May glorify thy name in every place,

And care in true simplicity,

As thine espoused souls, for what belongs to thee.

3 How precious are thy thoughts, beloved Saviour,

Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the sum how great!

Already here we in thy sight find favor,

In thy sweet nearness heaven anticipate:

And oh, what bliss awaits us there,

Where we with the redeemed shall in thy glory share.

4 But since the pure in heart alone inherit

Those promises so precious and so sweet;

From all defilement of the flesh and spirit

Cleanse us, and make us for thy service meet:

That we ourselves to thee may yield,

Till thy whole counsel be in each of us fulfilled.

C. M.

363.

Tune 14.

- 'T is heaven on earth by faith to see
Thy face, my gracious Lord ;
The noblest, most substantial joys
Thy cheering smiles afford.
- 2 Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints,
Who love thy face to see,
Shall have, while in this vale of tears,
Kind visits oft from thee.
- 3 Oh let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight ;
For the whole world can't ease my heart,
If banished from thy sight.

7s.

364.

Tune 205.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

7s.

365.

Tune 11.

- HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'T is thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be :
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more!

P. M.

366.

Tune 82.

- JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
I'm his sheep, and know his voice;
He's a shepherd kind and gracious,
And his pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me he shows,
Yea, my worthless name he knows.
- 2 Trusting his mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of his grace in richest measure;
When athirst to him I cry,
Living water he'll supply.
- 3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as his sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour,
I shall be conveyed to rest;
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

P. M.

367.

Tune 230.

JESUS, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,
And send to thee our fervent cries:
O Lord our righteousness,
'T is thy delight to bless;
We desire it,
Come then, for we belong to thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

- 2 Gracious Lord, who, by thy passion
 And death, hast gainéd our salvation,
 Oh may we all thy name confess ;
 May we be by faith united
 To thee, who hast us all invited,
 To share eternal happiness :
 Constrain us by thy love,
 In all we do to prove
 Faithful followers,
 Dear Lord, of thee ; and grant that we
 May ever love thee ardently.

S. M. D.

368.

Tune 595

- My shepherd is the Lamb,
 The living Lord, who died ;
 With all that's truly good I am
 Most plenteously supplied.
 He richly feeds my soul
 With manna from above,
 And leads me where the rivers roll
 Of everlasting love.
- 2 My table he doth spread
 With choicest fare, and I
 Behold the Lamb, the living bread,
 And eat most joyfully.
 He makes my cup run o'er,
 Anointeth me with oil ;
 I shall enjoy for evermore
 The merits of his toil.
- 3 When faith and hope shall cease,
 And love prevail alone,
 I then shall see him face to face
 And know as I am known.
 Then I my shepherd's care
 Shall praise, and him adore,
 And in his Father's house shall share
 True bliss for evermore.

L. M.

369.

Tune 90.

- JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame.
- 2 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee!
- 3 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And, day and night, be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there!
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
I am thy love, thy Lord, thy all!
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.
- 5 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the storm of life shall cease,
Jesus in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

7s.

370.

Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?

What the high reward I win?
 Whose the name I glory in?
 Jesus Christ, the crucified!

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
 What awakes my lips to song?
 He who bore my sinful load,
 Purchased for me peace with God,
 Jesus Christ, the crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
 Who consoles my saddest woes?
 Who revives my fainting heart,
 Healing all its hidden smart?
 Jesus Christ, the crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
 Who the death of death will be?
 Who will place me on his right
 With the countless hosts of light?
 Jesus Christ, the crucified.

5 This is that great thing I know;
 This delights and stirs me so:
 Faith in him who died to save,
 Him who triumphed o'er the grave,
 Jesus Christ, the crucified.

12s.

371.

Tune 39.

I'LL glory in nothing but only in Jesus,
 As wounded and bruised from sin to release us;
 For he is my refuge, to him I'll cleave solely,
 Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world live holy.

2 What though the world foameth and rageth
 with fury,
 In naught but my crucified Jesus I'll glory:
 Beside him my Saviour I'll know nothing
 ever;
 From him neither trials nor death shall me
 sever.

- 3 My Jesus is always desirous to meet me,
 Abounding in love, and in mercy to greet me:
 Above all I love him, for he is my treasure;
 I humbly adore him and serve him with
 pleasure.
- 4 My heart's fixed on Jesus, whose love is so
 tender;
 My life and my all unto him I surrender:
 He is and remaineth my soul's meditation,
 My faith's only object, till my consummation.

L. M

372.

Tune 90.

- THEE will I love, my strength and tower,
 My soul with love to thee inspire:
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 Thou art alone my soul's desire:
 Thee will I love, my king and God,
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad.
- 2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
 Thou fairest of the sons of men?
 Ah, why did I no sooner go
 To thee who canst relieve my pain?
 Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
 For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
 And now, if more, at length, I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 Give to my eyes repenting tears,
 Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
 Give to my soul, with filial fears,
 The love that all heaven's host inspires;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

10s.

373.

Tune 283, or 583

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
 But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors as the king of kings,
 But kind and good, with healing on thy wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
 O friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

5 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

6 I need thy presence every passing hour:
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with
 me!

7 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
 victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

- 8 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies :
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

6s & 4s.

374.

- NEARER, my God ! to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me !
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God ! to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God ! to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven !
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God ! to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God ! to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

- 5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

C. M.

375.

Tune 14.

- MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not
I must forever die.
- 2 But, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace:
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then, why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;
- 5 Not for the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!
- 6 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my 'God,
And my eternal king.

7s & 6s.

376.

Tune 151.

O LAMB of God! still keep me
 Near to thy wounded side;
 'Tis only there in safety
 And peace I can abide!
 What foes and snares surround me!
 What doubts and fears within!
 The grace that sought and found me,
 Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
 I know my life secure;
 Only in thee abiding,
 The conflict can endure:
 Thine arm the victory gaineth
 O'er every hateful foe;
 Thy love my heart sustaineth,
 In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
 With rapture, face to face;
 One half hath not been told me
 Of all thy power and grace;
 Thy beauty, Lord! and glory,
 The wonders of thy love,
 Shall be the endless story
 Of all thy saints above.

L. M.

377.

Tune 22.

MY Lord, how full of sweet content,
 I pass my years of banishment!
 Where'er I dwell, I dwell with thee,
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To me remains nor place, nor time;
 My country is in every clime:
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.

- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy, to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

7s.

378.

Tune 381

- SON of God! to thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord! thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!
- 2 Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs, to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord! thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!
- 3 Prince of life! to thee I cry:
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord! thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me!
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform thy will;
Then thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to thee.

S. M.

379.

Tune 393.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons, every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

4 Jesus, my living head,
I bless thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

C. M.

380.

Tune 14.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!

3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blessed than I.

- 4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Trust God, and thou shalt sing
 His praise again, and find him still
 Thy health's eternal spring.

C. M. D.

381.

Tune 590

- I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest!
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water: thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me: thy morn shall rise
 And all thy days be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till traveling days are done.

S. M.

382.

Tune 595.

JESUS! I live to thee,
 The loveliest and best;
 My life in thee, thy life in me,
 In thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to thee,
 Whenever death shall come :
 To die in thee is life to me,
 In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
 I know not which is best ;
 To live in thee is bliss to me,
 To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord !
 I ask but to be thine ;
 My life in thee, thy life in me,
 Makes heaven for ever mine.

C. M.

383.

Tune 14.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills the breast ;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek !
 To those who fall, how kind thou art,
 How good to those who seek.

4 But what to those who find ? ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesus, be thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

8s & 7s.

384.

Tune 167.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
 Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Jesus! thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest:
 Take away the love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning!
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

7s.

385.

Tune 11.

BLEST are they, supremely blest,
 Who, of Jesus' grace possessed,
 Cleave to him by living faith,
 Till they shall resign their breath.

2 One with Christ their head, they share
 Happiness beyond compare;
 Since on him their hopes they build,
 He is their reward and shield.

- 3 Though all earthly joys be fled,
If in him they trust indeed,
He will be their constant friend,
And protect them to the end.
- 4 If to Jesus they appeal,
When their faith and courage fail,
He assures them of his love,
Doth their strength in weakness prove.
- 5 They who simply to him cleave,
From his fulness grace receive;
And throughout their mortal days
Their employment is his praise.
- 6 Jesus wipes away their tears,
And their drooping spirits cheers;
They in truth, with heart and voice,
Evermore in him rejoice.

7s.

386.

Tune 205.

HAPPINESS, delightful name,
Where may it be found, oh, where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All confess, it is not here:
Jesus crucified to know,
This is happiness below;
Him to see, adore, and love,
This is happiness above.

L. M.

387.

Tune 22.

- JESUS! engrave it on my heart
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Needful is thy most precious blood,
To reconcile my soul to God,
Needful is thy indulgent care,
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.

- 3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford ;
Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.
- 4 Needful art thou, my guide, my stay,
Through all life's dark and weary way ;
Nor less in death thou 'lt needful be,
To bring my spirit home to thee.
- 5 Then needful still, my God, my king,
Thy name eternally I'll sing !
Glory and praise be ever his,
The one thing needful Jesus is !

8s & 7s.

388.

Tune 167.

- “ ALWAYS with us, always with us ; ”
Words of cheer and words of love,
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From his dwelling-place above :
With us, when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none ;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won :
- 2 With us, when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear ;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear :
With us, in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream ;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

8s, 7s & 7s.

389.

Tune 89

- ONE there is above all others,
Who deserves the name of friend ;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end :

- They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died, to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
“Friend of sinners” was his name;
Now, to heavenly glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Could we bear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious friend and brother
Loves us, though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.
- 5 Oh for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

L. M.

390.

Tune 22.

- O GOD! thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.
- 2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

- 3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on thee, my God!
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.
- 4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 5 Better than life itself thy love;
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above
Or what on earth compared with thee?

C. M.

391.

Tune 14.

- AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.
- 5 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

C. M.

392.

Tune 14.

- JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
 The love of earthly friends ;
 Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
 Is firm, and never ends.
- 2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
 So bounteous, great, and free ?
 Behold, I give my sinful heart,
 My life, my all to thee.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast,
 Than for his friend to die ;
 Thou for thy enemies wast slain ;
 What love with thine can vie ?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
 With heavenly glory crowned,
 Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
 Beset with troubles round.
- 5 And now, upon thy throne above,
 Thy love is still as great :
 Well thou remember'st Calvary,
 Nor canst thy death forget.
- 6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
 The memory of thy love ;
 And thy dear name shall still to me
 A grateful odor prove.

7s & 6s.

393.

Tune 151.

DRAW us to thee, Lord Jesus,
 And we will hasten on ;
 For strong desire doth seize us
 To go where thou art gone.
 Draw us to thee ; enlighten
 These hearts to find thy way,
 That else the tempests frighten,
 Or pleasures lure astray.

- 2 Draw us to thee ; and teach us
 Even now that rest to find,
 Where turmoils cannot reach us,
 Nor cares weigh down the mind.
 Draw us to thee ; nor leave us
 Till all our path is trod,
 Then in thine arms receive us,
 And bear us home to God.

L. M.

394.

Tune 22

- JESUS! thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 Unite my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
 All pain before its presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
 Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 Oh let thy love my soul inflame,
 And to thy service sweetly bind ;
 Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
 And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace :
 Thy love, in weakness, make me strong :
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

C. M. D.

395.

Tune 590

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
 As such I look to thee ;
 Now, in the fulness of thy love,
 O Lord, remember me.
 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary,
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

- 2 Thou wondrous advocate with God,
 I yield myself to thee ;
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation's free ;
 Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
 Dear Lord, remember me.
- 3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
 Howe'er oppressed I be,
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do thou remember me.
 And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creature helps all flee,
 Then, O my great Redeemer-God,
 Jesus, remember me.

L. M.

396.

Tune 22.

- O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend,
 Who, loving, lov'st them to the end !
 On this alone my hopes depend,
 That thou wilt plead for me, for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
 Far off appears my resting-place,
 And fainting I mistrust thy grace,
 Then, Saviour ! plead for me, for me.
- 3 When I have erred, and gone astray,
 Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
 And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
 Still, Saviour ! plead for me, for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
 Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
 Then, with thy pitying arms, enfold,
 And plead, oh, plead for me, for me.

- 5 And, when my dying hour draws near
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me, for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away;
Oh say, thou plead'st for me, for me.

C. M.

397.

Tune 14

- FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode;
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She then communes with God.
- 4 Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet source of light divine,
And, all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine!
- 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

L. M.

398.

Tune 90.

THOU hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient love divine;

My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am, for thou art mine :
 Thou art my fortress, strength and tower,
 My trust and portion evermore.

- 2 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
 The balm to heal my broken heart,
 In storms my peace, in loss my gain ;
 My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown ;
- 3 In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty power ;
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My refuge in temptation's hour ;
 My comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
 My life in death, my all in all.

7s & 6s.

399.

Tune 151.

A PILGRIM and a stranger,
 I journey here below ;
 Far distant is my country,
 The home to which I go :
 Here I must toil and travail,
 Oft weary and oppressed,
 But there my God shall lead me
 To everlasting rest.

- 2 It is a well-worn pathway ;
 Many have gone before,
 The holy saints and prophets,
 The patriarchs of yore ;
 They trod the toilsome journey,
 In patience and in faith,
 And them I fain would follow,
 Like them in life and death.
- 3 With them my thoughts are dwelling,
 'Tis there I long to be ;

Come, Lord ! and call thy servant
 To blessedness with thee !
 Come, bid my toils be ended,
 Let all my wanderings cease ;
 Call from the wayside lodging
 To the sweet home of peace !

- 4 There I shall dwell for ever,
 No more a stranger guest,
 With all thy blood-bought children,
 In everlasting rest :
 The pilgrim toils forgotten,
 The pilgrim conflicts o'er,
 All earthly griefs behind us,
 Eternal joys before !

6s & 4s.

400.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy ;
 Jesus is mine,
 Break, every tender tie ;
 Jesus is mine.
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting-place,
 Jesus alone can bless ;
 Jesus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away ;
 Jesus is mine.
 Here would I ever stay ;
 Jesus is mine.
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away ;
 Jesus is mine.

- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night ;
 Jesus is mine.
 Lost in this dawning bright,
 Jesus is mine.

All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void ;
 Jesus has satisfied ;
 Jesus is mine.

- 4 Farewell, mortality ;
 Jesus is mine.
 Welcome, eternity ;
 Jesus is mine.
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast :
 Jesus is mine.

8s, 8s & 10s.

401.

Tune 97.

MY all in all, my faithful friend,
 Upon whose mercy I depend ;
 Than aught in earth or heaven more dear ;
 My paschal Lamb from year to year ;
 My shield, my rock, my polar-star, my guide,
 Thou art my God, and ever shalt abide.

- 2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy band,
 Beset my soul on every hand ;
 When fails my strength, and reason's light
 Appears immersed in darkest night,
 Thee, the great counsellor, I still can trace,
 Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and grace.
- 3 Since thou to me didst being give,
 And bid me for thy service live,
 Mete thou my few remaining hours,
 Thy staff support my failing powers :
 Inspire each thought and word, and let my
 race
 Be run in righteousness before thy face.
- 4 And should I longer journey here,
 Oh, grant me oft, the way to cheer,
 To view from Calvary's sacred brow

Fair Salem's towers, the builder thou ;
That city, where thou dwell'st as Lamb and
light :

Thus shall no danger my weak soul affright.

- 5 When, all my labors o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of thy death,
I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchased by thee, my gracious Lord ;
Even then thy gift, my glory and my crown,
I at thy feet will thankfully lay down.

P. M.

402.

Tune 139.

'T is the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care :
This done, our steps are safe and sure,
Our hearts' desires are rendered pure,
And nought can pluck us from his hand,
Which leads us to the end.

- 2 Nought in this world affords true rest.
But Christ's atoning blood ;
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God :
Hence flows unfeignéd love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

P. M.

403.

Tune 230.

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distressed ;
Jesus show, on each occasion,
That thou our strength art and salvation,
Our shield, our hiding-place, and rest :

Oh may we constantly
 Look up by faith to thee,
 Who redeemedst us ;
 And daily prove
 That thou art love,
 Till we shall be with thee above.

5s, 8s & 5s.

404.

Tune 68.

BLISS beyond compare,
 Which in Christ I share :
 He's my only joy and treasure ;
 Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
 When in Christ I share
 Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my joy,
 Therefore blest am I :
 Oh, his mercy is unbounded,
 All my hope on him is grounded ;
 Jesus is my joy,
 Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,
 This my spirit cheers ;
 When, his love to me revealing,
 He, the sun of grace, with healing
 In his beams appears,
 This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drowned :
 Pure delight is found,
 Joy and peace in his salvation,
 Heavenly bliss and consolation :
 Every grief is drowned
 Where such bliss is found.

7s & 6s.

405.

Tune 591 or 132

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good !

Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood :
 All thy pleasures I forego ;
 All thy pomps, thy wealth and pride ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'T is all but vanity ;
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me ;
 Me to save from endless woe,
 Christ, th' atoning victim died :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 Ever in his faith abide :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him in all my works I seek,
 Who hung upon the tree ;
 Only of his love I speak,
 Who freely died for me ;
 While I sojourn here below,
 Nothing will I seek beside ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

8s, 7s & 6s.

406.

Tune 164.

O DAYS of lasting happiness,
 O antepast of heaven,
 When, in the accepted time of grace,
 We know our sins forgiven :

Cleansed in the precious flood
 Of Christ's atoning blood,
 Enjoying in our hearts by faith
 The blessings purchased by his death.

- 2 The peace of God then fills the soul,
 And heals the wounded spirit ;
 The broken heart is then made whole,
 By virtue of his merit :
 Yea, his sweet looks of grace
 Convey such happiness,
 That we in his redeeming love
 Anticipate the bliss above.

S. M.

407.

Tune 595.

GRACE! 't is a charming sound,
 Harmonious to mine ear ;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my wandering feet
 To tread the heavenly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

7s.

408.

Tune 11

THEY who know our Lord indeed,
 Find in him a friend in need,
 And behold in Jesus' face
 Nought but mercy, truth, and grace.

- 2 They can cast by faith their care
On that Lord who heareth prayer ;
And when they to him draw nigh,
He doth all their wants supply.
- 3 They who him their Saviour know,
Lowly at his footstool bow ;
They to whom his name is dear,
To offend him greatly fear.
- 4 Oh, how wondrous is his love
To all who his goodness prove ;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.
- 5 Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free :
Lord, accept our thanks and praise
For thy goodness, truth, and grace.

10s & 7s.

409.

Tune 185.

THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim ;
Why did Christ appear in human nature ?
'T was for me he man became :
While the whole world's Saviour I confess
him,
As my own Redeemer I embrace him,
And his merits I apply
To myself especially.

- 2 When with him, my Lord, in closest union,
I can all things else forget ;
In his fellowship and blest communion,
I heaven's bliss anticipate ;
By his presence he dispels all sadness,
Filling my poor soul with joy and gladness :
Though I often am to blame,
Yet his love is still the same.

P. M.

410.

Tune 228.

How lovely shines the morning-star !
 The nations see and hail afar
 The light in Judah shining ;
 Thou, David's Son of Jacob's race,
 My bridegroom and my king of grace,
 For thee my heart is pining !
 Lowly, holy,
 Great and glorious, thou victorious
 Prince of graces,
 Filling all the heavenly places.

- 2 O joy ! to know that thou, my friend,
 Art Lord, beginning without end,
 The First and Last, eternal !
 And thou at length, O glorious grace !
 Wilt take me to that holy place,
 The home of joys supernal.
 Amen ! Amen !
 Come and meet me, quickly greet me ;
 Draw me ever
 Nearer to thyself forever !

C. M.

411.

Tune 14.

- TEACH me yet more of thy blest ways,
 Thou slaughtered Lamb of God ;
 And fix and root me in the grace,
 So dearly bought with blood.
- 2 Oh, tell me often of each wound,
 Of every grief and pain ;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From hence comes all my gain.
- 3 For thee, oh, may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss ;
 And every name, and every thing,
 Compared with thee, but dross.

- 4 Engrave this deeply on my heart,
That thou for me wast slain;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return thy love again.
- 5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like thine?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline.
-

HOLINESS.

7s.

412.

Tune 381

- JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased thine alone to be,
By thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all thine own,
Let me live to thee alone.
- 2 Other lords have long held sway;
Now thy name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.
- 3 Jesus, Master, I am thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at thy feet I fall,
Oh, be thou my all in all!

6s & 5s.

413.

Tune 39.

MORE holiness give me,
More strivings within;

More patience in suffering,
 More sorrow for sin ;
 More faith in my Saviour,
 More sense of his care ;
 More joy in his service,
 More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
 More trust in the Lord ;
 More pride in his glory,
 More hope in his word ;
 More tears for his sorrows,
 More pain at his grief ;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome ;
 More freedom from earth-stains,
 More longings for home ;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used would I be ;
 More blessed and holy,
 More, Saviour, like thee.

7s.

414.

Tune 11.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be,
 Clothéd with humility ;

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child ;
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee,
 Every evil let me flee ;
 Nothing want beneath, above ;
 Happy in thy precious love.

- 4 Oh, that all may seek and find
 Every good in Christ combined !
 Him let Israel still adore ;
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

C. M.

415.

Tune 14.

- ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
 To thee our souls we lift ;
 Do thou our waiting minds prepare
 For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
 Along our path to flow ;
 We ask not undecaying health,
 Nor length of years below ;
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away ;
 We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
 Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom : Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live ;
 A wise and understanding heart
 To all before thee give.
- 5 The young remember thee in youth,
 Before the evil day !
 The old be guided by thy truth
 In wisdom's pleasant way !

C. M.

416.

Tune 14

- OH for a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear !
 Oh for a tender dread of sin
 A pain to feel it near !
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,

- The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
Nor let me wander far away,
Nor ever grieve thy love.
- 4 Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

6s & 5s.

417.

Tune 141.

- JESUS' love unbounded
None can e'er explain;
Yet, alas, how often
Do we cause him pain:
Even those still grieve him
Who enjoy his grace,
And, to him devoted,
Should show forth his praise.
- 2 Lord, thy body's Saviour,
Comfort us anew;
Ah, regard our weeping;
Thy compassion show;
Pardon our transgressions,
Hear our fervent cry,
And our souls and bodies
Heal and sanctify.
- 3 All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto thee;
May our conversation
To thy honor be:
Let us all experience,
To the end of days,
Thy reviving presence
Mid thy chosen race.

L. M.

418.

Tune 22.

JESUS, our best belovéd Friend,
 Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
 Jesus, in love to us descend,
 Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

- 2 On thy redeeming name we call,
 Poor and unworthy though we be ;
 Pardon and sanctify us all ;
 Let each thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow thy commands ;
 Oh take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
 Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 May we thy blessed will obey ;
 Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
 In heaven, at thy right hand prepare ;
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

L. M.

419.

Tune 22.

FAITH, hope, and charity, these three,
 Yet is the greatest charity :
 Father of lights, these gifts impart
 To mine and every human heart.

- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail ;
 Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail ;
 And charity, whose name above
 Is God's own name, for "God is love."
- 3 The morning-star is lost in light,
 Faith vanishes at perfect sight,

The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form ;

- 4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

7s.

420.

Tune 11.

JESUS, who for me hast died,
Grant I may in thee abide ;
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise ;
Water me with showers of grace.

- 2 Make my heart a garden fair,
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,
As affords true joy to thee
And thy Father constantly.

- 3 In thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow ;
When all grace to me is given,
Then transplant me into heaven.

8s, 6s & 8s.

421.

Tune 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy word requireth,
By works to adorn thy grace :
Oh, may my conversation
Display, on each occasion,
That holy mind which was in thee.

P. M.

422.

Tune 119

AT thy feet,
At thy piercéd feet I lie ;
Saviour, mark my heart's contrition,
Listen to each broken sigh ;

Ah, refuse not the petition
Of a sinner, conscious he's unclean,
Full of sin.

2 Make me clean,
My whole nature purify;
Wash me in that precious fountain,
Which by faith I opened see,
Standing on the blissful mountain,
Where thou bear'st my sin, my guilt, my
shame,
Slaughtered Lamb.

3 Look on me,
See each painful wound and sore,
Thou compassionate physician,
Speak the word, my sickness cure;
Wrest me from the sad condition,
Into which transgression brought my soul;
Make me whole.

4 Bid me live,
Bid a dying sinner live;
Raise, oh, raise my drooping spirit:
Then to thee myself I'll give,
And, until I heaven inherit,
Every moment in thy service spend,
Faithful friend.

8s & 7s.

423.

Tune 16

OH, what would be my condition,
Did not Jesus stand my friend!
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screened.

2 Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood;

- 3 Straight to Jesus' wounds and bruises,
With believing confidence ;
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.
- 4 Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood ;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bowed ;
- 5 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

7s & 6s.

424.

Tune 151.

- COME, faithful shepherd, bind me
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind me
That thou hast died for me ;
Oh may the Holy Spirit
Set this before mine eyes,
That I thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.
- 2 Am I of my salvation
Assuréd through thy love ;
May I on each occasion
To thee more faithful prove ;
Hast thou my sins forgiven,
Then, leaving things behind,
May I press on to heaven,
And bear the prize in mind.
 - 3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Though I am oft to blame ;
As thy reward, oh, take me
Anew, just as I am :

Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

C. M.

425.

Tune 14.

- NONE God the Father's favor share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.
- 2 The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down ;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.
- 3 Oh, may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by thee ;
To thee obedience show through grace,
And learn humility.
- 4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
Grant me the Spirit's light,
That he may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.
- 5 A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my prayer ;
Since those who know their poverty,
To the most High are near.
- 6 Thou, who in heaven art adored,
Dost with the contrite dwell,
Revive the humble by thy word,
The broken-hearted heal.
- 7 Therefore, my soul, delight no more
In this world's vanity :
Look forward ; Jesus hath in store
Unfading joys for thee.

- 8 Lord Jesus Christ, oh, may I grow
 In knowledge and in grace;
 Grant that in me, while here below,
 Thy likeness all may trace.

S. M.

426.

Tune 395.

- BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see their God;
 The secret of the Lord is theirs;
 Their soul is Christ's abode.
- 2 He to the lowly soul
 Doth still himself impart,
 And for his dwelling and his throne
 Chooseth the poor in heart.
- 3 Lord! we thy presence seek;
 May ours this blessing be;
 Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
 A temple meet for thee.

L. M.

427.

Tune 22.

- CHRIST is the vine, we branches are;
 Without him we no fruit can bear;
 For of ourselves we cannot grow,
 He must both power and life bestow.
- 2 Lord, thou hast chosen us, that we
 Should bear well-pleasing fruit to thee:
 Oh, make us fruitful to thy praise;
 Preserve us from all barrenness.

7s & 6s.

428.

Tune 151

- O JESUS Christ, most holy,
 Head of the church, thy bride,
 Each day in us more fully
 Thy name be magnified:

Oh may in each believer
 Thy love its power display,
 And none among us ever
 From thee, our shepherd, stray.

7s.

429.

Tune 203.

LORD, I feel a carnal mind,
 That doth hang about me still,
 Vainly though I strive to bind
 Mine own proud, rebellious will;
 Does not haughtiness of heart
 Separate my God and me?
 Meek Redeemer, now impart
 Thine own deep humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
 Would be all my Saviour taught,
 Do as Jesus bids me do,
 Fain would think as Jesus thought;
 But 't is thou must change my heart,
 This good gift must come from thee;
 Meek Redeemer, now impart
 Thine own deep humility.

3 Lord, I cannot, must not rest,
 Till I all thy mind obtain,
 Chase presumption from my breast,
 And thy heavenly mildness gain:
 Give me, Lord, thy gentle heart;
 Lowliness my portion be;
 Meek Redeemer, now impart
 Thine own deep humility.

4 Let thy cross my will control,
 And conform me to my guide;
 In thy image mould my soul,
 Crucify my sinful pride;
 Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
 Ever looking up to thee;

Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own deep humility.

7s & 6s.

430.

Tune 131.

- I NEED thee, precious Jesus !
For I am full of sin ;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within ;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 2 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor ;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store ;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.
- 3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.
- 4 I need thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne :
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

L. M.

431.

Tune 22.

- O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light!
 Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
 Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross:
 Nail my affections to the cross;
 Hallow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord! art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No harm, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesus! thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
 Oh, let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

8s & 7s.

432.

Tune 16

- WHEN simplicity we cherish,
 Then the soul is full of light:
 But that light will quickly vanish,
 When of Jesus we lose sight.
- 2 He who nought but Christ desireth,
 He whom nothing else can cheer,
 But the joy which he inspireth,
 Lending to his voice an ear;

- 3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends;
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply following his commands;
- 4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to his word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, head, and Lord;
- 5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth;
Walks in true simplicity.
- 6 He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the good shepherd's care,
From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

L. M.

433.

Tune 22.

- AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin, and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
 - 3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from thy joy to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
 - 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign,
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

10s & 7s.

434.

Tune 183.

SHOULD our minds, to earthly objects cleaving,
 Of the mark forgetful prove?
 God forbid! all worldly trifles leaving,
 Let us fix our thoughts above;
 Have with Christ in heaven our conversation,
 Keep in view our blessed destination,
 As redeemed from this world's thrall,
 To pursue our heavenly call.

2 Let us watch and pray, and never slumber,
 Lest the foe approach unseen;
 Cast away whate'er would us encumber,
 Fear to touch the thing unclean:
 Lest, escapéd from the world's pollution,
 We again give way to sin's delusion:
 Ah, 't would cause us pungent pain,
 Christ to crucify again.

3 God be praised, though in ourselves defilé,
 Though sin cleaveth to us still,
 By the tempter we need not be foiléd,
 If to Jesus we appeal;
 Yet our Lord a faithful heart demandeth:
 Happy, who with listening ear attendeth
 To the Spirit's warning voice,
 Nor his chastening doth despise.

C. M.

435.

Tune 14.

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my heart,
 O Jesus, Son of God;
 And take away what'er thy grace
 Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,
 And carnal nature's strife;
 Oh, may I henceforth only thirst
 For thee, the well of life.

3 Waters of life hence may I draw,
 And never more depart :
 My ardent longing is, O Lord,
 Fix at this spring my heart.

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft
 I've turned away from thee :
 Oh, let thy work, renewed to day,
 Remain eternally.

3s, 8s & 5s.

436.

Tune 68

WHILE we take our seat
 At the Master's feet,
 Urged by love, we in our measure
 His commandments keep with pleasure :
 Doth he strength bestow,
 We can all things do.

10s & 7s.

437.

Tune 183.

IN thy love and knowledge, gracious Saviour,
 May we more and more abound ;
 Thy complete atonement shall for ever
 Of our doctrine be the ground ;
 Grant that all may, in thy word believing,
 And to thee, the vine, as branches cleaving,
 Through thy Father's nursing care
 Fruit unto thy honor bear.

8s, 6s & 8s.

438.

Tune 79.

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
 Grant that we may not only feel
 Some drawings of thy grace,
 But in communion with thee live,
 And daily from thy death derive
 The needful strength to run our race.

2 Oh, let us think thee always near,
 As is the light that shines so clear,

Or as the air we breathe;
 In all our thoughts, our words and ways,
 Thus may our lives show forth thy praise,
 Our hearts be weaned from things beneath.

- 3 Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us be
 In all things more conformed to thee;
 We're filled with conscious shame,
 And thank thee for thy care and love;
 Thy patience, which we richly prove,
 Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.

S. M.

439.

Tune 595.

TEACH me, my God and king,
 In all things thee to view;
 And what I do in anything,
 For thee alone to do.

- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to thee I tend;
 In all I do be thou the way,
 In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake;
 Nothing so small can be,
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done to obey thy laws,
 Even servile labors shine;
 Hallowed is toil; if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

C. M.

440.

Tune 14.

WHILE through this changing world we roam,
 From infancy to age,
 Heaven is the christian pilgrim's home,
 His rest at every stage.

2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
 Eternal joys to share ;
 There his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he kneels in prayer.

3 From earth his freed affections rise
 To fix on things above,
 Where all his hope of glory lies,
 And love is perfect love.

4 Oh ! there may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found,
 That still, where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.

5 Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne ;
 Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

8s & 7s.

441.

Tune 16.

JESUS, by the Holy Spirit
 May we all instructed be ;
 Sanctify us by the merit
 Of thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee truly ;
 Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
 And to every heart more fully
 Thy atoning power display.

3 Lead us so that we may honor
 Thee, the Lord our righteousness,
 And bring fruit to thee, the donor
 Of all gospel-truth and grace.

C. M.

442.

Tune 14.

OH, that the Lord would guide my ways,
 To keep his statutes still !

- Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And should I e'er forget thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

C. M.

443.

Tune 14.

- I ASK not honor, pomp or praise
By worldly men esteemed;
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeemed.
- 2 I wish as faithful christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to show,
That thou hast died for me.
- 3 Oh, grant me, through thy precious blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace:

Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works thee praise.

- 4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake.

C. M.

444.

Tune 14.

- OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

P. M.

445.

Tune 159

My case to thee is fully known,
On thee I cast my care ;
Dear Saviour, that thy will be done
In me, is all my prayer ;
Oh may I harbor in my breast
No thought that cannot bear the test,
When thou discover'st by thy light
To me what is not right.

- 2 Reality and solid ground,
Firm root in thee to gain ;
To feel thy precious blood hath drowned
Whatever gives thee pain :
'T is this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with thee,
Until my life is hid in thine,
Till thou art wholly mine.

P. M.

446.

Tune 159

How needful, strictly to inquire,
And ask our hearts each day,
"Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,
My thoughts and actions sway?
Am I a branch in Christ the vine?
Am I his own, and is he mine?
Do I by faith unto him cleave,
And to his honor live?"

- 2 The Spirit's witness, full and clear,
Will state the real case,
And either draw a contrite tear,
Or thanks unfeignéd raise ;
Hence will the consequence ensue,
That the full purpose we renew,
To run in faith the appointed race,
Supported by his grace.

L. M.

447.

Tune 22.

- O LORD, 'fore thee abased I fall,
And on thy name for mercy call;
The faults indeed are numberless,
Which humbly I to thee confess.
- 2 I give myself to thee anew,
My soul and body are thy due;
Form me into thy likeness here,
By means, or gentle, or severe.
- 3 Grant that I may henceforth to thee
More faithful and obedient be:
Oh may thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

8s, 7s & 4s.

448.

Tune 385.

- BLESSED Jesus, we implore thee,
Let us, cleansed and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before thee,
And in thee by faith abide;
Sanctified
Both in body and in mind.
- 2 Unto us thy name's sweet savor
Be as ointment poured forth;
In thine eyes may we find favor,
Though depraved and void of worth;
While thy banner
Over us, is love divine.
- 3 Now the conflict is decided,
We count all things else but loss;
What with thee our hearts divided
Now is nailed to thy cross:
We will glory
In the cross of Christ alone.
- 4 We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;

Oft resort unto the fountain,
 Opened when the Lord did bleed ;
 Thence deriving
 Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There, with trimméd lamps we'll tarry
 Till the Lord comes from on high,
 Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary,
 But await the midnight cry :
 Haste to meet him,
 Lo, the bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation
 May we sinners mercy find,
 Savéd with complete salvation,
 May not one be left behind ;
 As wise virgins,
 May we then before thee stand.

8s, 8s & 10s.

449.

Tune 97.

WHATE'ER I am, whate'er I do,
 'Tis grace I must ascribe it to ;
 This can alone my heart preserve ;
 For I'm so liable to swerve,
 That even the grace which thou to-day bestow'st,
 If not renewed, to-morrow might be lost.

C. M. D.

450.

Tune 190

THE worst of evils we can name
 Is an unfaithful heart ;
 May none amongst us from our Lord
 Be tempted to depart.
 Our human frailty need not lead
 Our souls from him astray ;
 For he the needful strength imparts
 To walk the narrow way.

7s.

451.

Tune 11.

MIGHTY God, we humbly pray,
Let thy power so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

2 Grant that all of us may prove
By obedience, faith, and love,
That our hearts to thee are given,
That our treasure is in heaven.

3 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as king o'er us he reigns,
And unrivalled sway maintains.

4 Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him who for us died,
Till with him we're glorified.

10s & 7s.

452.

Tune 183.

WITH new life endowed by Christ our Saviour,
May we to the world be dead ;
That great prize to gain be our endeavor,
Purchased when for us he bled ;
By his love constrained may we adore him,
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before him,
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resigned.

2 May we all be ever so disposéd
In our hearts by day and night,
As when, this life's period being closéd,
We to him shall take our flight ;
Or as when, released from condemnation,
We received the seal of our salvation,
And obtained through his blood,
Happiness and peace with God.

C. M.

453.

Tune 14.

OH for a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that always feels thy blood
 So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither death nor life can part
 From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And filled with love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

10s & 7s.

454.

Tune 183.

To the soul that seeks him Christ is gracious;
 They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,
 But experience him a God propitious;
 He the feeble doth sustain:
 Hungry souls he on rich pastures feedeth,
 Those who thirst, to living waters leadeth,
 Hears the needy sinner's cry,
 And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath he joined us with the church, sojourning
 Here on earth, may we abide
 With loins girt, feet shod, and lamps bright-
 burning,

As he comes to call his bride :
 Watching, praying, wrestling with temptation
 Waiting, hoping, looking for salvation,
 May we to the end endure,
 Making our election sure.

L. M.

455.

Tune 22.

- MY Saviour, that I without thee
 Can nothing do, rejoices me :
 For all the grace thou dost bestow,
 I fain my gratitude would show.
- 2 Though weak and poor, I am thine own ;
 All praise is due to thee alone,
 That thou, when humbly I appear
 'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.
- 3 When pride would stir within my breast,
 I find no happiness nor rest ;
 But, walking in humility,
 Have perfect peace and joy in thee.
- 4 Oh keep me contrite, low, and poor ;
 Thus shall I praise thee evermore ;
 Myself thrice blessed I can call,
 When I am nought and thou my all.

L. M.

456.

Tune 22

- MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
 To thee, its source, my spirit flies ;
 Oh turn to me thy cheering face :
 I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.
- 2 Deeply convinced of sin, I cry,
 In thy death, Saviour, let me die ;
 Oh may the world, may self and pride
 In me henceforth be crucified.
- 3 Take full possession of my heart,
 To me thy lowly mind impart ;

Break nature's bonds, and let me see;
He whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

- 4 My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence strays;
Oh, keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stayed upon thee, to thee resigned.
- 5 I know that nought in me avails,
Here all my strength and wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Saviour of lost men.
- 6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till in thy light the light I see;
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.
- 7 All my own schemes, each fond design,
I to thy better will resign;
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in thee am truly blest.
- 8 Then even in storms I thee shall know,
My sure support and refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove,
Assuredly, that God is love.

7s.

457.

Tune 11

CHILDREN of the heavenly king!
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!

- 2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land:

Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Onward then we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness:
Only, Lord, our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

5 Seal our love, our labors end;
Let us to thy bliss ascend;
Let us to thy kingdom come;
Lord, we long to be at home.

C. M.

458.

Tune 14.

DEAR Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

2 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

3 Oh cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy power;
Oh make me thy beloved abode,
And let me rove no more.

C. M.

459.

Tune 14.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirst alone for thee;
I long to enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.

2 For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask;
This is the total sum;
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit;
Oh let thy mercy come!

- 3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom thou with blood hast bought.
- 4 My faithless heart, O gracious Lord,
Correct with gentle hand;
In every danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.
- 5 Without thy favor while I live
Life but a burden is;
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.
- 6 Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray;
Impart to me thy grace,
That when this life is fled away,
In heaven I may have place.
-

BROTHERLY LOVE.

S. M.

460.

Tune 595.

- BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way,
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

C. M.

461.

Tune 14.

- OH let thy love our hearts constrain,
 Jesus, thou God of love ;
 The bond of peace let us maintain ;
 All discord far remove.
- 2 Us into closest union draw,
 And in our inward parts
 Write thou indelibly thy law ;
 Let love pervade our hearts.
- 3 Who would not now pursue the way,
 Where Jesus' footsteps shine ?
 Who would not own the pleasing sway
 Of charity divine ?
- 4 United firmly by thy grace,
 We shall thy followers prove ;
 The frowning world must then confess ;
 "See how these christians love."

8s & 7s.

462.

Tune 167.

GRANT, Lord, that with thy direction :
 "Love each other," we comply,

Aiming with unfeigned affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing;
Thus will all men plainly see,
That we, as on one stem growing,
Living branches are in thee.

- 2 Oh that such may be our union,
As thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
E'er forsake the path of bliss:
May our light 'fore men with brightness,
From thy light reflected, shine;
Thus the world will bear us witness,
That we, Lord, are truly thine.

C. M.

463.

Tune 14.

- How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When free from envy, scorn and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can a brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His spirit filled with love.

11s.

464.

Tune 39.

- WHAT brought us together, what joinéd our hearts?
 The pardon which Jesus, our high-priest, imparts:
 'Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ,
 Who are into one by the Spirit baptized.
- 2 Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,
 And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,
 In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
 And live in communion with Christ as our friend?
- 3 Oh yes, having found in the Lord our delight,
 He is our chief object by day and by night;
 This knits us together, no longer we roam,
 We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

8s & 7s.

465.

Tune 167.

- FLOCK of Jesus, be united,
 Covenant with him anew;
 By his love divine excited,
 Praise and serve him as 't is due:
 Oh that nothing whatsoever
 May relax this blessed tie;
 In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
 Grant us all stability.
- 2 With love's ardor to be firéd,
 Let us with each other vie;
 So that, should it be requiréd,
 For the brethren we could die:

Oh, what boundless love did Jesus
 To his enemies display !
 May his holy pattern teach us,
 How love ought to bear the sway.

3 Oh that we, his steps to follow,
 Mid affliction, scorn, and spite,
 And his sacred name to hallow,
 Did each other more excite :
 Every one stir up his brother
 To keep Jesus still in view,
 Thus encouraging each other
 His example to pursue.

4 Then the souls he joined together
 Will, according to his prayer,
 Be accepted of his Father,
 And his kind protection share :
 As thou art with him united,
 Lord, may we be one in thee,
 And, by genuine love excited,
 Serve each other willingly.

P. M.

466.

Tune 139.

WE in one covenant are joined,
 And one in Jesus are ;
 With voices and with hearts combined
 His praise we will declare :
 In doctrine and in practice one,
 We'll love and serve the Lord alone ;
 With one accord sound forth his praise,
 Till we shall see his face.

7s.

467.

Tune 11.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Show thyself the Prince of peace,
 Bid all strife for ever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove;
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Wholly like our blessed Lord.
- 4 Let us each for others care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church a pattern give,
Showing how believers live.

S. M.

468.

Tune 595.

- LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
 - 3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
 - 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
And every heart is love.

7s.

469.

Tune 581

'T is a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above,

Acting each a christian part,
One in lip, and one in heart.

- 2 Gently as the dews distill
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all ;
Such is christian union, shed
Through the members from the head.
- 3 Where divine affection lives,
There the Lord his blessing gives,
There his will on earth is done ;
There his heaven is half begun.
Lord, our great example prove,
Teach us all like thee to love.

7s.

470.

Tune 11.

- THEY who Jesus' followers are,
And enjoy his faithful care,
By a mutual, hearty love,
Their belief in Jesus prove.
- 2 From their being joined in one,
By the faith of God's dear Son,
Boundless blessings they receive,
And to Christ desire to live.
 - 3 None in his own wisdom trusts,
None of his attainments boasts ;
Each his brother doth esteem,
And himself the meanest deem.
 - 4 They're delighted, when they all,
With one voice on Jesus call ;
And when fitly, without strife,
Each his duty doth in life.
 - 5 Meek they are to all mankind,
To good offices inclined,
Ready, when reviled, to bless,
Studious of the public peace.

- 6 Tender pity, love sincere
To their enemies they bear ;
And, as Christ affords them light,
Order all their steps aright.
- 7 Jesus, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire ;
Thus will all in us perceive,
That we in thy name believe.
- 8 May it to the world appear,
That we thy disciples are,
By our loving mutually,
By our being one in thee. -

7s.

471.

Tune 11

- CHERISH us with kindest care,
Jesus, we thy brethren are,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone ;
To the end, oh love thine own.
- 2 As our head us move and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all thy mind fulfill.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Useful to each other be ;
Each the other's burden bear,
In his weal and woe take share.
- 4 If one member honored be,
All rejoice most heartily ;
If one suffer, all a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.
- 5 Closely joined to thee, our head,
Nourishéd by thee and fed,
Let us daily growth receive,
And with thee in union live.

P. M.

472.

Tune 139.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity
 In Jesus' ransomed fold,
 Joined by love's ever sacred tie,
 'Tis pleasant to behold :
 Like dew his grace on them descends,
 Yea, his rich blessing he commands
 Upon their going out to rest ;
 Their coming in is blest.

PATIENCE AND TRUST.

S. M.

473.

Tune 382.

- O GOD, thy name is love ;
 A Father's hand is thine ;
 With tearful eyes I look above,
 And cry, Thy will be mine !
- 2 I know thy will is right,
 Though it may seem severe ;
 Thy path is still unsullied light,
 Though dark it may appear.
- 3 Jesus for me hath died ;
 Thy Son thou didst not spare ;
 His piercé'd hands, his bleeding side,
 Thy love for me declare.
- 4 Here my poor heart can rest ;
 My God, it cleaves to thee :
 Thy will is love, thine end is best ;
 All work for good to me.

C. M.

474.

Tune 14

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

7s & 6s.

475.

Tune 151.

Is God my strong salvation,
No enemy I fear ;
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care :
If he, my head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain or what disaster
Can part me from his love ?

- 2 Of this I am persuaded ;
With joy I can declare,
His love to me ne'er faded,
He listens to my prayer ;

- He aid to me dispenses,
He stands at my right hand ;
Yea, when a storm advances,
'Tis calm at his command.
- 3 The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and his blood ;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good ;
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine, I cannot trust ;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.
- 4 His Spirit is the sovereign
Possessor of my heart ;
There he alone shall govern,
And slavish fear depart :
He gives his benediction,
Yea, helpeth me to cry
Abba, when in affliction,
With child-like fervency.
- 5 His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord :
Since after tribulation,
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation
To live with him above.
- 6 Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting rock ;
No temporal desolation
Shall give my love a shock :
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
Me from him separate.

P. M.

476.

Tune 139.

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,
With a believing mind :
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find :
Here in this world thou hast no home,
Nor lasting joy ; to Jesus come,
He is the pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

- 2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with him leave,
Whose love is daily new ;
His ways with thee are just and right,
He puts thy enemies to flight,
However threatening they appear ;
Take courage, he is near.
- 3 Thy closet enter, pray, and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief ;
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hands to give relief ;
Though men forsake thee, hate and grieve,
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is passed, he'll aid afford ;
Rely upon the Lord.
- 4 Lift up thy heart to him on high,
And leave this sordid earth ;
Behold with a believing eye
God's excellence and worth ;
Devote thy life, thy all to him,
Who did thy soul from death redeem,
In love to thee the cross endured,
And life for thee procured.
- 5 Arise and seek the things above ;
Let heaven be all thy aim,

Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
 And earth and sin disclaim ;
 The world and all its empty joy
 His potent breath will once destroy ;
 Abiding rest and peace of mind
 In Christ alone we find.

C. M.

477.

Tune 593.

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal love,
 Immeasurably kind,
 To his unerring, gracious will
 Be every wish resigned.

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good,
 Nor less when he denies ;
 E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
 Are blessings in disguise.

3 Whate'er I ask, I surely know
 And steadfastly believe,
 He will the thing desired bestow,
 Or else a better give.

4 To thee I therefore, Lord, submit
 My every fond request,
 And own, adoring at thy feet,
 Thy will is always best.

7s.

478.

Tune 203.

IF to Jesus for relief
 My poor soul hath fled by prayer,
 Why should I give way to grief,
 Or to heart-consuming care ?
 Are not all things in his hand,
 Has he not the promise passed ?
 Will he then regardless stand,
 Will he let me sink at last ?

- 2 While I know, his providence
Still disposeth each event ;
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
Shall I yield to discontent ?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array ;
Can he see a child in need,
From me turn his eye away ?
- 3 When his name was quite unknown,
And while sin my life employed ;
Then he watched me as his own,
Or I must have been destroyed :
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I'm reconciled ;
Would he spare me while a foe,
Now to leave me when a child ?
- 4 If he all my wants supplied,
When I still disdained to pray ;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can Jesus answer nay ?
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought ;
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which himself in me hath wrought ?
5. If he shed his precious blood,
Me to bring to his blest fold ;
Can I think, that meaner good
He will e'er from me withhold ?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assured ;
In that great redemption-price
I now see the whole secured.

COMMIT thou every grievance
Into his faithful hands,

To his sure care and guidance,
 Who heaven and earth commands ;
 For he, the clouds' director,
 Whom winds and seas obey,
 Will be thy kind protector,
 And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,
 So shalt thou safe go on ;
 Build on his grace and favor,
 So shall thy work be done :
 Thou canst make no advances
 By self-consuming care ;
 But he his help dispenses,
 When called upon by prayer.

3 My soul, then, with assurance
 Hope still, be not dismayed ;
 He will from each encumbrance
 Again lift up thy head :
 Beyond thy wish extended
 His goodness will appear,
 When he hath fully ended
 What caused thy needless fear.

L. M. D.

480.

Tune 166.

'MID stormy days and nights of fear,
 My anxious soul on thee would rest ;
 My Jesus, when wilt thou draw near
 To heal the sorrows of my breast ?
 O Saviour, till my tearful eye
 Shall draw from thee the promised peace ;
 Until the waves of misery
 At thine almighty word shall cease :

2 Till then, though clouds inclose me round,
 And darkness hide thee from my sight,
 Mine ear shall listen for the sound
 Of thy dear footsteps in the night ;

Thus waiting till the morn appear
 When thou upon my soul shalt rise,
 And with sweet words of promise cheer,
 And heal my wounds, and dry my eyes.

8s & 7s.

481.

Tune 167.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;
 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noon-day wasting,
 From the noisome pestilence
 In the depth of midnight blasting,
 God shall be thy sure defence ;
 Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
 When a thousand feel the blow ;
 Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
 Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since, with pure and warm affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection
 He will shield thee from above ;
 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
 He will hearken, he will save ;
 Here, for grief, reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

7s.

482.

Tune 205

'T is my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

Trials must and will befall ;
 But, with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

2 God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No correction by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away ?
 Worldlings may escape the rod,
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight ;
 But the true-born child of God
 Must not, would not, if he might.

7s.

483.

Tune 11

HEAVENLY Father, to whose eye
 Future things unfolded lie,
 Through the desert where I stray,
 Let thy counsel guide my way.

2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
 Where fierce trials would assail ;
 Leave me not, in darkened hour,
 To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Save me from his treacherous wiles,
 Arm me against pleasure's smiles,
 Give me, for my spirit's health,
 Neither poverty nor wealth.

4 Help thy servant to maintain
 A profession free from stain,

That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing thee.

5 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way,
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

6 All I ask for is, enough ;
Only, when the way is rough,
Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart.

7 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,
Father, glorify thy name !

8 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near,
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to thee, my God.

7s & 6s.

484.

Tune 9.

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee down ?
Perils or temptation ?
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong salvation ?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour ;
He who death for thee endured,
Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to him every want,
Yea, whate'er may grieve thee ;
If for comfort thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus ;

In his presence thou art blest,
He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him, whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6 Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favor;
He will be thy great reward
And thy shield for ever.

8s & 7s.

485.

Tune 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succession,
Bright and gloomy days are seen;
Yonder, without variation,
Skies unclouded and serene;
Sufferings here are transitory,
Light are ev'n the most severe,
Set against the weight of glory,
Which awaits the conqueror there.

2 Though by threatening storms surrounded,
Or oppressed by pain and grief,
This poor heart is not confounded,
For in God I find relief;
On his powerful arm reclining,
I affliction's load sustain,
Bear the cross without repining,
Till the glorious crown I gain.

C. M.

486.

Tune 14.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this
Sincere petition rise:

- 2 "Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

C. M.

487.

Tune 14.

- WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

L. M.

488.

Tune 90

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled
By those that shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

8s & 7s.

489.

Tune 16.

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm ;
Yet no danger need appall us,
If our Saviour guide the helm,

- 2 If with willing resignation,
 Free from care we acquiesce
 In his ways, his consolation
 Will alleviate our distress.
- 3 God is mighty to deliver,
 None his power can withstand ;
 In all trials whatsoever,
 He will be our gracious friend.
- 4 When his hour strikes for relieving,
 Help breaks forth amazingly,
 And, to shame our anxious grieving,
 Often unexpectedly.

8s, 7s & 4s.

490.

Tune 585.

- O MY soul, what means this sadness,
 Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?
 Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
 Bid thy restless fears begone ;
 Look to Jesus,
 And rejoice in his great name.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
 From without and from within,
 Jesus saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
 But will save from hell and sin ;
 He is faithful
 To perform his gracious word.
- 3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread the thorny road,
 His right hand shall still defend thee,
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God ;
 Therefore praise him,
 Praise the dear Redeemer's name.

11s.

491.

Tune 39.

BEGONE, unbelief ! for my Saviour is near,
 And for my relief he will surely appear ;

By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way, yet since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and 't is his to provide ;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all
fail,
The word he hath spoken will surely prevail.
- 3 His love in times past me forbiddeth to think,
He 'll leave me at last unrelievéd to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.
- 4 Why should I complain then of want or dis-
tress,
Temptation or pain ? for he told me no less ;
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their
Lord.
- 5 How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners
might live ;
His way was much rougher and darker than
mine :
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 6 Since all that I meet with shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet and the medicine is food ;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before
long,
And then oh how pleasant the conqueror's
song.

BE still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;

- They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to care?
How canst thou want, if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first before his mercy-seat
Thou didst thy all to him commit,
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble thee befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He that hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home apace to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

L. M.

493.

Tune 22.

GOD of my life, on thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?

Doth not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

8s, 7s & 7s.

494.

Tune 89.

YES, since God himself hath said it,
On his promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong and can fulfill,
He is truth and therefore will.

- 2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinned but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

7s

495.

Tune 203.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,
To the everlasting hills;
Thence I draw divine supplies,
Thus my soul new vigor fills:
Faithful is his promised word;
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
Given by him, the sovereign Lord,
Who hath made both earth and heaven.

- 2 Not the powers of earth or hell
 E'er thy guardian can surprise;
 Careless slumber cannot steal
 Over his all-seeing eyes:
 He is Israel's sure defence;
 Israel all his care shall prove;
 Kept by watchful providence,
 Borne by ever-waking love.
- 3 Thee, on evil's baleful day,
 Scorching sun shall never smite;
 Nor the moon with chilling ray
 Ever blast thee through the night:
 Safe from known or secret foes,
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
 When the flesh, earth, hell oppose,
 God shall keep thee safe from all.

7s & 6s.

496.

Tune 391 or 132

- To the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills:
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
 My soul the Spirit feels;
 Will he not his help afford?
 Help, while yet I ask, is given;
 God comes down, the God and Lord
 Who made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray, always pray,
 And still in God confide;
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,
 Nor suffer thee to slide:
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
 He thy quiet spirit keeps;
 Rest in him, securely rest;
 Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
 Thy keeper can surprise;

Careless slumbers cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes ;
 He is Israel's sure defence ;
 Israel all his care shall prove ;
 Kept by watchful providence
 And ever-waking love.

- 4 See the Lord, thy keeper, stand
 Omnipotently near :
 Lo ! he holds thee by the hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.
- 5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin :
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Filled with wisdom, love, and power ;
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth, and evermore.

7s.

497.

Tune 11

- "As thy day, thy strength shall be!"
 This should be enough for thee ;
 He who knows thy frame will spare
 Burdens more than thou canst bear.
- 2 When thy days are veiled in night,
 Christ shall give thee heavenly light ;
 Seem they wearisome and long,
 Yet in him thou shalt be strong.
- 3 Cold and wintry though they prove,
 Thine the sunshine of his love ;
 Or with fervid heat oppress,
 In his shadow thou shalt rest.

- 4 When thy days on earth are past,
 Christ shall call thee home at last,
 His redeeming love to praise,
 Who hath strengthened all thy days.

11s & 10s.

498.

- COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish,
 Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel :
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
 your anguish ;
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot
 heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name,
 saying,
 Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot
 cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, boundless
 in love :
 Come to the feast prepared ; come, ever
 knowing,
 Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can re-
 move.

5s, 8s & 5s.

499.

Tune 68.

- JESUS ! still lead on,
 Till our rest be won ;
 And although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless ;
 Guide us by thy hand
 To our fatherland.
- 2 If the way be drear,
 If the foe be near,

Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
 Let not faith and hope forsake us;
 For through many a foe
 To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
 From a long-felt grief,
 When temptations come alluring,
 Make us patient and enduring,
 Show us that bright shore
 Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus! still lead on
 Till our rest be won;
 Heavenly leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.

8s, 7s & 4s.

500.

Tune 383.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand:
 Bread of heaven!
 Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong deliverer!
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction!
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

11s.

501.

Tune 39.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word !
What more can he say, than to you he hath
said ;

You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

2 " Fear not, I am with thee, oh ! be not dis-
mayed ;

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When, through the deep waters, I call thee
to go,

The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall
lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 E'en down to old age all my people shall
prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor
to shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

C. M.

502.

Tune 14.

LORD! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

6s.

503.

Tune 38

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned;
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

- 2 There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side ;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

S. M.

504.

Tune 593.

- My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.
- 2 In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest ;
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;

Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

- 4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

11s.

505.

Tune 39.

THE Lord is my shepherd ; no want shall I
know ;
I feed in green pastures ; safe folded I rest ;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
opprest.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
stay ;
No harm shall befall with my comforter
near.

- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
With blessings unmeasured my cup run-
neth o'er ;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my
head ;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence
more ?

- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above ;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers
trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy
kingdom of love.

8s, 6s & 8s.

506.

Tune 79.

"FATHER, thy will, not mine, be done!"
 So prayed on earth thy suffering Son,
 So in his name I pray :
 The spirit fails, the flesh is weak ;
 Thy help in agony I seek ;
 Oh, take the cup of woe away.

- 2 If such be not thy sovereign will,
 Thy wiser purpose then fulfill ;
 My wishes I resign ;
 Into thy hands my soul commend,
 On thee for life or death depend ;
 Thy will be done, not mine, not mine.

S. M.

507.

Tune 593.

- WHEN sorrow and remorse
 Prey at my heart, to thee
 I look, who on the holy cross
 Wast slain for wretched me.
- 2 Thy passion, Lord, inspires
 My spirit day by day,
 That I from all low, dark desires
 Have strength to flee away.
- 3 Whate'er the burden be,
 The cross upon me laid,
 Or want or shame, I look to thee :
 Be thou, O Christ, my aid.
- 4 And let thy sorrows cheer
 My soul when I depart ;
 Give strength to cast away all fear,
 Console, sustain my heart.
- 5 Since thou hast died for me,
 Help me to trust thy grace,
 That thou wilt take me up to thee,
 Where I shall see thy face.

8s, 7s & 4s.

508.

Tune 585.

- LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee;
 Yet possessing every blessing,
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness thou dost know;
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy;
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

C. M.

509.

Tune 593.

- OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh help us, Lord, the more!
- 3 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe!
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh help us, Jesus, from on high!
 We know no help but thee:

Oh help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

C. M.

510.

Tune 14.

- O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me!
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee;
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good, remember me!
- 4 Distrest with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree:
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me!
- 6 And when before thy throne I stand
And lift my soul to thee:
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me!

S. M.

511.

Tune 393.

IN weariness and pain,
By sins and fears opprest,
I turn me to my rest again,
My soul's eternal rest:

- 2 The Lamb that died for me,
 And still my load doth bear ;
 To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,
 And find my quiet there.
- 3 Jesus, was ever grief,
 Was ever love like thine ?
 Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
 Thy life hath ransomed mine.
- 4 Oh may I rise with thee,
 And soar to things above,
 And spend a blest eternity
 In praise of dying love.

6s.

512.

Tune 35

- I DID thee wrong, my God ;
 I wronged thy truth and love ;
 I fretted at the rod,
 Against thy power I strove.
 Come nearer, nearer still ;
 Let not thy light depart ;
 Bend, break this stubborn will,
 Dissolve this iron heart.
- 2 Less wayward let me be,
 More pliable and mild ;
 In glad simplicity
 More like a trustful child.
 Less, less of self each day,
 And more, my God, of thee ;
 Oh keep me in the way,
 However rough it be.
- 3 Less of the flesh each day,
 Less of the world and sin ;
 More of thy Son, I pray,
 More of thyself within.
 More moulded to thy will,
 Lord, let thy servant be ;

Higher and higher still,
Liker and liker thee.

7s.

513.

Tune 11.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word ;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid :
“ It is I, be not afraid.”

3 Cast thy burden at his feet ;
Linger at his mercy-seat :
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour ;
Lean then, loving, on his word ;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

P. M.

514.

Tune 199.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

Ask ye, who is this same?
 Christ Jesus is his name,
 The Lord Sabaoth's Son,
 He and no other one
 Shall conquer in the battle.

- 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
 And watching to devour us,
 We lay it not to heart so sore,
 Not they can overpower us.
 And let the prince of ill
 Look grim as e'er he will,
 He harms us not a whit:
 For why? his doom is writ,
 One little word shall slay him.
- 4 That word, for all their craft and force,
 One moment will not linger,
 But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
 'Tis written by his finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small;
 These things shall vanish all,
 The kingdom ours remaineth.

C. M.

515.

Tune 593

- ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one,
 When I am wholly thine;
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
 In thee I firmly trust;
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee
 Whate'er I have I owe;

And back, in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?

No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

C. M.

516.

Tune 14.

How condescending 't is, that he
Who worlds to being spake,
One promise unto worthless me
Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,
And who can doubt his truth?
He'll lead me on throughout my race,
To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love?
A covenant firm and sure;
Hills may depart, and mountains move,
And yet it shall endure.

4 'Tis, that the kindness of our God
Shall ne'er from us depart,
That equally his smile or rod
Displays his loving heart;

5 That he will guide us, whom no power
Nor craft can e'er withstand,
That not temptation's darkest hour
Shall wrest us from his hand;

6 That truth and mercy, while we've breath,
Shall compass us around,

And that with him shall after death
Our glorious lot be found.

7 In all distress to him I'll cry,
I'll humbly trust his word;
Nothing I ask will he deny,
For is he not my Lord?

8 Oh the rich blessings which accrue
To all who love his name;
His gifts are every morning new,
His bounty still the same.

6s, 7s & 6s.

517.

Tune 146.

FORSAKE me not, my God,
Thou God of my salvation!
Give me thy light, to be
My sure illumination.
My soul to folly turns,
Seeking she knows not what;
Oh lead her to thyself;
My God, forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not, my God!
Take not thy Spirit from me,
And suffer not the might
Of sin to overcome me.
A father pitieth
The children he begot;
My Father, pity me!
My God, forsake me not!

3 Forsake me not, my God,
Thou God of life and power!
Enliven, strengthen me,
In every evil hour;
And when the sinful fire
Within my heart is hot,
Be not thou far from me:
My God, forsake me not!

- 4 Forsake me not, my God !
 Uphold me in my going,
 That evermore I may
 Please thee in all well-doing ;
 And that thy will, O Lord,
 May never be forgot
 In all my works and ways :
 My God, forsake me not !
- 5 Forsake me not, my God !
 I would be thine forever ;
 Confirm me mightily
 In every right endeavor ;
 And when my hour is come,
 Cleansed from all stain and spot
 Of sin, receive my soul :
 My God, forsake me not !

S. M.

518.

Tune 395

- “ My times are in thy hand ! ”
 My God, I wish them there ;
 My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
 Entirely to thy care.
- 2 “ My times are in thy hand ! ”
 Whatever they may be,
 Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 “ My times are in thy hand ! ”
 Why should I doubt or fear ?
 My Father's love will never cause
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 “ My times are in thy hand ! ”
 Jesus, the crucified !
 The hand my many sins have pierced,
 Is now my guard and guide.
- 5 “ My times are in thy hand ! ”
 Jesus, my advocate ;

Nor shall thine hand be raised in vain,
For me to supplicate.

- 6 "My times are in thy hand!"
I'll always trust in thee;
Till I have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see.
-

WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

L. M.

519.

Tune 22

- STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great captain's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

S. M.

520.

Tune 593.

- MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

7s & 6s.

521.

Tune 151.

REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The bridegroom is at hand.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever,
When sorrow is no more;
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before him
Your diadems of gold.

- 4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesus! now appear;
 Arise, thou sun so longed for!
 O'er this benighted sphere;
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord! to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 That brings us unto thee.

S. M.

522.

Tune 593.

- YE servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heavenly word,
 And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
 And while we speak, he's near;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,
 And be with honor crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With his own royal hand,
 And raise that faithful servant's head
 Amid the angelic band.

S. M.

523.

Tune 593.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
 This slumber from my soul;
 Say to me now, Awake, awake!
 And Christ shall make thee whole.

- 2 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 3 For each assault prepared,
And ready may I be ;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.
- 4 Thou seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
- 5 Cause me to trust in thee,
Be thou my sure abode ;
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.
- 6 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.
- 7 My soul to thee alone
Now, therefore, I commend ;
Thou Jesus, having loved thine own,
Shalt love me to the end.

8s & 7s.

524.

Tune 16

EARTHLY joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.

- 2 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above,
Bids us look for his appearing,
Bids us triumph in his love.

- 3 May our lights be always burning,
 And our loins be girded round,
 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Longing for the welcome sound.
- 4 Thus the christian life adorning,
 Never will we be afraid,
 Should he come at night or morning,
 Early dawn or evening shade.

L. M.

525.

Tune 22.

- UPHOLD me, Lord, too prone to stray,
 Uphold me in thy narrow way;
 From sin and folly bid me flee,
 And turn from all who turn from thee.
- 2 The cloud and pillar of thy word,
 Be this my guide, my comfort, Lord,
 By day, by night, at hand to bless,
 And lead me through the wilderness.

8s & 7s.

526.

Tune 167.

To belong to Christ our Saviour,
 Christian, what doth this imply?
 Constantly to seek his favor,
 Ever watching faithfully;
 To implore his kind direction
 Day by day in all we do;
 To confide in his protection,
 Freed from every earthly view.

6s & 5s.

527.

Tune 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,
 Through electing grace,
 'Mid thy ransomed people
 Have obtained a place;

Lord, may we be faithful
 To our covenant found,
 To thee, as our shepherd,
 And thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled,
 Own we're oft to blame,
 This abides our comfort,
 Thou art still the same :
 In thee all the needy
 Have a friend most dear,
 Whose love and forbearance
 Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition
 We present to thee,
 Whose unbounded mercy
 Is our only plea :
 All that is displeasing
 Unto thee, forgive ;
 More to thy name's glory
 May we henceforth live.

 CONFLICT.

C. M.

528.

Tune 593.

OH for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe ;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But in the hour of grief or pain
 Will lean upon its God ;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without,

- That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt ;
- 4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray .
Lights up a dying bed.
- 5 Lord ! give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

8s, 8s & 6s.

529.

Tune 80.

- OFt when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep,
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light
To cheer the lonely deep.
- 2 But lo, in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea !
E'en now he passes by !
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, " Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 't is I."
- 3 Ah, Lord, if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save ;
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to thee,
Swift walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come ! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock :
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

- 5 Come in, come in, thou Prince of peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise ;
Oh, if thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

L. M.

530.

Tune 22.

- If father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or aught in life
Delude thy heart, and thou no more
Dost follow Jesus as before ;
- 2 His words with due attention hear :
“ My cross whoever will not bear,
And all forsake to follow me,
He cannot my disciple be.”
- 3 First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust ;
If we on him alone depend,
He 'mid all trials proves our friend.
- 4 If once the plough in hand we take,
Preserve us, Lord, from looking back ;
Oh let us, through thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.
- 5 On those who faithful prove to death,
And show by works of love their faith,
A crown of life thou once wilt place,
Before thy Father them confess.

8s & 7s.

531.

Tune 16.

Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious ;
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.
- 3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Conqueror now he lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.
- 4 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith ;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Even in martyrdom and death.
- 5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation,
Are our honorable crowns ;
Shame is our glorification,
Gloomy dungeons are our thrones.

7s.

532.

Tune 11

- HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God !
Foes, like armed bands, increase ;
Turn them back the way they trod.
- 2 Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail ;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise till flesh and spirit fail.
- 3 Those that seek thee shall rejoice ;
I am bowed with misery,
Yet I make thy law my choice ;
Turn, my God, and look on me.
- 4 Thou mine only helper art,
My redeemer from the grave ;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save.

7s.

533.

Tune 203.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
 Fight we must, but should not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,
 One that loves us to the end.
 Forward, then, with courage go;
 Long we shall not dwell below;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home!"

- 2 In the way a thousand snares
 Lie, to take us unawares;
 Satan, with malicious art,
 Watches each unguarded part:
 But, from Satan's malice free,
 Saints shall soon victorious be;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home!"
- 3 But of all the foes we meet,
 None so oft mislead our feet,
 None betray us into sin
 Like the foes that dwell within;
 Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
 Christ shall also conquer these;
 Soon the joyful news will come,
 "Child, your Father calls, come home!"

L. M.

534.

Tune 22.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

- 2 Run the straight race through God's good
 grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

- 3 Cast care aside, upon thy guide
 Lean, and his mercy will provide ;
 Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
- 4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
 He changeth not, and thou art dear :
 Only believe, and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee.

7s.

535.

Tune 11

- FAINT not, christian ! though the road,
 Leading to thy blest abode,
 Darksome be, and dangerous too,
 Christ thy guide will bring thee through.
- 2 Faint not, christian ! though in rage
 Satan would thy soul engage,
 Gird on faith's anointed shield,
 Bear it to the battle-field.
- 3 Faint not, christian ! though the world
 Has its hostile flag unfurled
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
 Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, christian ! though within
 There's a heart so prone to sin ;
 Christ, the Lord, is over all ;
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, christian ! Jesus near
 Soon in glory will appear ;
 And his love will then bestow
 Power to conquer every foe.
- 6 Faint not, christian ! look on high ;
 See the harpers in the sky :
 Patient wait, and thou wilt join—
 Chant with them of love divine.

S. M.

536.

Tune 582.

- MOURN for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong ;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
 And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem ;
 For reason's light divine,
 Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
 Where God hath bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul ;
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost : but call,
 Call to the strong, the free ;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost : but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

C. M.

537.

Tune 14

- 'Tis thine alone, almighty name !
 To raise the dead to life,
 The lost inebriate to reclaim
 From passion's fearful strife.
- 2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought !
 How widely roll its waves !
 How many myriads hath it brought
 To fill dishonored graves !
- 3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
 Are maddened by the bowl ;
 Led captive, at the tyrant's will,
 In bondage, heart and soul !

- 4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our king!
 And break the galling chain;
 Deliverance to the captive bring,
 And end the usurper's reign.
- 5 The cause of temperance is thine own;
 Our plans and efforts bless;
 We trust, O Lord, in thee alone,
 To crown them with success.

7s, 8s & 7s.

538.

Tune 83.

- JESUS Christ, thou leading-star,
 Thy great name we praise and hallow;
 From believers be it far
 Any other guide to follow;
 Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
 Wilt direct our steps aright.
- 2 Christians are not here below
 To enjoy earth's transient treasure;
 After Christ they're called to go,
 His reproach they count a pleasure;
 Under manifold distress,
 Through the narrow gate they press.

8s, 7s & 6s.

539.

Tune 164

- How great at last my joy will be,
 If I have faithful provéd
 To Christ, and 'mid adversity
 Till my last breath him lovéd;
 They who reproach here bear,
 In heaven a crown shall wear;
 Who follow Christ are truly blest,
 For they with him shall ever rest.

P. M.

540.

Tune 139

- WE covenant with hand and heart,
 To follow Christ, our Lord;

With world, and sin, and self to part,
 And to obey his word ;
 To love each other heartily,
 In truth and in sincerity,
 And under cross, reproach and shame,
 To glorify his name.

PRAYER.

S. M.

541.

Tune 393.

- BEHOLD the throne of grace,
 The promise calls me near,
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
 Which sprinkled round I see,
 Provides for those who come to God
 An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
 Thou canst not be too bold ;
 Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
 What else can he withhold ?
- 4 Beyond thy utmost wants
 His love and power can bless ;
 To praying souls he always grants
 More than they can express.
- 5 Since 't is the Lord's command,
 My mouth I open wide :
 Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
 That I may be supplied.
- 6 My soul, believe and pray,
 Without a doubt believe :
 Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
 We surely shall receive.

- 7 Here stands the promise fair,
 For God can not repent,
 To fervent, persevering prayer,
 He 'll every blessing grant.

C. M.

542.

Tune 14.

- PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
 The christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, " Behold he prays !"
- 6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
 The life, the truth, the way !
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord ! teach us how to pray.

L. M.

543.

Tune 22

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy seat ;

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah, think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

C. M.

544.

Tune 14.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright :
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
Oh grant us power to pray !
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,

- Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?
- 4 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts :
- 5 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live :
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone :
- 7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay :
- 8 Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

7s.

545.

Tune 11

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin ;

Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew :
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

L. M. D.

546.

Tune 166.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known ;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight ;

This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

8s & 7s.

547.

Tune 16.

ALL alone, and yet not lonely,
 I'll converse with God my friend;
 Now from worldly cares withdrawing
 I my time in prayer will spend.

- 2 Oh how blessed are the moments,
 When the Lord himself draws near,
 When I feel his gracious presence,
 And he listens to my prayer.

S. M.

548.

Tune 593.

O THOU who hearest prayer,
 The God of power and might;
 To seek thy face be all our care,
 And our supreme delight.

- 2 O God of grace and love,
 Regard us from thy throne;
 Send down to us the heavenly dove,
 And seal us as thine own.

- 3 We have no other trust,
 But thy dear sacrifice;
 Our hope, thou holy one and just,
 Thou never wilt despise.

- 4 Sinful, we plead thy blood;
 Weak, we implore thy power;
 Saviour, remember us for good
 In danger's trying hour.

- 5 Come with thy saving strength,
 With healing virtue come;

And let thy guiding hand at length
Conduct us safely home.

- 6 Till, saved from all annoy
Of earthly fear and strife,
We enter into endless joy,
And everlasting life.

L. M.

549.

Tune 22.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should christians pray :
They learn to pray when first they live.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject ; if sin distress ;
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak ;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak ;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him : thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not : his merits must prevail ;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

L. M.

550.

Tune 22

MY God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer, the hour of prayer ?

- 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave, the world I leave.

- 3 Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven, with hopes of heaven.
- 4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
Here for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind ! what peace of mind !
- 5 Hushed is each doubt ; gone, every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away, is wiped away.
- 6 Lord ! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee, in prayer to thee.

8s & 7s.

551.

Tune 167.

- WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear ;
What a privilege, to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit ;
Oh, what needless pain we bear ;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged :
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness :
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge:
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

7s, 6s & 8s.

552.

Tune 79.

LORD, our high-priest and Saviour,
 Pour fire and spirit's fervor
 On all our priestly bands;
 When we are interceding,
 And for thy people pleading,
 Give incense, and hold up our hands.

7s, 8s & 7s.

553.

Tune 83.

- FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship
 Offer fervent supplication;
 Whether to rejoice or weep
 We may now have most occasion:
 When the lips no more can pray,
 Sighs will find to him their way.
- 2 O may he so sensibly
 Bless us with his grace and favor,
 That in deep humility
 We may joy in God our Saviour,
 Then will he, in mercy, grant
 All we weep for, all we want.
- 3 May his presence constantly
 Yield us peace and consolation,
 In the certain hope that he
 Will regard our supplication,
 Grant our prayers, and much more give
 Than we're able to conceive.

- 4 This be our supreme delight,
 To remain in closest union
 With our Lord both day and night,
 And enjoy his sweet communion ;
 This our heaven while here we stay,
 Him to love, serve, and obey.

C. M.

554.

Tune 14.

- THERE is an eye that never sleeps
 Beneath the wing of night ;
 There is an ear that never shuts,
 When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,
 When human strength gives way ;
 There is a love that never fails,
 When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;
 That arm upholds the sky ;
 That ear is filled with angel songs ;
 That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there 's a power which man can wield,
 When mortal aid is vain,
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
 That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
 Through Jesus, to the throne,
 And moves the hand which moves the world,
 To bring salvation down.

S. M.

555.

Tune 595.

PRAY, without ceasing, pray !
 Your captain gives the word :
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord.

- 2 To God your every want
In instant prayer display ;
Pray always ; pray, and never faint :
Pray, without ceasing, pray.
- 3 His mercy now implore,
And now show forth his praise ;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.
- 4 From strength to strength go on ;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers—"Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

7s.

556.

Tune 11.

- THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
 - 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
 - 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer :
God is present everywhere.

S. M.

557.

Tune 595.

OUR Lord, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray, and never faint.

- 2 He bows his gracious ear,
 We never plead in vain ;
 Yet we must wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus the Lord will hear
 His chosen when they cry ;
 Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 4 His nature, truth, and love
 Engage him on their side ;
 When they are grieved, his mercies move :
 And can they be denied ?
- 5 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer ;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause his care.

L. M.

558.

Tune 22.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads,
 A place, than all besides, more sweet ;
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

- 4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
 And time, and sense seem all no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat!
- 5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget the mercy-seat.

8s, 7s & 4s.

559.

Tune 585.

- JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
 Bend from heaven thy gracious ear,
 While our waiting souls adore thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!
- 2 Taught by thine unerring Spirit,
 Boldly we draw nigh to God,
 Only in thy spotless merit,
 Only through thy precious blood:
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!
- 3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
 From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!
- 4 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
 In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!
- 5 In the weary hours of sickness,
 In the times of grief and pain,

When we feel our mortal weakness,
 When the creature's help is vain,
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord!

- 6 In the solemn hour of dying,
 In the awful judgment day,
 May our souls, on thee relying,
 Find thee still our rock and stay,
 By thy mercy,
 Oh deliver us, good Lord.

L. M.

560.

Tune 22.

ATTEND, O Saviour, to our prayer;
 All things by thy appointment are;
 We thee confess the sovereign Lord,
 Thy name be everywhere adored.

- 2 Thou who on earth the sick didst heal,
 And to the poor thy love reveal,
 Oh comfort, by a look from thee,
 All who are now in misery.
- 3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;
 Might all but know thy holy will;
 Subdue all pride and stubbornness,
 O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.
- 4 Preserve by thy almighty aid
 Those who have thee their refuge made;
 Grant that, in all things free from blame,
 In meekness they may praise thy name.

L. M.

561.

Tune 22.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great high-priest our nature wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.

- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows bears a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrow known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

10s & 7s.

562.

Tune 185.

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy congregation,
Bless each class and family;
Bless the youth, the rising generation,
Bless the children dear to thee:
Bless thy servants, grant them grace and
unction,
That they may with care discharge their
function;
Lord on thee we humbly call,
Let thy blessing rest on all.

7s.

563.

Tune 205.

JESUS, hear our fervent prayer,
Own thy people, seal us thine:
Thee to obey from day to day
By thy Spirit us incline:

Us forever bless and keep,
Mark us as thy chosen sheep,
From thy fullness to us grant
Every grace and gift we want.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

P. M.

564.

Tune 132.

ALL glory to the sovereign good,
And Father of compassion,
To God, our help and sure abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings every day,
And takes our griefs and fears away :
Give to our God the glory.

- 2 In my distress I raised with faith
To God my supplication ;
My Saviour rescued me from death,
And gave me consolation ;
This makes me with both heart and voice
Before the God of grace rejoice :
Give to our God the glory.
- 3 Ye who profess his sacred name,
Give to our God the glory ;
Ye who his power know and proclaim,
Give to our God the glory ;
Rejoice from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, is God indeed :
Give to our God the glory.
- 4 Now then before his face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving ;
With awe his holy name revere,
And join with all the living
To extol the wonders he hath wrought,
His mighty deeds, surpassing thought :
Give to our God the glory.

6s, 7s & 6s.

565.

Tune 146.

Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given ;
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven ;
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore :
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

8s & 7s.

566.

Tune 167.

WORSHIP, honor, power, and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright, angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

6s, 7s & 7s.

567.

Tune 341.

- THOU, Jesus, art our king ;
Thy ceaseless praise we sing :
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.
- 2 Thou art the eternal light,
That shines in deepest night :
Wondering gazed the angelic train,
While thou bow'dst the heavens beneath,
God with God wast man with man,
Man to save from endless death.
- 3 Thou for our griefs didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne :
All our sins on thee were laid ;
Thou, with unexampled grace,
All the mighty debt hast paid,
Due from Adam's helpless race.
- 4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fixed below :
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast opened wide ;
Thou thine own dost lead secure,
And to life eternal guide.
- 5 Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthroned on high ;
Prostrate at thy feet we fall :
Power supreme to thee is given,
As the righteous judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.
- 6 The seraphim in light
To sound thy praise unite ;
All their choirs thy glories sing :
Who shall dare with thee to vie,

Mighty Lord, eternal king,
Sovereign both of earth and sky?

- 7 The venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men,
And the apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength they faithful proved,
Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death they loved.
- 8 The church, through all her bounds,
With thy high praise resounds ;
The confessors fearless here
Boldly praise their heavenly king ;
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.
- 9 'Mid danger's blackest frown
Thee hosts of martyrs own ;
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly trusting in their God ;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
Sealing thus their faith with blood.
- 10 Arise, exert thy power,
Thou glorious conqueror :
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race ;
That with thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

C. M.

568.

Tune 14

I'LL praise thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise, and might.

- 2 Thou art the eternal source of grace,
The source of lasting bliss ;
From thee unto the human race
Flows all true happiness.

- 3 What are we? what do we possess,
While here on earth below,
Which thy great love and tenderness
Do not on us bestow?
- 4 On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all;
Thou keepest watch around our coasts,
Protecting great and small.
- 5 Thy chastisements are nought but love:
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'T is thy delight to bless.
- 6 Why need we mourn, as in despair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we'll cast our every care,
Who gave us life and light.
- 7 God never yet mistakes hath made
In his vast government;
No, what he doth permit or aid
Is blest in the event.
- 8 Then murmur not, but be resigned
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt find,
My soul, in being still.

6s, 7s & 6s.

569.

Tune 146.

Now let us praise the Lord
With body, soul and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who from our mother's arms,
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us;
Praise him eternally.

- 2 O gracious God, bestow
 On us, while here remaining,
 An ever-cheerful mind ;
 Thy peace be ever reigning :
 Preserve us in true faith
 And christian holiness,
 That when we go from hence
 We may behold thy face.

P. M.

570.

Tune 230.

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration
 Be given to God without cessation,
 To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord :
 For his mercy, love, and favor
 To us, his flock, endure for ever ;
 Bless, bless his name with one accord :
 To God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, three in one,
 Hallelujah ;
 In highest strain,
 Praise the Lamb slain :
 Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

S. M.

571.

Tune 395.

- AWAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb ;
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising power ;
 Sing how he intercedes above
 For us whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
 To Zion's city, sing ;
 Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
 In Christ, the eternal king.

- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
 "Ye blessed children, come ;"
 Soon will he call us hence away
 To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
 His endless praise proclaim,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

S. M.

572.

Tune 595.

- To God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our king,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'T is his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserve us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
 Unblemished and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 The Saviour's ransomed race
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Extol him for his saving grace,
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer-God,
 Wisdom and power belong ;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And heaven's eternal song.

C. M.

573.

Tune 14.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
 Which daily I receive

- From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
For all he hath bestowed,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe him most.

S. M.

574.

Tune 593

- COME, we that love the Lord!
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

L. M.

575.

Tune 22.

- BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

7s.

576.

Tune 11.

- SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

8s & 7s.

577.

Tune 167.

- COME, thou fount of every blessing!
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I've come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
 - 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!

Let that grace now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee ;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here 's my heart ; oh, take and seal it ;
 Seal it from thy courts above.

C. M.

578.

Tune 14

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus !"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us !"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord ! for ever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

P. M

579.

Tune 249.

IN humble, grateful lays,
 The Lord of hosts we praise,
 His saving name confess ;
 Yea, filled with holy awe, revere

The Father, Son, and Comforter :
 Amen, hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,
 Amen, hallelujah.

- 2 Praise to the slaughtered Lamb :
 His love we will proclaim,
 Who died us to redeem ;
 Oh might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
 And every breath his praise repeat :
 From angels and from men,
 To the Lamb slain
 All honor doth pertain.

S. M.

580.

Tune 595

- STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice !
 Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 Oh for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours :
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
 With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
 The Lord, your God, adore,
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth, for evermore.

12s & 11s.

581.

Tune 39.

OH that we, with gladness of spirit, for ever
 Adoréd and praised our crucified Saviour;
 Oh might each pulsation thanksgiving ex-
 press,
 And each breath we draw be an anthem of
 praise.

- 2 The Lamb who by blood our salvation ob-
 tained,
 Took on him our curse, and death freely sus-
 tained,
 Is worthy of praises; let, with one accord,
 All people say: Amen, oh praise ye the Lord.

7s.

582.

Tune 11.

- PRAISE the Lord, his glories show,
 Saints within his courts below,
 Angels round his throne above,
 All that see and share his love!
- 2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
 Tell his wonders, sing his worth!
 Age to age, and shore to shore,
 Praise him, praise him, evermore!
- 3 Praise the Lord, his mercies trace;
 Praise his providence and grace,
 All that he for man hath done,
 All he sends us through his Son.
- 4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
 In the concert bear your parts;
 All that breathe, your Lord adore;
 Praise him, praise him, evermore!

7s.

583.

Tune 11.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name;
 For his mercies, firm and sure,

- From eternity the same,
To eternity endure.
- 2 Let the ransomed thus rejoice,
Gathered out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
- 3 To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where, from flowery hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
- 4 He, with health, renews their frame,
Lengthens out their numbered days :
Let them glorify his name,
With the sacrifice of praise.
- 5 Oh that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

L. M.

584.

Tune 22.

- BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Yè nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone :
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 Enter his gates with thankful songs,
And in his courts your voices raise :
Let earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Sound forth, almighty Lord, thy praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

C. M.

585.

Tune 14.

OH for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avails for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to his voice
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

7 Look unto him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race :
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

L. M.

586.

Tune 22

THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord.
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

- 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high :
Thee, holy, holy, holy king,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee !
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore !
- 5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day ;
Have mercy, Lord ! we trust in thee ;
Oh let us ne'er confounded be !

7s.

587.

Tune 11.

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise ;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him, from the depths beneath ;
Praise him, in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

L. M.

588.

Tune 22.

PRAISES to him whose love has given,
In Christ, his Son, the life of heaven,

Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

- 2 Praises to him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Praises to him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.
- 4 Praises to him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!
- 5 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY.

L. M.

589.

Tune 22.

Go, labor on; spend, and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises; what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee; if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
 For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
 Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
 The midnight peal, " Behold, I come !"

8s & 7s.

590.

Tune 167.

- PRaise the Saviour, all ye nations !
 Praise him, all ye hosts above !
 Shout, with joyful acclamations,
 His divine victorious love ;
 Be his kingdom now promoted ;
 Let the earth her monarch know ;
 Be my all to him devoted,
 To my Lord my all I owe.
- 2 With my substance I will honor
 My Redeemer and my Lord ;
 Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
 All were nothing to his word ;
 While the heralds of salvation,
 His abounding grace proclaim,
 Let his friends of every station
 Gladly join to spread his fame.

S. M.

591.

Tune 393.

- OH praise our God to-day,
 His constant mercy bless,
 Whose love hath helped us on our way,
 And granted us success.
- 2 His arm the strength imparts
 Our daily toil to bear ;
 His grace alone inspires our hearts,
 Each other's load to share.
- 3 Oh, happiest work below,
 Earnest of joy above,
 To sweeten many a cup of woe,
 By deeds of holy love !

- 4 Lord ! may it be our choice
 This blessed rule to keep,
 " Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
 And weep with them that weep."
- 5 God of the widow, hear;
 Our work of mercy bless;
 God of the fatherless, be near,
 And grant us good success.

8s & 7s.

592.

Tune 167.

- HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above:
 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
 Bright the rays celestial shine;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Through an influence all divine.
- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let no fears thy soul annoy;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy:
 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
 See the rising grain appear!
 Look again; the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest time is near.

L. M.

593.

Tune 22

- O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea!
 To thee all praise and glory be;
 How shall we show our love to thee,
 Who givest all, who givest all?
- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
 Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;
 When harvests ripen, thou art there,
 Who givest all, who givest all.

- 3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all, who givest all.
- 4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
What can to thee, O Lord! be given,
Who givest all, who givest all?
- 5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord! to thee we lend,
Who givest all, who givest all.
- 6 Whatever, Lord! we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all, who givest all.

7s & 6s.

594.

Tune 131

- Go forward, christian soldier,
Beneath his banner true;
The Lord himself, thy leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.
- 2 Go forward, christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.
- 3 Go forward, christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,

Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possest;
 Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

- 4 Go forward, christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night;
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light;
 When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past;
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last.

L. M.

595.

Tune 22.

HELP us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear,
 Delighting in thy perfect will;
 Each other's burdens learn to bear,
 And thus thy law of love fulfill.

- 2 He that hath pity on the poor,
 Lendeth his substance to the Lord;
 And, lo! his recompense is sure,
 For more than all shall be restored.
- 3 Teach us, with glad, ungrudging heart,
 As thou hast blest our various store,
 From our abundance to impart
 A liberal portion to the poor.
- 4 To thee our all devoted be,
 In whom we breathe, and move, and live
 Freely we have received from thee;
 Freely may we rejoice to give.
- 5 And while we thus obey thy word,
 And every call of want relieve,
 Oh, may we find it, gracious Lord!
 More blest to give than to receive.

8s & 7s.

596.

Tune 167.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white and harvest waiting;
 Who will bear the sheaves away?"
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers thee;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

- 2 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task he gives you gladly,
 Let his work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I; send me, send me!"

8s & 7s.

597.

Tune 167

LORD of glory! thou hast bought us,
 With thy life-blood as the price,
 Never grudging, for the lost ones,
 That tremendous sacrifice;
 And, with that, hast freely given
 Blessings, countless as the sand,
 To the unthankful and the evil,
 With thine own unsparing hand.

- 2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee
 Gladly, freely, of thine own;
 With the sunshine of thy goodness,
 Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
 Till our cold and selfish natures,
 Warmed by thee, at length believe,
 That more happy and more blessed
 'Tis, to give than to receive.

- 3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
 To our humblest charity,
 In thine own mysterious sentence,
 "Ye have done it unto me;"
 Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
 Hope, to stay our souls on thee;
 But, oh, best of all thy graces,
 Give us thine own charity.

C. M.

598.

Tune 14.

- JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties how complete!
 How shall we count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The partners of thy grace,
 And wilt confess their humble names
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
 And visited and cheered;
 And in their accents of distress
 Our Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
 We in thy poor would see;
 Oh may we minister to them,
 And in them, Lord, to thee.

S. M.

599.

Tune 598.

WE give thee but thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be:
 All that we have is thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.

- 2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first fruits give.
- 3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold ;
And lambs, for whom the shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold !
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
The lost to God to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er we do for thine, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

8s, 8s & 10s.

600.

Tune 97.

- REACH out thy scepter, king of love,
Let us thy royal favor prove,
Who, conscious of our indigence,
Approach thy throne with confidence ;
Oh teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,
Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.
- 2 Oh ground us deeper still in thee,
And let us thy true followers be ;
And when of thee we testify,
Fill thou our souls with heavenly joy ;
May thy blest Spirit all our souls inspire,
And set each cold and lifeless heart on fire.

- 3 Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,
That we rich fruit for thee may bear ;
Grant we may live unto thy praise,
And serve thy cause with faithfulness ;
Since grace and truth are our heart's wish
and aim,
Oh glorify in us thy saving name.

L. M.

601.

Tune 22

- OH! what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven :
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun ;
Hold forth your fair though feeble light ;
Through all your lives let mercy run.
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift fly your gifts and charity ;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness health apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay ;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn ;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the christian name adorn.

S. M.

602.

Tune 595.

- Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

- 2 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garnerers in the sky.
- 4 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, shall come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry : " Harvest-hóme !"

L. M.

603.

Tune 22

- THE gold and silver are the Lord's,
 And every blessing earth affords ;
 All come from his propitious hand,
 And must return at his command.
- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
 I must for Christ and souls employ ;
 For if I use them as my own,
 My Lord will soon call in his loan.
- 3 When I to him in want apply,
 He never does my suit deny ;
 And shall I then refuse to give,
 Since I so much from him receive ?
- 4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
 And clothe himself in humble clay ?
 Shall he become despised and poor,
 To make me rich for evermore ?
- 5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
 To give my silver or my gold ?
 To aid a cause my soul approves,
 And save the sinners Jesus loves ?

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

8s & 7s.

604.

Tune 167.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God ;
 He whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode :
 On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
 See the cloud and fire appear,
 For a glory and a covering,
 Showing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which he gives them when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God :
 'Tis his love his people raises
 In his courts to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joys and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

8s, 7s & 4s.

605.

Tune 335.

- ZION stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine ;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine :
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine !
- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight ;
 God is with thee,
 God, thine everlasting light.

S. M.

606.

Tune 395.

- I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !
 Her walls before thee stand,

Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our king,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

C. M.

607.

Tune 14.

HAIL, church of Christ, bought with his
blood !

The world I freely leave ;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee, through boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part ;
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road :
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place ?

- Who, gathered round the erected cross,
Enjoy redeeming grace?
- 5 Oh yes, nor would I change my lot
For an archangel's throne;
By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
To thee I'll live alone.

C. M. 608. Tune 593.

- OH! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquakeshocks are threat'ning her,
And tempests are abroad;
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

L. M. 609. Tune 22.

- I LOVE the Lord who died for me,
I love his grace divine and free;
I love the scriptures, there I read,
Christ lovéd me, and for me bled.
- 2 I love his tears and sufferings great,
I love his precious bloody sweat,
I love his blood; were that not spilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

- 3 I love to hear that he was slain,
I love his every grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.
- 4 I love Mount Calvary, where his love
Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk his dolorous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.
- 5 I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down.
- 6 I love to think the time will come,
When I shall be with him at home,
And praise him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

8s & 7s.

610.

Tune 16.

- ON thy ransomed congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance;
Be our help, joy, and salvation,
Life and health to us dispense.
- 2 In each heart, oh fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfill thy blest intent.
 - 3 Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.
 - 4 Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

- 5 Thus may we, as thine anointed,
 Walk 'fore thee in truth and grace,
 In the path thou hast appointed,
 Till we reach thy dwelling-place.

L. M.

611.

Tune 22.

- As long as Jesus Lord remains,
 Each day new rising glory gains;
 It was, it is, and will be so
 With his church militant below.
- 2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
 In every time and every place;
 And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
 Remains his church's glorious dress.
- 3 All self-dependence is but vain,
 Christ doth our corner-stone remain,
 Our rock which will unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 4 He is and shall remain our Lord,
 Our confidence is in his word;
 And, while our Jesus reigns above,
 His church will more than conqueror
 prove.

10s & 4s.

- 612.

Tune 38.

- THE church of Christ, that he hath hallowed
 here
 To be his house, is scattered far and near,
 In North, and South, and East, and West
 abroad;
 And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ,
 her Lord,
 The church is one.
- 2 One member knoweth not another here,
 And yet their fellowship is true and near;

One is their Saviour, and their father one ;
 One Spirit rules them, and among them none
 Lives to himself.

3 They live to him who bought them with his
 blood,
 Baptized them with his Spirit, pure and good ;
 And in true faith and ever-burning love,
 Their hearts and hopes ascend, to seek above
 The eternal good.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, all life is thine ;
 Now fill thy church with life and power di-
 vine,
 That many children may be born to thee ;
 And spread thy knowledge like the bound-
 less sea,
 To Christ's great praise.

8s & 7s.

613.

Tune 16.

HIGHLY favored congregation,
 Loved by Jesus and esteemed,
 Ne'er forget thy destination,
 Why from this vain world redeemed.

2 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
 Blest in his communion sweet,
 Destined heaven to inherit,
 And the church above to meet.

3 Witness here to all around thee
 Of thy Saviour's dying love ;
 Testify, " He sought and found me,
 Else I still should restless rove."

4 Evidence by word and action,
 That thy faith is not in vain,
 That thy highest satisfaction
 Centres in the Lamb once slain.

- 5 By love's closest bonds united,
 As the Lord's own family,
 Be to serve his name excited,
 Be to him a fruitful tree.
- 6 Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,
 What adorns her in thy sight ;
 Let her walls be called salvation,
 Be her glory, shield, and light.

L. M.

614.

Tune 22.

- “As birds their infant brood protect,
 And spread their wings to shelter them ;”
 Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
 “So will I guard Jerusalem.”
- 2 And what, then, is Jerusalem,
 The darling object of his care ?
 What is its worth in God's esteem ?
 Who built it ? who inhabits there ?
- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
 The blood of his incarnate Son ;
 There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
 The sinners whom he calls his own.
- 4 Though foes on every side assail,
 This city hath a sure defence ;
 Against her they shall ne'er prevail,
 While guarded by omnipotence.

10s & 7s.

615.

Tune 183.

JESUS, great high-priest of our profession,
 We in confidence draw near ;
 Condescend, in mercy, the confession
 Of our grateful hearts to hear :
 Thee we gladly own in every nation,
 Head and Master of thy congregation,
 Conscious that in every place
 Thou dispensest life and grace.

- 2 Thy blest people, trusting in thy merit,
 On the earth's extended face
 From each other far, but one in spirit,
 Sound with one accord thy praise :
 May we never cease to make confession,
 That thy death's the cause of our salvation :
 We to thee, our head and king,
 Joyful hallelujahs sing.

7s.

616.

Tune 203

- RISE, exalt our head and king ;
 Praise the Lord who ever lives :
 Glad we are his praise to sing ;
 He his people's praise receives :
 On his powerful day they rise,
 Offering free-will sacrifice ;
 His victorious triumph this,
 Since hell's host defeated is.
- 2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
 Service yield to him with joy ;
 Praise with every breath his name,
 Grace to extol be your employ :
 Grace supports us every day,
 Leads us in the narrow way ;
 'Tis through grace alone that we
 Can obtain the victory.
- 3 Gracious Lord, may we believe ;
 Venture all on thy free grace ;
 Boldly things not seen achieve,
 Trusting in thy promises :
 Faith thy people's strong-hold is ;
 Their employment daily this,
 To proceed on paths unknown,
 Leaning on thy arm alone.
- 4 Christ, thy all-atoning death
 Is our life while here below ;

Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
 Constantly thy aid bestow :
 In thy mercy we confide,
 Safely to the end us guide ;
 Zion, if thy head depart,
 Void of life and strength thou art.

- 5 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
 Ne'er thy congregation leave ;
 We to thee our refuge take,
 Of thy fullness we receive :
 Every other help be gone,
 Thou art our support alone ;
 For on thy supreme commands
 All the universe depends.

C. M.

617.

Tune 14.

COME, let us join our friends above,
 That have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love,
 To joys celestial rise.

- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone :
 For all the servants of our king
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.

- 6 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 7 Oh, that we now might grasp our guide !
 Oh, that the word were given !
 Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

P. M.

618.

Tune 168.

OH, how blessed is the station
 Of all those who love the Lord ;
 Who partake of his salvation,
 Trusting in his sacred word :
 Blest who, in love's bond united,
 To his altars are invited ;
 In his courts on earth they dwell,
 There his matchless praise to tell.

L. M.

619.

Tune 22

- IN the name of Jesus Christ our Lord,
 The church's head by us adored,
 The Brethren's congregation now
 Into her fold receiveth you.
- 2 With heart and hand you now we own ;
 The Lord, to whom your heart is known,
 Cause your whole walk 'mong us to be
 His joy and your felicity.
- 3 The God of peace you sanctify,
 With us to yield him praise and joy ;
 That spirit, soul, and body may
 Be blameless till his perfect day.

BAPTISM.

S. M.

620.

Tune 595.

OUR baptism first declares
 That we must cleanséd be,
 Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs
 Dispenses purity.

2 Water the body laves ;
 And, if 't is done by faith,
 The blood of Jesus surely saves
 The sinful soul from death.

3 Baptized into his death,
 We rise to life divine ;
 The Holy Spirit works the faith,
 And water is the sign.

C. M.

621.

Tune 14.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
 With all-engaging charms !
 Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms !

2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,
 " Nor scorn their humble name ;
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord ! in thankful hand,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
 Ye children, seek his face ;
 And fly, with transport, to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

L. M.

622.

Tune 22.

- A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still his name,
And angels worshiped, as he lay
The seeming infant of a day.
- 2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
"Let little children come to me."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them thine :
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with thy Spirit now.
- 4 Oh give thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in thy way to guard ;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon thy hand.
- 5 O thou, who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear thy perfect glory sung,
May these with all the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. M.

623.

Tune 14.

- JESUS, we lift ourselves to thee,
Thy powerful Spirit breathe :
And let this little infant be
Baptized into thy death.
- 2 Oh let thine unction on him rest ;
Thy grace his soul renew ;
And write within his tender breast
Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou shouldst quickly end his days,
His place with thee prepare ;
Or, if thou lengthen out his race,
Continue still thy care.

4 Thy faithful servant may he prove,
 Girded with truth divine;
 A sharer in thy dying love,
 A follower of thine.

5 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
 That we thy life may prove;
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,
 And of thy crown above.

L. M.

624.

Tune 22.

O LORD, encouraged by thy grace,
 We bring our infant to thy throne;
 Give it within thy heart a place,
 Let it be thine, and thine alone.

2 Wash it from every stain of guilt,
 And let this child be sanctified;
 Lord, thou canst cleanse it, if thou wilt,
 And all its native evils hide.

3 We ask not for it earthly bliss,
 Or earthly honors, wealth or fame;
 The sum of our request is this,
 That it may love and fear thy name.

S. M.

625.

Tune 595.

O GOD of Abraham! hear
 The parents' humble cry;
 In covenant mercy now appear,
 While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love
 In mercy thou hast given,
 That we through grace may faithful prove,
 In training them for heaven.

3 Oh grant thy Spirit, Lord!
 Their hearts to sanctify;
 Remember now thy gracious word:
 Our hopes on thee rely.

- 4 These children now are thine,
We give them back to thee ;
Oh lead them by thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

L. M.

626.

Tune 22

- COME, Holy Spirit, from on high ;
Baptizer of our spirits thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.
- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join
To seal this child a child of God.

S. M.

627.

Tune 593

- COME, lowly souls, that mourn,
Depressed with grief and shame,
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing blood,
And call upon his name.
- 2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts ;
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
Will wash away your guilt.
- 3 While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot them out,
Remember them no more.
- 4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he hath done for you.
- 5 Ye with your Lord are risen,
Aspire to things above :
Mansions for you he now prepares,
In realms of light and love.

7s.

628.

Tune 11.

PARDONED through redeeming grace,
 In thy blessed Son revealed,
 Worshipping before thy face,
 Lord, to thee ourselves we yield.

2 Thou the sacrifice receive,
 Humbly offered through thy Son;
 Quicken us in him to live;
 Lord, in us thy will be done.

3 By thy hallowed outward sign,
 By the cleansing grace within,
 Seal, and make us wholly thine;
 Wash, and keep us pure from sin.

4 Called to bear the christian name,
 May our vows and life accord,
 And our every deed proclaim
 "Holiness unto the Lord!"

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

S. M.

629.

Tune 593

JESUS, we thus obey
 Thy last and kindest word,
 And in thine own appointed way
 We come to meet thee, Lord!

2 Thus we remember thee,
 And take this bread and wine
 As thine own dying legacy,
 And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
 Now let our spirits feel
 The glory not to be expressed,
 The joy unspeakable.

4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer ;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

C. M.

630.

Tune 14.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
I must remember thee :

5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

C. M.

631.

Tune 14

SHEPHERD of souls, refresh and bless
 Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
 With manna in the wilderness,
 With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
 As thou when here below,
 Our souls the joys celestial seek,
 That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
 But by that word of grace,
 In strength of which we travel on
 To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
 But do not then depart;
 Saviour, abide with us, and spread
 Thy table in our heart.

5 Then sup with us in love divine:
 Thy body and thy blood,
 That living bread, that heavenly wine,
 Be our immortal food.

P. M.

632.

Tune 36

THEY who hunger after Christ, are fed,
 All the thirsty to life's fountain led;
 He the needy doth supply
 With good things abundantly;
 From his fullness they are nourished.

2 Since he welcomes every soul distressed,
 And hath promised to the weary rest,
 At his call we now draw nigh;
 He invites each graciously,
 Come, poor sinner, come and share my feast.

C. M.

633.

Tune 14.

IF human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh ;

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To him, who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe ?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed !
 Meet, and remember me !

4 Remember thee, thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share !
 O memory ! leave no other name
 But his recorded there.

L. M. D.

634.

Tune 166

IN that most dark and doleful night,
 In which our Saviour was betrayed,
 Before his sufferings he took bread,
 Blessed, and brake it, and then said :
 " Take, eat ; this is my body given
 For you and offered on the tree ;
 Perform this ordinance as I do,
 And, doing it, remember me."

2 Then, after supper, took the cup,
 And having given thanks, he said :
 " 'Tis the new testament in my blood,
 The blood for you and many shed ;
 Take this, and drink ye all of it,
 Your sins' remission here you see
 Oft as this ordinance ye perform,
 It in remembrance do of me."

- 3 Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
 We'll ne'er forget thy love divine;
 Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
 Which made thee ours, and made us thine:
 We thus commemorate thy death,
 Till thou shalt once again appear;
 Meanwhile remember, gracious Lord,
 Us, thy unworthy followers, here.

L. M.

635.

Tune 22.

- O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw near,
 With humble joy and filial fear;
 According to his testament
 Enjoy the holy sacrament.
- 2 Here all our wants are well supplied,
 And we show forth that Jesus died;
 May we abide in him by faith,
 And cleave to him in life and death.
- 3 The enjoyment of the flesh and blood
 Of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God,
 Endows our souls with strength and grace
 To love and serve him all our days.

P. M.

636.

Tune 211.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
 Hear thy people's fervent prayer,
 Us to meet thee now prepare:
 We with awe appear before thee,
 Longing to enjoy thy favor;
 In this consecrated place
 We approach the throne of grace:
 Lord, Lord God,
 Thee we own our only Saviour:
 Blessed, truly blessed they,
 Who to thee have found the way,

Who of thy body and thy blood even here
 partakers are,
 And in the supper of the Lamb in heavenly
 realms above shall share.

7s.

637.

Tune 581.

- To avert from men God's wrath
 Jesus suffered in our stead;
 By an ignominious death
 He a full atonement made;
 And by his most precious blood
 Brought us, sinners, nigh to God.
- 2 That we never should forget
 This great love on us bestowed,
 He gave us his flesh to eat,
 And to drink his precious blood;
 All who sick and needy are
 May receive in him a share.
- 3 Hither each afflicted soul
 May repair, though filled with grief;
 To the sick, not to the whole,
 The physician brings relief:
 Fear, not therefore, but draw nigh,
 Christ will all your wants supply.
- 4 He who in self-righteousness
 Fixes any hope or stay,
 Has not on a wedding-dress,
 And with shame is sent away:
 To the hungry, weary heart,
 He will food and rest impart.
- 5 But examine first your case,
 Whether you be in the faith;
 Do you mourn for pardoning grace?
 Is your only hope his death?
 Then, howe'er your soul's opprest,
 Come, you are a worthy guest.

- 6 He who Jesus' mercy knows,
 Is from wrath and envy freed;
 Love unto our neighbor shows
 That we are his flock indeed:
 Thus we may in all our ways
 Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

7s.

638.

Tune 203.

- HAPPY race of witnesses,
 Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
 To make known what God hath done;
 Ye can only victory gain
 By that sacred covenant-blood,
 Which the fathers, bold in God,
 Wrote in faith on every door,
 That the slayer might pass o'er.
- 2 Israel's seed, from slavery freed,
 Eat with joy their paschal lamb;
 But the bride of Christ who died,
 Her from bondage to redeem,
 Hath another passover:
 There the shadow, substance here;
 She enjoys the flesh and blood
 Of the slaughtered Lamb of God.
- 3 Here we now most humbly bow,
 Met in our Redeemer's name,
 Who for us died on the cross,
 Bearing our reproach and shame:
 'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,
 And the Spirit, three in one,
 With the countless heavenly host,
 And the assembly of the just.
- 4 Ere we taste the rich repast,
 Which he offers graciously,
 On our food, his flesh and blood,
 Feasting in the sanctuary;

- Ere the sacrament to enjoy,
 We with awe to him draw nigh :
 We in love and fellowship
 This communion love-feast keep.
- 5 Eat and rest at this great feast,
 Then to serve him freely go,
 As it is for pilgrims fit,
 As disciples ought to do :
 We, when Jesus we shall see
 Coming in his majesty,
 Shall the marriage-supper share,
 If we his true followers are.
- 6 Then will be of ransomed souls
 An innumerable throng ;
 Lamb once slain, to thee pertain
 Thanks and praise, will be their song ;
 Hallelujah will they cry,
 Singing, in sweet harmony,
 'Mid all trials we o'ercame
 Only by thy blood, O Lamb.

7s & 6s.

639.

Tune 151

DRAW near to Jesus' table,
 Ye contrite souls, draw near ;
 The hungry, sick, and feeble
 Are made most welcome here :
 Let Jesus' death engraven
 Upon your hearts remain ;
 Thus here, and there in heaven,
 Eternal life you gain.

C. M.

640.

Tune 14

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord,
 Thy blessed self impart :
 And let thy holy flesh and blood
 Feed the believing heart.

- 2 Let us from all our sins be washed
 In thy atoning blood ;
 And let thy Spirit be the seal
 That we are born of God.
- 3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
 Prepare us for this feast ;
 Oh let us banquet with our Lord,
 And lean upon his breast.

L. M. D.

641.

Tune 168.

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
 Show forth thy death and praise thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb :
 In memory of our dying Lord,
 The church on earth, till time shall end,
 Meets at his table, to record
 The love of her departed friend.

6s & 5s.

642.

Tune 141.

LIKE the king of Salem,
 Thou with wine and bread
 Com'st to meet thy people,
 Them to cheer and feed :
 Oh, preserve the enjoyment
 Of thy blood and death
 To thy congregation,
 While we live by faith.

P. M.

643.

Tune 119.

BREAD of life,
 Christ, by whom alone we live ;
 Bread that came to us from heaven,
 My poor soul can never thrive
 Unless thou appease its craving :
 Lord, I hunger only after thee,
 Feed thou me.

C. M.

644.

Tune 14

LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
 How heavenly is the place,
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace!

2 There the rich bounties of our God,
 And heavenly glories shine:
 There Jesus saith, that I am his,
 And my belovéd's mine.

10s & 7s.

645.

Tune 183.

WE who here together are assembled,
 Joining hearts and hands in one,
 Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
 Christ to love and serve alone:
 Oh, may our imperfect songs and praises
 Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
 Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
 Amen, amen, be it so.

9s & 8s.

646.

Tune 184.

SEE from the rock the waters bursting
 In copious streams at God's command,
 His people to refresh, when thirsting,
 With drought parched in a barren land:
 Thus plenteous flowed on Calvary's mountain
 The blood from Jesus' healing wounds:
 Here is for sin an open fountain,
 Here everlasting life abounds.

L. M. D.

647.

Tune 166.

YE followers of the slaughtered Lamb,
 Draw near, and take the cup of God;
 Approach unto the healing stream,
 And drink of the atoning blood;

That blood for our redemption spilt,
 Assuring us of purchased grace ;
 That blood which takes away all guilt,
 And speaketh to the conscience peace.

S. M.

648.

Tune 582.

MY Saviour's piercé side
 Poured forth a double flood ;
 By water we are purified,
 And pardoned by his blood :

2 Look up, my soul, to him,
 Whose death was thy desert,
 And humbly view the living stream
 Flow from his wounded heart.

S. M

649.

Tune 595.

COME, O my soul, and sing
 How Jesus thee hath fed ;
 How Jesus gave himself to thee,
 The true and living bread.

2 For food he gives his flesh ;
 He bids us drink his blood :
 Amazing favor, matchless grace
 Of our incarnate God !

3 This holy bread and wine
 Confirms us in the faith,
 In love and union with our Lord,
 And we show forth his death.

L. M.

650.

Tune 22.

THE enjoyment of Christ's flesh and blood,
 Which is on earth our highest good,
 His members closely should unite,
 And them to mutual love excite.

- 2 Love he most strongly did enforce,
Just ere he finishéd his course;
For love most fervently he prayed,
The night in which he was betrayed.
- 3 Oh, that we all could quite fulfill
Our Saviour's testament and will:
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred love, our hearts inspire.
- 4 We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promised land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.
- 5 Till we the Lord, our righteousness,
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain,
And one with him, our Lord, remain.

L. M.

651.

Tune 22.

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

- 2 Ah, might in my behavior shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking and his finding me.

, 7s & 4s.

652.

Tune 183

Now in parting, Father, bless us;
Saviour, still thy peace bestow;
Gracious Comforter, be with us,
As we from thy table go:
Bless us, bless us,
Father, Son and Spirit! now.

- 2 Bless us here, while still, as strangers
 Onward to our home we move;
 Bless us with eternal blessings
 In our Father's house above,
 Ever, ever,
 Dwelling in the light of love.

S. M.

653.

Tune 593.

- LORD! at this closing hour,
 Establish every heart
 Upon thy word of truth and power,
 To keep us when we part.
- 2 Peace to our brethren give;
 Fill all our hearts with love;
 In faith and patience may we live,
 And seek our rest above.

S. M.

654.

Tune 593.

- A PARTING hymn we sing,
 Around thy table, Lord,
 Again our grateful tribute bring,
 Our solemn vows record.
- 2 Here we have seen thy face,
 And felt thy presence here;
 So may the savor of thy grace,
 In word and life appear.
- 3 The purchase of thy blood,
 By sin no longer led,
 The path our dear Redeemer trod
 May we rejoicing tread.
- 4 In self-forgetting love,
 Be our communion shown,
 Until we join the church above,
 And know as we are known.

PUBLIC WORSHIP AND THE
LORD'S DAY.

C. M.

655.

Tune 14.

- THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice ;
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord :
How sacred is this place !
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage he requires,
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ the Son,
From sin he grants release ;
According to their faith 't is done,
He bids them go in peace.

L. M.

656.

Tune 22

- SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

7s & 6s.

657.

Tune 131.

- O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright !
On thee, the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing, holy, holy, holy,
To God, the three in one.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven ;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land ;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,

- A day of resurrection
 From earth to things above.
- 4 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls ;
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living waters flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son ;
 The church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest three in one !

P. M.

658.

Tune 159.

THIS day is holy to the Lord,
 This day the Lord hath made ;
 We will rejoice with one accord,
 And in his name be glad :
 Come, let us worship and bow down,
 With thanks appear before his throne ;
 He to our songs of praise and prayer
 Will lend a gracious ear.

L. M.

659.

Tune 22.

- WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," saith the Saviour, " I will be,
 Amid this little company ;

To them I will unveil my face,
And shed my glories round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

H. M.

660.

Tune 342.

- WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.
- 2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace!
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.
- 3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

L. M.

661.

Tune 22.

- COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be,
Speak to each heart thy mighty word:
Say to the weakest, Follow me.

- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

S. M. **662.** Tune 595.

- WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amid the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

C. M. **663.** Tune 14.

- BLEST is the work, my God and king,
To praise thy glorious name:
By day thy wondrous grace to sing,
By night thy truth proclaim.
- 2 We hail thy day of rest, O Lord,
And seek thy house of prayer,
To meet thy saints, to hear thy word,
And all thy works declare.
- 3 Though sensual hearts, unchanged by grace,
Such heavenly joys despise,
Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
Thy day of rest to prize:
- 4 Till, fixed within thy courts above,
Far nobler songs we raise,
Where every heart is filled with love,
And every mouth with praise.

S. M.

664.

Tune 393.

- OUR day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall ;
Yet pass not from us with the sun,
True light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.
- 3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire ;
But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir.
- 4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.
- 5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.
- 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

L. M.

665.

Tune 22.

- How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord :
Blest Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee :
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet ;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

- 3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
 That we by faith may see thy face ;
 Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
 And let thy presence fill this place.

8s, 7s & 4s.

666.

Tune 383

- COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit !
 Bless the sower and the seed ;
 Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
 Raise the weak, the hungry feed ;
 From the gospel,
 Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Oh ! may all enjoy the blessing
 Which thy word's designed to give :
 Let us all, thy love possessing,
 Joyfully the truth receive ;
 And for ever
 To thy praise and glory live.

P. M.

667.

Tune 193.

- GOD reveals his presence ;
 Let us now adore him,
 And with awe appear before him :
 God is in his temple ;
 All in us keep silence,
 And before him bow with reverence :
 Him alone, God we own :
 He's our Lord and Saviour :
 Praise his name for ever.
- 2 God reveals his presence,
 Whom the angelic legions
 Serve with awe in heavenly regions :
 Holy, holy, holy,
 Sing the hosts of heaven ;
 Praise to God be ever given :
 Condescend, to attend

Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

- 3 Oh, majestic Being,
Were but soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready :
Might we, like the angels
Who behold thy glory,
With abasement sink before thee,
And through grace be always,
In our whole demeanor,
To thy praise and honor.
- 4 Grant us resignation,
Hearts before thee bowéd,
With thy peace divine endowéd :
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth ;
So may we be from thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.
- 5 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry ;
Make us thy blest sanctuary :
Oh, vouchsafe thy presence ;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer :
Us direct and protect ;
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

Lo ! God is here ; let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place ;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face.

- 2 Lo! God is here; him day and night
 United choirs of angels sing;
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Let saints their humble worship bring.
- 3 Lord God of hosts! oh may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

8s, 7s & 4s.

669.

Tune 585.

- GOD is in his holy temple;
 All the earth keep silence here;
 Worship him in truth and spirit,
 Reverence him with godly fear!
 Holy, holy,
 Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.
- 2 God in Christ reveals his presence,
 Throned upon the mercy-seat:
 Saints, rejoice; and, sinners, tremble;
 Each prepare his God to meet:
 Lowly, lowly,
 Bow, adoring at his feet.
- 3 Hail him here with songs of praises;
 Him with prayers of faith surround;
 Harken to his glorious gospel,
 While the preacher's lips expound:
 Blessed, blessed,
 They who know the joyful sound!

S. M.

670.

Tune 595.

- LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy grace and love,
 Thy earthly temples are!

- 2 To thy divine abode
My longing heart aspires,
And pants to see the living God,
With ever warm desires.
- 3 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest ;
And, wandering far, the swallows long
To find their wonted rest.
- 4 O Lord, my spirit faints,
With equal love and zeal,
Among thy ever blessed saints
E'en now to rise and dwell.
- 5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords the soul diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.
- 6 Humbly to keep the door
Where God, the Lord, resorts,
A thousand times I love it more
Than shine in splendid courts.
- 7 Thrice blest and happy he,
Whose spirit humbly trusts
For each good gift alone in thee,
Jehovah, Lord of hosts.

L. M.

671.

Tune 22

- JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

- 3 Dear shepherd of thy chosen few,
 Thy former mercies here renew ;
 Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
 The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.

L. M.

672.

Tune 22.

- LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
 And send the Spirit of thy grace
 To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
 To learn thy truth, and do thy will.
- 2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
 And teach our lips to tell thy praise ;
 Revive our hope, our faith increase,
 To taste the sweetness of thy grace :
- 3 Till we with angels join to sing
 Eternal praise to thee, our king ;
 Till we behold thy face most bright,
 In joy and everlasting light.
- 4 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,
 Be honor, praise and glory given
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

P. M.

673.

Tune 230

FROM thy holy habitation,
 O God of grace and consolation,
 Behold us, met before thy throne ;
 Saviour, to believers precious,
 With sanctified delights refresh us,
 And us, as thine, in mercy own :

We humbly cry to thee,
 Send now prosperity;
 Let thy beauty
 On us appear,
 Establish here
 Our work, the work of praise and prayer.

C. M.

674.

Tune 14.

- ZION, where God records his name,
 In our esteem is dear;
 Tasting his goodness, we exclaim,
 'T is good to sojourn here.
- 2 We see his beauty, and admire
 The glories of his house;
 Into his will we here inquire,
 And here we pay our vows.
- 3 Dear Saviour, bless us from on high,
 Infuse thy love and fear;
 And let our lives exemplify
 The precious truths we hear.
- 4 And as successively we quit
 This mortal, dying frame,
 May others here before thee meet,
 To bless thy holy name.

7s.

675.

Tune 11.

- SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought sheep,
 Teach the stony heart to weep;
 Let the blind have eyes to see,
 See themselves and look on thee.
- 2 Let the minds of all our youth
 Feel the force of sacred truth;
 While the gospel-call they hear,
 May they learn to love and fear.

- 3 Show them what their ways have been,
 Show them the desert of sin ;
 Then thy dying love reveal,
 This shall melt a heart of steel.
- 4 Where thou hast thy work begun,
 Give new strength the race to run ;
 Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
 Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 5 Bless us all, both old and young ;
 Call forth praise from every tongue :
 Let the whole assembly prove
 Thy rich grace and dying love.

C. M.

676.

Tune 14.

- ETERNAL sun of righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glory of thy face
 Upon our hearts to shine.
- 2 Light in thy light, oh may we see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove,
 Revived, and cheered, and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

7s, 8s & 8s.

677.

Tune 84.

- BLESSED Jesus, at thy word
 We are gathered all to hear thee ;
 Let our hearts and souls be stirred
 Now to seek and love and fear thee ;
 By thy teachings sweet and holy,
 Drawn from earth to love thee solely.
- 2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
 Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
 Till thy Spirit breaks our night
 With the beams of truth unclouded :
 Thou alone to God canst win us,
 Thou must work all good within us.

- 3 Gracious Lord, thyself impart!
 Light of light, from God proceeding,
 Open thou our ears and heart,
 Help us by thy Spirit's pleading,
 Hear the cry thy people raises,
 Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

8s & 7s.

678.

Tune 167.

PEACE be to this congregation,
 Peace to every soul therein;
 Peace which flows from Christ's salvation,
 Peace, the seal of cancelled sin;
 Peace that speaks its heavenly giver,
 Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
 Peace divine that lasts for ever,
 Here erect its glorious throne.

P. M.

679.

Tune 159.

- ALL hail! thy church's Saviour dear!
 Jesus, her glorious head,
 To thy disciples now appear,
 As risen from the dead;
 Let our rejoicing souls in thee
 The tokens of thy passion see,
 And hear thy gentle voice anew
 Say, Peace be unto you!
- 2 Remembering what our fathers told
 Thou didst in their young day,
 This solemn jubilee we hold,
 That we, as then did they,
 Ourselves in covenant may bind,
 With soul and strength, with heart and mind,
 Through life, in death, on land, o'er sea,
 Meekly to follow thee.
- 3 Revive thy work amid the years;
 Our brethren still employ,

In heathen lands to sow in tears,
 With hope to reap in joy ;
 Though wide the fields, the laborers few,
 If thou our failing faith renew,
 The weakest of thy servants, we
 Can do all things, through thee.

L. M. D.

680.

Tune 168.

WELCOME among thy flock of grace
 With joyful acclamation,
 Thou, whom our shepherd we confess :
 Come, feed thy congregation :
 We own the doctrine of thy cross
 To be our sole foundation ;
 Accept from every one of us
 The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal
 Thy grace and love unceasing ;
 Thy hand, once piercèd with the nail,
 Bestow on us a blessing ;
 That hand which to thy family,
 With tender love's affection,
 Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
 Imparted benediction.

3 O thou, the church's head and Lord,
 Who as a shepherd leadest
 Thy flock, and richly with thy word
 And sacrament us feedest :
 What shall we say ? lost in amaze,
 Our hearts bow down before thee ;
 For none sufficiently can praise,
 Love, honor, or adore thee.

4 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
 Accept our adoration ;
 Thou ever didst attend the Son,
 And aid his ministration ;

Thou teachest us the way to bliss :
 Keep under thy protection
 That church of which he ruler is ;
 We'll follow thy direction.

10s & 7s.

681.

Tune 183.

- GRACIOUS Lord, our shepherd and salvation,
 In thy presence we appear ;
 Own us as thy flock and congregation,
 Let us feel that thou art near :
 May we all enjoy thy love and favor,
 And obey thee as our head and Saviour,
 Who, by thy most precious blood,
 Madest us, sinners, heirs of God.
- 2 Lord, receive the thanks and adoration,
 Which to thee we humbly pay,
 For our calling and predestination,
 Blessed Saviour, on this day ;
 Give us grace to walk as thine anointed,
 In the path thou hast for us appointed ;
 We devote most heartily
 Soul and body unto thee.
- 3 Chosen flock, thy faithful shepherd follow,
 Who laid down his life for thee ;
 All thy days unto his service hallow,
 Each his true disciple be :
 Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure,
 Be the fullness of his grace thy treasure ;
 Should success thy labor crown,
 Give the praise to him alone.

10s & 7s.

682.

Tune 183.

GRACE and peace from God our blessed Sa-
 viour
 Be with all who love his name :
 Church of Christ, his service deem a favor,
 Joyfully his death proclaim :

Be prepared for rest or for employment,
 From activity derive enjoyment;
 Serve with zeal and faithfulness,
 Filled with love his name confess.

- 2 Gracious Father, bless this congregation
 As the purchase of thy Son;
 For his sake behold us with compassion,
 And us all thy children own;
 Jesus, grant to us thy peace and favor;
 Holy Ghost, abide with us for ever,
 And to us Christ's love explain:
 Hear us, Lord our God: Amen.

L. M.

683.

Tune 22.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,
 Prepare us to receive thy word;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above:
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To each thy sacred word apply,
 With sovereign power and energy;
 And may we, in thy faith and fear,
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
 Teach us to know, and do thy will;
 Thy saving power and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

L. M.

684.

Tune 90.

NOT to the mount that burned with fire,
 To darkness, tempest, and the sound
 Of trumpet, waxing higher and higher,
 Nor voice of words that rent the ground,

While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law :

- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love,
The church of the first-born above:
- 3 To God, the judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant head,
The blood of sprinkling, from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 Oh hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give:
Now let us hear his voice and live.

L. M.

685.

Tune 22

- HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to th' incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.
- 2 " Hosanna, Lord !" thine angels cry,
" Hosanna, Lord !" thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
 - 3 O Saviour ! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
 Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple, pure and worthy thee.
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.

S. M.

686.

Tune 595.

- LET not your heart be faint,
 My peace I give to you :
 Such peace, as reason never planned,
 As worldlings never knew.
- 2 It speaks a ransomed world,
 A Father reconciled,
 A sinner to a saint transformed,
 A rebel to a child.
- 3 It tells of joys to come,
 It soothes the troubled breast,
 It shines, a star amid the storm,
 The harbinger of rest.
- 4 Then murmur not, nor mourn,
 My people faint and few,
 Though earth to its foundation shake,
 My peace I leave with you.

11s & 8s.

687.

- BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth ;
 Oh serve him with gladness and fear ;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth ;
 With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all ;
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

- 3 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
 Your vows in his temple proclaim;
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

C. M.

688.

Tune 14.

- ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast
 Like seed into the ground;
 Now let the dew of heaven descend,
 And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
 This holy seed remove;
 But give it root in every heart,
 To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
 The rising plant destroy;
 But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
 The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent
 To raise us to thy throne,
 Return to thee, and sadly tell,
 That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
 Thy quickening grace bestow;
 That all, whose souls the truth receive,
 Its saving power may know.

7s.

689.

Tune 11.

To thy temple I repair,
 Lord! I love to worship there,
 When, within the veil, I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.
- 5 From thy house, when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

P. M.

690.

Tune 230.

JESUS, God of our salvation,
Behold thy church with supplication
Humbly appears before thy face;
By thy powerful love constrained,
Since from thy death we life obtained,
We give thee glory, thanks, and praise:
Oh listen to our prayer,
To meet thee us prepare
With due reverence;
No tongue can tell what joy we feel,
When thou, Lord, dost thyself reveal.

- 2 Thus our bliss will last for ever;
While we enjoy thy love and favor,
And safe beneath thy shadow rest,
We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee as thy congregation,
Thou art our head and Lord confessed:
To thee, ancient of days,

Be honor, power, and praise
 Now and ever :
 Lord, grant that we eternally
 May put our trust alone in thee.

6s & 5s.

691.

Tune 141

OWN thy congregation,
 O thou slaughtered Lamb ;
 We are here assembled
 In thy holy name ;
 Look upon thy people,
 Whom thou by thy blood
 Hast in love redeeméd,
 And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
 For these many years ;
 Ah, accept our praises
 And our grateful tears :
 Grant us all the favor
 To obey thy voice ;
 Yea, what thou directest,
 Be our only choice.

3 Church, who art arrayéd
 In the glorious dress
 Of thy Lord and Saviour's
 Spotless righteousness,
 Be both now and ever
 By his blood kept clean,
 And in all thy members
 Be his likeness seen.

6s, 7s & 7s.

692.

Tune 341

LORD, in thy name we meet
 Before thy mercy-seat ;
 Sacred may each moment be,
 Spent in solemn worship here :

May our incense rise to thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

- 2 Here are we richly fed,
Refreshed and comforted ;
Nourished with celestial food,
Blest with streams from thee, the rock ;
We with humble gratitude
Praise thee, shepherd of thy flock.
- 3 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
Thy people's strength remain ;
Oh, preserve us in thy love,
Us in thy pavilion hide ;
Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
Be in life and death our guide.

L. M. D.

693.

Tune 166.

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise thy name in fellowship
We humbly meet before thy face,
And in thy presence love-feast keep :
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy Spirit's unction now impart ;
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
In thee be truly one in heart.

6s, 7s & 7s.

694.

Tune 341.

To Christ we homage pay ;
We covenant this day,
Him to serve with all our strength ;
Him to love with all our heart ;
Him to follow, till at length
We obtain in heaven our part.

H. M.

695.

Tune 342

ON what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;

The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow ;
 Do thou the gracious harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

2 To thee our wants are known,
 From thee are all our powers,
 Accept what is thine own,
 And pardon what is ours :
 Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
 And to thy word a blessing give.

3 Oh grant that each of us,
 Who meet before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear,
 And follow thee to heaven our home ;
 Even so, Amen : Lord Jesus, come !

P. M.

696.

Tune 159.

WE now return each to his tent,
 Joyful and glad of heart,
 And from our solemn covenant
 Through grace will ne'er depart :
 Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
 As in God's presence here we stand,
 To live to him, and him alone,
 Till we surround his throne.

8s, 7s & 4s.

697.

Tune 585.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 O refresh us,
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;

May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us, evermore, be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away,
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
 Glad the summons to obey,
 We shall surely
 Reign with Christ in endless day.

L. M.

698.

Tune 22

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord!
 Help us to feed upon thy word:
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
 Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood:
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

S. M.

699.

Tune 595.

ONCE more, before we part,
 Oh bless the Saviour's name;
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.

- 2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
 That blessing still impart;
 We met in Jesus' sacred name,
 In Jesus' name we part.
- 3 Still on thy holy word
 Help us to feed, and grow,
 Still to go on to know the Lord,
 And practice what we know.

- 4 Now, Lord, before we part,
 Help us to bless thy name:
 Let every tongue and every heart
 Adore and praise the same.

7s

700.

Tune 381.

- SAFELY through another week,
 God has brought us on our way:
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies multiplied each hour
 Through the week, our praise demand;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand;
 Though ungrateful we have been,
 Only made returns of sin.
- 3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face,
 Take away our sin and shame:
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 4 Here we're come, thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near:
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.
- 5 May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief for all complaints:
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

7s.

701.

Tune 381

SAFELY through another week
 God hath brought us on our way
 Let us now a blessing seek
 On the approaching Sabbath day ;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
 Gracious Lord, our praise demand ;
 Guarded by thy mighty power,
 Nourished by thy bounteous hand :
 Now from worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 When we in thy house appear ;
 And may all our Sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of the joys above.

REVIVALS.

8s, 7s & 6s.

702.

LORD ! I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free,
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing ;
 Let some droppings fall on me,
 Even me, even me !
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
 Sinful though my heart may be ;
 Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me,
 Even me, even me !
 Let some droppings fall on me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 When thou comest, call for me,
 Even me, even me!
 Let some droppings fall on me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me, even me!
 Let some droppings fall on me.
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
 Long been slighting, grieving thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh, forgive and rescue me,
 Even me, even me!
 Let some droppings fall on me.
- 6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of God, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me, even me!
 Let some droppings fall on me.

8s, 7s & 4s.

703.

Tune 585

- SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again:
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high,

Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee !

3 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
 Thou canst make them bloom again !
 Oh, permit them not to wither,
 Let not all our hopes be vain !
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee !

4 Let our mutual love be fervent ;
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee !

5 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh :
 Lord, revive us ;
 All our help must come from thee.

P. M.

704.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry ;
 While on others thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.
 Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
 While on others thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief,
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief.

- 3 Trusting only in thy merit,
 Would I seek thy face :
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by thy grace.
- 4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me,
 Whom have I on earth beside thee?
 Whom in heaven but thee?

S. M.

705.

Tune 582.

- O LORD! thy work revive
 In Zion's gloomy hour,
 And let our dying graces live
 By thy restoring power.
- 2 Oh let thy chosen few
 Awake to earnest prayer;
 Their covenant again renew,
 And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
 Through lips of humble clay,
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,
 Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
 Now listen to our cry;
 Oh come, and bring salvation near;
 Our souls on thee rely.

MISSIONARY.

7s & 6s.

706.

Tune 151.

THE morning light is breaking;
 The darkness disappears;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dew's of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour ;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way ;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home ;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim : The Lord is come.

7s.

707.

Tune 205

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore
" Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign !"

Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furled !
Sheathed his sword ! he speaks, 't is done ;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away :
Then the end ; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

C. M. D.

708.

Tune 390

THY mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us pour ;
Lift up thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore :
Oh may we fully know thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen-tribes may find
Salvation in thy name.

2 In these our days exalt thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread ;
That for the travail of thy soul .
Thou mayst behold thy seed :
Oh may thy knowledge fill the earth ;
Increase the number still
Of those who in thy word believe,
And do thy holy will.

- 3 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
To follow thy command,
To execute thy utmost aim,
And in thy presence stand,
As servants willing to be used,
Who in thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and prayer
As incense day and night.
- 4 Hereto we gladly say, Amen ;
We have this truth avowed,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God,
Who touched, and drew, and wooed our hearts,
And conquered us by love ;
To him we have engaged ourselves,
Oh may we faithful prove.

L. M.

709.

Tune 22.

- THERE'S but a small beginning made,
The earth is still o'ercast with shade :
Break forth, thou sun of righteousness,
With healing beams the nations bless.
- 2 Whene'er we to mankind proclaim
Thy dying love and precious name,
Support thy servants' weakness, Lord,
By thy blest Spirit, grace, and word.
- 3 Lord of the harvest, laborers send,
Who willing are their lives to spend
In scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to thy fold.
- 4 When all our labor here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no more,
When our endeavors have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

8s & 7s.

710.

Tune 167

SAVIOUR! sprinkle many nations,
 Fruitful let thy sorrows be ;
 By thy pains and consolations,
 Draw the Gentiles unto thee :
 Of thy cross the wondrous story,
 Be it to the nations told ;
 Let them see thee in thy glory,
 And thy mercy manifold.

- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for thee each mortal breast ;
 Human tears for thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in thee would rest,
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain ;
 Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee, as man, for sinners slain.
- 3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
 For thy Spirit, new creating,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth, by every creature,
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.

8s, 7s & 4s.

711.

Tune 585

- O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
 Let the eye of pity gaze ;
 See the kindreds of the people,
 Lost in sin's bewildering maze ;
 Darkness brooding
 On the face of all the earth !
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness !
 Rise and shine, thy blessings bring ;

Light, to lighten all the Gentiles!
 Rise with healing in thy wing:
 To thy brightness,
 Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
 Idol gods of wood and stone,
 Come, and, worshiping before him,
 Serve the living God alone:
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given!
 Speak the word; at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land:
 Lord! be with them
 Always, to the end of time.

L. M.

712.

Tune 22.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

7s & 6s.

713.

Tune 151.

OH, that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come;
 To heal his ancient nation,
 To lead his outcasts home!
 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity;
 Rebuild her walls again.

- 2 Let fall thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the vail of error,
 Release the fettered heart;
 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

7s.

714.

Tune 11.

WAKE the song of jubilee,
 Let it echo o'er the sea;
 Now is come the promised hour;
 Jesus reigns with glorious power.

- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
 Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
 Let it sound from shore to shore,
 "Jesus reigns for evermore."

- 3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
 And the islands join their voice;
 Joy! the whole creation sings,
 "Jesus is the King of kings!"

P. M.

715.

Tune 221.

THE springs of salvation from Christ the
 rock bursting,
 And flowing through the wilderness,
 Refresh and enliven his heritage thirsting,
 Abundant are the showers of grace;
 As rain overstreaming the parched ground,
 With plenty now teeming, spreads verdure
 round,
 The promised blessing its influence diffuses,
 And fruit, to the husbandman grateful, pro-
 duces.

2 "I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing,"

Thus saith the Lord, "to all around:"

Oh may we, in grace and in number increasing,

In faith which works by love abound:

Upon thy grace founded immovably,

And rooted and grounded in love to thee;

Thus shall we in doctrine, in word and behavior,

To others of life unto life prove a savor.

7s & 6s.

716.

Tune 151.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,

From India's coral strand,

Where Afric's sunny fountains

Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,

From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver

Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes

Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;

Though every prospect pleases,

And only man is vile:

In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown;

The heathen, in his blindness,

Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted

The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,

Till earth's remotest nation

Has learned Messiah's name.

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, king, creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

S. M.

717.

Tune 593.

- LORD of the harvest! hear
 Thy needy servants' cry;
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
 And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait;
 Our wants are in thy view;
 Thy harvest, truly, Lord! is great,
 The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad,
 And let them speak thy word of power,
 As workers with their God.
- 4 Oh! let them spread thy name,
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thine all redeeming love.

L. M.

718.

Tune 22

- WHEN shall thine hour, dear Jesus, come,
 That Israel's sons shall be brought home?
 When shall they in thy name confide,
 Whom once their fathers crucified?
- 2 When shall that hour of grace appear,
 That rends their vail as Christ draws near?
 When shall they feel what Thomas felt,
 When 'fore his wounded side he knelt.

- 3 Then, Father, all thy family
 Shall in thy house assembled be,
 And bless the Lamb who once was slain ;
 Come soon, Lord Jesus, come : Amen.

7s.

719.

Tune 11.

- HASTEN, Lord ! the glorious time
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel's call obey.
- 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
 Heathen tribes his name adore ;
 Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be banished grief and pain ;
 Righteousness and joy and peace
 Undisturbed shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord ;
 Ever praise his glorious name ;
 All his mighty acts record ;
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

7s & 6s.

720.

Tune 131

- WHEN shall the voice of singing
 Flow joyfully along,
 When hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
 Proclaim the contest ended,
 And him, who once was slain,
 Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign ?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
 The sacred shout shall fly ;
 And shady vales and fountains
 Shall echo the reply :

High tower and lowly dwelling
 Shall send the chorus round,
 All, hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.

7s.

721.

Tune 11.

HARK, the distant isles proclaim
 Glory to Messiah's name;
 Hymns of praise unheard before
 Echo from the farthest shore.

2 Hearts that once were taught to own
 Idol gods of wood and stone,
 Now to light and life restored,
 Honor Jesus as their Lord.

3 Blessed Saviour, still proceed,
 Bid the glorious conquest speed;
 Let this first refreshing ray
 Brighten to a perfect day.

8s, 7s & 4s.

722.

Tune 585.

SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them,
 Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
 They are bound, but thou hast freed them;
 Now they go to free the slaves;
 Be thou with them,
 'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

2 When they reach the land of strangers,
 And the prospect dark appears,
 Nothing seen but toil and dangers,
 Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
 Be thou with them:
 Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

3 When they think of home, now dearer
 Than it ever seemed before,

Bring the promised glory nearer ;
 Let them see that peaceful shore,
 Where thy people
 Rest from toil, and weep no more :

- 4 There to reap, in joy forever,
 Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
 There to be with him who never
 Ceases to preserve his own,
 And with gladness
 Give the praise to him alone.

8s, 7s & 4s.

723.

Tune 585

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,
 Where no light has broken through,
 Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
 Whom his soul in travail knew :
 Thousand voices
 Call us, o'er the waters blue.

- 2 Christians, hearken ! none has taught them
 Of his love so deep and dear ;
 Of the precious price that bought them ;
 Of the nail, the thorn, the spear ;
 Ye who know him,
 Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Haste, O haste ! and spread the tidings
 Wide to earth's remotest strand ;
 Let no brother's bitter chidings
 Rise against us when we stand
 In the judgment,
 From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten,
 All along each distant shore ;
 Seaward far the islands brighten ;
 Light of nations, lead us o'er ;
 When we seek them,
 Let thy Spirit go before.

P. M.

724.

Tune 133.

OH, what praise in highest strain,
By the ransomed host in heaven
Will be given
To him who brought us to God
By his blood,
When of every tongue and nation
There will be with exultation
But one flock and shepherd known.

- 2 Amen, Jesus' words are true ;
Surely he his gracious promise
Will accomplish :
Ye his servants, ready stand
In each land,
Yea, in the most distant places,
Till he comes, to sound his praises,
And make known his saving name.
-

THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

S. M. D

725.

Tune 393.

AMBASSADORS of Christ,
Know ye the way you go ?
It is a path not strewed with flowers,
But yielding thorns and woe :
All who Christ crucified
Their only Saviour own,
Meet often with such treatment base,
As to their Lord was shown.

- 2 But see, the fields are white ;
Go therefore, laborers, go,
The Lord leads on to victory,
His power and grace you know :

Christ, who was crucified,
 Of all is sovereign Lord,
 He is the captain of the host,
 We conquer through his word.

L. M.

726.

Tune 22.

- As, once of old, a chosen band
 Together came, with one accord,
 Intent to learn how best to spread
 The knowledge of their risen Lord ;
- 2 As, suddenly, the Spirit came
 And touched each glowing heart and brow ;
 So, with a consecrating flame,
 Anoint, O Lord, thy servants now.
- 3 Give us that Spirit's power to feel,
 Baptize each soul with holy fire ;
 And with devotion's burning zeal
 Do thou our every thought inspire.
- 4 Then can we move, a conquering host,
 Jesus our leader and our Lord ;
 With highest power to save the lost,
 And lead them upward to our God.

P. M.

727.

Tune 36.

- YE who calléd to Christ's service are,
 Join together both in work and prayer ;
 Venture all on him, our Lord,
 Who assures us in his word,
 We are always objects of his care.
- 2 Showers of blessing from the Lord proceed,
 Strength supplying in the time of need ;
 For no servant of our king
 Ever lackéd any thing :
 He will never break the bruised reed.

- 3 Lord, have mercy on each land and place,
Where thy servants preach the word of grace:
Life and power on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness they may thee confess.
- 4 May we faithful in our service be,
Truly careful in our ministry;
Keep us to thy church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound,
Often weeping grateful tears 'fore thee.

7s.

728.

Tune 203.

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, let what may befall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way:
In the strength of Jesus boast;
Never, never quit thy post.

L. M. D.

729.

Tune 166

- HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The king of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on his peculiar race:
He rests well pleased their toil to see,
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.
- 2 See where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His husbandry they toil to clear:
The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;

- They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.
- 3 What can we offer thee, O Lord,
For all the wonders of thy grace!
Fain would we thy great name record,
And worthily set forth thy praise:
Dear object of our faith and love,
To whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it on our spirits flow.
- 4 So shall our lives thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
Till all mankind shall know thy name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Grant that thy word may richly dwell
Among us, and our fruit remain!
- 5 Oh multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting grace declare:
We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

L. M.

730.

June 22.

- BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord;
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do.
- 2 Oh teach us all thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfill:
When human insight fails, give light,
This will direct our steps aright.

- 3 The Lord's joy be our strength and stay,
In our employ from day to day ;
Our thoughts and our activity
Through Jesus' merits hallowed be.

C. M.

731.

Tune 14

- How are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their shield omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please,
Where on the mountains they proclaim
Thy reign, O Prince of peace.
- 4 The love of Christ constraining them,
They plant sweet Sharon's rose
Successfully on icy plains,
And in eternal snows.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness they adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

L. M.

732.

Tune 22.

- In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in thy service we may do
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assigned.
- 2 Grant we, impelléd by thy love,
In smallest things may faithful prove ;
Till we depart, we wish to be
Devoted wholly unto thee.

L. M.

733.

Tune 22

LORD Jesus, with thy presence bless,
 By land and sea, thy witnesses :
 In every danger them defend,
 In every trial prove their friend.

2 Oh may thy word in Christendom,
 Be blest and may thy kingdom come ;
 And may thy servants joyful bring
 New spoils, each day, to thee, their king.

3 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfill,
 Incline our hearts to do thy will :
 Thy gospel make more fully known,
 May all the world thy goodness own.

11s.

734.

Tune 39.

LORD, grant us, though deeply abaséd with
 shame,
 With true Christian courage to act in thy
 name ;

In thy blessed work may we always abound,
 And let with success all our labor be crowned.

2 Give grace, that as brethren we join hands in
 love,

Engaging to thee ever faithful to prove,
 Where'er to thy service appointed we stand,
 To sow or to reap, at thy call and command.

C. M.

735.

Tune 593.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
 And take th' alarm they give ;
 Now let them, from the mouth of God,
 Their solemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
 The pastor's care demands ;

But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls, which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there ;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord ! how should we appear ?
- 5 May they, that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

C. M.

736.

Tune 14.

LORD Jesus, who hast called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy cross
Amid reproach and shame ;

- 2 We thee entreat with one accord, &c.
Thy ministers prepare
To lead thy flock, and preach thy word,
With meekness, zeal, and care.
- 3 Nought can we do without thy aid,
But by thy power we know,
Strong out of weakness we are made,
And conquer where we go.

L. M.

737.

Tune 90

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on Mount Calvary sealed,
We sign, asserting every word
Which in his gospel is revealed
As truth divine ; and cursed are they
Who add thereto or take away.

- 2 We steadfastly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no not one;
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ and his righteousness receive.
- 3 Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness,
E'en our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess,
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.
- 4 Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
The fullness of the three in one;
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone,
His Godhead and his death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.
- 5 On him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all, to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we know;
This we subscribe with heart and hand,
Resolved through grace thereby to stand.
- 6 This now with heaven's resplendent host
We echo through the church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Jesus' saving death and blood;
We loud, like many waters, join,
In showing forth his love divine.

L. M.

738.

Tune 22.

SHALL I, through fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's fire in me restrain?
Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?

- 2 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,
 Soften thy truth, and smooth my tongue;
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
 The cross endured, my God, by thee?
- 3 No, fearless I'll in deed and word
 Witness of thee, my gracious Lord:
 My life and blood I here present,
 If for thy truth they may be spent.
- 4 For this let men revile my name,
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame,
 I no reproach nor sufferings dread,
 Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.
- 5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
 Then, let winds blow, or thunders roar,
 I need not fear by sea or land.
 For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

7s.

739.

Tune 205.

LET thy presence go with me,
 Saviour, else I dare not move;
 With thy aid, and led by thee,
 I will go, constrained by love;
 Serve thy cause with all my might,
 Deeming every burden light;
 And, if favored with success,
 To thee render all the praise.

C. M.

740.

Tune 14.

- FATHER of mercies, condescend
 To hear our fervent prayer,
 While this our brother we commend
 To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door;
 His various efforts bless;
 On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
 And crown him with success.

- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind ;
 Supply his every need ;
 Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
 But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
 Uphold him by thy grace ;
 And guard him by thy mighty power,
 Till he shall end his race.
- 5 Then, followed by a numerous train,
 Gathered from heathen lands,
 A crown of life may he obtain
 From his Redeemer's hands.

L. M.

741.

Tune 22.

- THIS ship we now commend to thee,
 Thou God of providence and grace ;
 Here may thy presence ever dwell,
 To sanctify and bless the place.
- 2 Lord, speed the vessel in its course :
 Let winds and waves propitious be ;
 Let thy divine protection shield
 All whom we now commend to thee.
- 3 Hallowed to thee be every heart :
 Instructed in thy righteous will,
 Where'er they go, whate'er they do,
 In all, thy great designs fulfill.
- 4 O God of Bethel ! hear our prayer,
 And keep thy servants to the end ;
 Then let us meet around thy throne,
 A blest eternity to spend.

L. M.

742.

Tune 22.

- WE bid thee welcome, in the name
 Of Jesus, our exalted head :
 Come as a servant ; so he came,
 And we receive thee in his stead.

- 2 Come as a shepherd ; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin ;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a teacher, sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ,
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

L. M.

743.

Tune 22.

- SPIRIT of peace and holiness !
This new created union bless ;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.
- 2 Saviour, who carest for thy sheep !
The shepherd of thy people keep ;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.
 - 3 Gird thou his heart with strength divine ;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine ;
Faithful to all things may he be,
Dead to the world, alive to thee.
 - 4 Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee
Our spirits rise in harmony ;
Accept our praise, our sins remove,
And fit us for thy courts above.

L. M.

744.

Tune 22.

THE solemn service now is done ;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun ;
Seal thou, O God, the vow above,
And ratify this pledge of love.

- 2 The shepherd of thy people bless ;
Gird him with thine own holiness ;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.
- 3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And many to the Saviour led.
- 4 Oh let our humble worship be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to thee ;
And may these hallowed scenes of love,
Fit us for purer joys above.

L. M.

745.

Tune 22.

- FATHER of mercies ! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for thee,
Successful pleaders may they be !
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
 - 3 Teach them aright to sow the seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord ! in vain.
 - 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

S. M.

746.

Tune 393.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion! behold thy Saviour king;
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

L. M.

747.

Tune 22

- "Go, preach my gospel!" saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word;
He shall be lost that won't believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

- 4 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
 They to the farthest nation spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

L. M.

748.

Tune 22.

- POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
 Lord, thine ordained servants bless;
 Graces and gifts to each supply,
 And clothe them with thy righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple where they stand,
 To teach the truth, as taught by thee,
 Saviour! like stars in thy right hand,
 The angels of the churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
 Firmness, with meekness from above,
 To bear thy people on their heart,
 And love the souls whom thou dost love;
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
 By day and night strict guard to keep,
 To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
 Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when their work is finished here,
 In humble hope their charge resign:
 When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
 O God! may they and we be thine.

S. M. D.

749.

Tune 582.

“SERVANT of God! well done;
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master’s joy.”
 The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear,
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
 He fell—but felt no fear.

- 2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield :
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight ;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.
- 3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between :
'T was death to sin ;—'t was life
To all that mourned for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.
- 4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.
- 5 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare !"
He woke,—and caught the captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay ;
His tent at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.
- 6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ ! well done ;
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

10s.

750.

Tune 285 or 383

- Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime !
 In full activity of zeal and power ;
 A christian cannot die before his time ;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's
 hour.
- 2 Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is
 done :
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier ! go home ; with thee the fight is
 won.
- 3 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
 The germ of immortality shall keep ;
 While, safe as watched by cherubim, thy dust
 Shall to the judgment-day in Jesus sleep.
- 4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 5 Go to the grave ? no, take thy seat above !
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect
 love,
 And open vision for the written word.

G. M.

751.

Tune 382

REST from thy labor, rest,
 Soul of the just, set free !
 Blest be thy memory, and blest
 Thy bright example be !

- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
Language of light and power,
Love, prompt to act, and quick to feel,
Marked thee, till life's last hour.
 - 3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place ;
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.
 - 4 Lord Jesus ! to thy hands
Our pastor we resign ;
And now we wait thine own commands :
We were not his, but thine.
 - 5 Thou art thy church's head ;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead :
To thee we lift our eye.
 - 6 On thee our hopes depend ;
We gather round our rock ;
Send whom thou wilt ; but condescend
Thyself to feed thy flock.
-

SPECIAL HYMNS.

CHILDREN.

7s.

752.

Tune 11

- GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our prophet, priest, and king ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost ;
 Be this day a Pentecost :
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
 To the blessed trinity,
 For the Gospel from above,
 For the word, that " God is love."

L. M.

753.

Tune 22

- THOUGH but a little child I am,
 Yet I may praise the slaughtered Lamb :
 He loveth children tenderly,
 He also loveth sinful me.
- 2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
 Thou wilt a little child receive ;
 For thou didst bless them formerly,
 And say, " Let children come to me."
- 3 Lord Jesus, unto me impart
 A humble, meek, and docile heart ;
 Oh cleanse me in thy precious blood,
 Shed in my heart thy love abroad.
- 4 Save me from liking what is ill,
 Teach me to do thy holy will ;
 Each day prepare me through thy grace,
 To meet thee, and behold thy face.

11s.

754.

Tune 39

- LORD Jesus, we bless thee that thou wast a
 child,
 And hast us thereby unto God reconciled :
 We thank thee for suffering and dying in pain,
 For thy being buried and rising again.
- 2 We thank thee, that thou wilt the children
 permit
 To offer their praises and songs at thy feet ;

That thou, Lord, dost deign their petition to
hear,
And always to help them and save them art
near.

- 3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer, and
friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love to the end :
Oh, render us truly obedient to thee,
That we thy dear children forever may be.

C. M.

755.

Tune 14.

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learned to know the Lord,
Who through his grace escape the crimes
Forbidden in his word.

- 2 Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid
In Jesus' meritorious death ;
Such need not be afraid.
- 3 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive ;
For they who Jesus here have loved,
With him shall ever live.

L. M.

756.

Tune 22.

I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art gone
Up to thy everlasting throne.

- 2 I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be ; oh, be thou mine :
The world I leave and foolish play
To happiness to find the way.

- 3 My lips shall be employed to bless
The Lord who is my righteousness;
My pleasure, only to pursue
His steps, and his blest will to do.
- 4 So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon sealed receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Or rather live eternally.

C. M.

757.

Tune 14.

- I AM a little child, you see,
My strength is little too,
But yet I fain would savéd be;
Lord, teach me what to do.
- 2 Thou, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wast pleased a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me.
- 3 Come then, and take this heart of mine,
Come take me as I am;
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.
- 4 Low at thy feet, oh, may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.
- 5 Preserve my little heart secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make it and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.
- 6 If early thou wilt take me hence,
Oh, that no harm will be;
Since endless bliss will then commence,
When I shall live with thee.

- 7 If thou wilt have me longer stay,
 In years and stature grow ;
 Help me to serve thee night and day,
 While I am here below.
- 8 Then, after walking in thy ways,
 And serving thee in love,
 Receive me to thyself in peace.
 To sing thy praise above.

7s.

758.

Tune 581

- CHILDREN of Jerusalem
 Sang the praise of Jesus' name ;
 Children, too, of later days,
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
 Hark ! while infant voices sing
 Loud hosannas to our king.
- 2 We have often heard and read
 What the royal psalmist said :
 Babes, and sucklings' artless lays
 Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
 Hark ! while infant voices sing
 Loud hosannas to our king.
- 3 We are taught to love the Lord,
 We are taught to read His word,
 We are taught the way to heaven :
 Praise to God for all be given.
 Hark ! while infant voices sing
 Loud hosannas to our king.
- 4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song ;
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannas reach the skies.
 Hark ! while infant voices sing
 Loud hosannas to our king.

C. M.

759.

Tune 14.

- WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonored and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge, grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants, in his arms, he took,
And on his bosom blest.
- 4 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.
- 5 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our king!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.
- 6 For we have learned to love his name;
That name, divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

7s.

760.

Tune 11

- LAMB of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.
- 2 Due obedience thou didst show;
Oh, make me obedient too,
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

- 3 Let me above all fulfill
 God my heavenly Father's will,
 Never his good Spirit grieve,
 Only to his glory live.
- 4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
 In thy hands secure I am ;
 Fix thy temple in my heart,
 Never from thy child depart.
- 5 Teach me to show forth thy praise,
 Love and serve thee all my days ;
 Oh, might all around me see
 Christ, the holy child, in me.

P. M.

761.

Tune 159.

- How heart-affecting Christ to see,
 Some days before he bled,
 Go to Jerusalem willingly
 To suffer in our stead :
 When he approached the multitude
 Their garments spread and branches strewed,
 Crying hosanna to his praise,
 With joy and thankfulness.
- 2 'T was then the children joined the rest,
 And hailed him with a song ;
 With one accord his name confessed
 Amid the joyful throng :
 With them may we unite our lays,
 And, though in feeble accents, raise
 Our hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 Who died us to redeem.

8s, 7s & 4s.

762.

Tune 585.

SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tender care ;

In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine; do thou befriend us:

Be the guardian of our way;

Keep thy flock; from sin defend us;

Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus!

Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,

Poor and sinful though we be;

Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus!

Let us early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,

Early let us do thy will;

Holy Lord, our only Saviour,

With thy grace our bosoms fill.

Blessed Jesus!

Thou hast loved us, love us still.

6s & 3s.

763.

Tune 141.

JESUS, tender Saviour,

Hast thou died for me?

Make me very thankful

In my heart to thee.

When the sad, sad story

Of thy grief I read,

Make me very sorry

For my sins, indeed.

2 Now I know thou lovest

And dost plead for me,

Make me very thankful

In my prayers to thee.

Soon I hope in glory
 At thy side to stand :
 Make me fit to meet thee
 In that happy land.

7s.

764.

Tune 11.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child ;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to thee.

- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought ;
 Gracious God, forbid it not :
 In the kingdom of thy grace,
 Give a little child a place.

8s & 7s.

765.

Tune 16.

HUSH dear child, lie still and slumber ;
 Holy angels guard thy bed,
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.

- 2 Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
 House and home, thy friends provide,
 All without thy care and payment ;
 All thy wants are well supplied.
- 3 How much better thou 'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a child like thee.
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.
- 5 Was there nothing but a manger
 Wretched sinners could afford,

- To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?
- 6 See the joyful shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin-mother by.
- 7 'T was to save thee, child, from dying,
That thy blest Redeemer came;
He, by groans and bitter crying,
Savéd thee from burning flame.
- 8 Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.
-

YOUTH.

P. M.

766.

- YIELD not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.
- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain;

ON THIS CHILDREN'S DAY

Composed for the First Moravian Church and
Sunday-school, Philadelphia
by the Pastor
Children's Day, 1920

Tune 39—D or F.

CHOIR

Rejoice, O ye children; ye people rejoice!
Come, praise ye the Father, with jubilant voice,
And hail the Redeemer, with rapturous lay,
And honor the Spirit, on this Children's Day.

PARENTS AND TEACHERS

All praise to the Father—on earth and in heav'n!
Full precious the trust which to us He hath giv'n!
And praise for the comfort—lest these go astray—
He guards them and guides them—on this Children's Day!

CHILDREN

To Jesus, our Friend and our Saviour, we bring
The flowers of praise as our hearts' offering.
So pure, kind, obedient was He! And we pray
We may be like Jesus, on this Children's Day.

ALL

May He Who filled Jesus with wisdom and grace,
The Spirit eternal, now hallow this place.
May faith, hope and love in the Spirit hold sway
In elders and children on this Children's Day.

Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind-hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

- 3 To him that o'ercometh
 God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down ;
 He who is our Saviour,
 Our strength will renew :
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

P. M.

767.

Tune 56.

WE, O Jesus, claim thy special care ;
 Lord, preserve us from each hurtful snare ;
 May our hearts and senses be
 Fixed, in true simplicity,
 On the sufferings thou for us didst bear.

- 2 Us deliver from the world and sin ;
 Let thy Spirit rule alone within ;
 Every vain desire control,
 And in spirit, body, soul,
 Sanctify us by thy grace divine.

- 3 In temptation may we firmly stand,
 Ever watchful, as thou dost command :
 Without thee we naught can do ;
 Strengthen and support us too
 In all trials by thy mighty hand.

- 4 Fix thy temple, Saviour, in each breast ;
 Undisturbed be our peace and rest ;
 Let us on thy merits feed,
 In the path of grace proceed,
 Be, in union with thee, ever blest.

C. M.

768.

Tune 14.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth
And well support our age.

7s & 6s.

769.

Tune 151.

Go thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in thy bloom of youth,
And seek for thine adorning,
The precious pearl of truth;
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no earthly pleasure,
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth:

Go, seek thy great Creator,
 Learn early to be wise ;
 Go, place upon the altar
 A morning sacrifice.

P. M.

770.

Tune 139.

LIKE Mary at her Saviour's feet,
 We hear his word with joy,
 Nor would we change our humble seat
 For Martha's hard employ ;
 Now too, like Mary, when she shed
 The precious ointment on his head,
 Sweet fall our tears from grateful eyes,
 While prayers like incense rise.

- 2 Still may we hear that healing voice
 Speak to our inmost heart ;
 The one thing needful be our choice,
 Be ours that better part ;
 Then of our works of faith and love,
 Be this memorial writ above,
 While others boast their fancied good,
 "She hath done what she could."

8s, 7s & 4s.

771.

Tune 385.

JOIN to render thanks and praises
 To your faithful covenant-God,
 For the undeservéd mercies
 Freely upon you bestowed :
 Salem's daughters,
 In your happy lot rejoice.

- 2 He the mighty, he the holy,
 From their seats puts down the proud,
 While he lifts on high the lowly,
 Fills the hungry soul with good :
 He regardeth
 His handmaiden's low estate.

- 3 He his mercy doth remember,
 This all they who fear him prove :
 Are we not of that blest number
 Who are objects of his love ?
 Hallelujah :
 He for us great things hath done.
-

MARRIAGE.

S. M.

772.

Tune 595.

- How welcome was the call,
 And sweet the festal lay,
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
 To bless the marriage-day.
- 2 And happy was the bride,
 And glad the bridegroom's heart ;
 For he who tarried at their side
 Bade grief and ill depart.
- 3 O Lord of life and love,
 Come thou again to-day ;
 And bring a blessing from above
 That ne'er shall pass away.
- 4 Oh bless, as erst of old,
 The bridegroom and the bride ;
 Bless with the holier stream that flowed
 Forth from thy piercé side.
- 5 Before thine altar-throne
 This mercy we implore ;
 As thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
 So bless them evermore.

C. M.

773.

Tune 14.

- SINCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage-feast,
 O Lord ! we ask thy presence here ;
 Be thou our glorious guest.

- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 4 On every soul assembled here,
Oh make thy face to shine :
Thy goodness most our hearts can cheer,
If thou but own us thine.

C. M.

774.

Tune 593.

- WE join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from thee,
On those who now the bands have twined
Which ne'er may broken be.
- 2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given ;
But over all give thou the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.
 - 3 Still hand in hand their journey through,
Joint pilgrims may they go ;
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe.
 - 4 May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love ;
In faith, and trust, and heart the same,
The same their home above.

 PARENTS.

P. M.

775.

Tune 139.

To thee our vows with sweet accord,
Head of thy church, we pay ;

We and our house will serve thee, Lord,
 Thy word we will obey :
 Grant us and all our children grace,
 In word and deed thy name to praise,
 Yea, in each family, thy will
 And purpose to fulfill.

8s, 6s & 8s.

776.

Tune 79

- I AND my house will serve the Lord ;
 But first obedient to his word
 I must myself appear ;
 By actions, word, and temper show,
 That I my heavenly master know,
 And serve him with a heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set :
 From those that on my pleasure wait
 The stumbling-block remove ;
 Their duty by my life explain,
 And still in all my words maintain
 The gentle dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
 Quickly appeased and reconciled,
 A follower of my God ;
 A saint indeed I long to be,
 And lead my faithful family
 Onward in the celestial road.

L. M. D.

777.

Tune 165.

OUR children, gracious Lord and God,
 With fervor we to thee commend ;
 Thou hast redeemed them by thy blood ;
 Thy blessing on them all descend :
 Kind shepherd, take each little lamb
 Into thy faithful arms of love ;
 Cause them to know thy saving name,
 And thy redeeming grace to prove.

- 2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,
 That we, with care and faithfulness,
 May lead them thee, our Lord, to know,
 To obey thy word and seek thy face:
 Teach us the duties of our state,
 To love each other heartily,
 Our children so to educate
 That they may love and follow thee.

L. M.

778.

Tune 22.

- O LORD, who numberest all our days,
 Who guardest us in all our ways,
 In whom we live, and move, and are,
 Who know'st our wants, and hearest prayer;
 2 Endow all parents with thy love,
 And give them wisdom from above
 To educate each child for thee,
 As thy redeemed property.
 3 Grant us and all our children grace,
 So here on earth to run our race,
 That we in heaven may meet, and sing
 Eternal praise to thee, our king.

7s, 8s & 7s.

779.

Tune 83.

IN this world, so full of snares,
 Take our children in thy keeping;
 Hear the parents' sighs and prayers
 When for them before thee weeping;
 Mercy for our children we,
 Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

L. M.

780.

Tune 22

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
 From thy secure enclosure's bound,
 And, lured by worldly joys away,
 Among the thoughtless crowd be found;

- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

7s

781.

Tune 11

- GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given;
Let them all thy blessings share,
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.
- 2 Cleanse their souls from every stain,
Through the Saviour's precious blood;
Let them all be born again,
And be reconciled to God.
- 3 For this mercy, Lord, we cry;
Bend thine ever-gracious ear;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, in mercy hear.

THE AGED.

10s & 7s.

782.

Tune 183.

WE with joy confess, belovéd Saviour,
Thee, the widow's special friend;
We are objects of thy love and favor,
Thou on us thy life didst spend:

Thou with more than husband's love dost
 lead us,
 Thy all-bounteous hand doth daily feed us,
 All our wants thou dost supply ;
 Thus our cruse is never dry.

- 2 Thou hast promised for our consolation,
 That we shall not come behind
 In the gifts, which to thy congregation
 Thou dispensest, of each kind :
 May we, to thy service dedicated,
 And to thee, like Anna, consecrated,
 For thy blest appearing wait ;
 Then to heaven our souls translate.

8s & 7s.

783.

Tune 167

WHO for Israel's consolation
 Here like Simeon humbly wait,
 Shall behold the Lord's salvation,
 Then their joy will be complete :
 May we follow his example,
 Trusting in God's promises,
 Wait for Jesus, in his temple,
 Daily offer prayer and praise.

C. M.

784.

Tune 14

- MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thy hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year ;
 Behold, my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise ;

And round me let thy glory shine,
 Whene'er thy servant dies.

- 4 Then, in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They 'll read thy love in every page,
 In every line thy praise.

P. M.

785.

Tune 168.

'MID the trials we experience,
 May we not give way to fears,
 But possess our souls in patience,
 Passing through this vale of tears :
 Weaned thereby from things terrestrial,
 Let us look for joys celestial,
 Waiting for that time, when we
 From all sorrow shall be free.

- 2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
 Is our pledge of joys to come,
 Of the bliss we shall inherit
 When above with Christ at home :
 Oh, this blessed meditation
 Yields us solid consolation,
 That we shall, when time is o'er,
 With the Lord be evermore.

THE NEW YEAR.

8s, 7s & 4s.

786.

Tune 383.

WHILE successive years are wasting,
 Still our God abides the same ;
 All his words are everlasting,
 All his works his love proclaim :
 Men and angels,
 Sing thrice holy to his name.

7s.

787.

Tune 203.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here ;
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below :
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the wingéd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord ! our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above !

L. M.

788.

Tune 22

GREAT God ! we sing thy mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand ;
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

8s & 7s.

789.

Tune 167

- FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's blessing
Crave on each succeeding day,
Asking, "Are we onward pressing?
What may Jesus have to say?
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?
Do we hold our Saviour fast?
Are we more like him at present,
Than we were in seasons past?"
- 2 Great defects are still revealéd ;
Short we fall of his blest aim ;
Then the conscious soul is filléd
With a deep, but wholesome shame ;
Earnest to improve the morrow,
We our yesterday review,
While the tear of godly sorrow
Saddens, but enlivens too.
- 3 Jesus, for thy faithful leading,
Which throughout our course we trace.
We adore thee, still proceeding
Onward in the path of grace :

While another year we enter,
 We renew our vows of love,
 All for thee resolved to venture;
 Our benign conductor prove.

L. M.

790.

Tune 90

THE Almighty Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages let us praise;
 Who reigns, in light enthroned on high,
 Ancient of never-ending days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered, worthless trees,
 Alas! we cumbered long the ground;
 No pleasant fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was ever found;
 Yet mercy stayed our doom severe:
 "Oh, spare them yet another year."

3 Jesus, thy interceding blood
 From God for us obtained the grace,
 Who mercifully hath bestowed
 On us a longer time and space.
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year.

4 Then dig, we pray, about our root,
 O Lord, break up our fallow-ground,
 And henceforth let our gracious fruit
 To thy great name's sole praise abound;
 Oh, let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

L. M. D.

791.

Tune 166

LORD Jesus, 'mid thy flock appear,
 Thy ransomed congregation bless;
 We meet to close another year,
 Accept the thanks our hearts express:

We are not able to record
 The boundless favors we have proved ;
 They show that we, most gracious Lord,
 'Mid our defects, by thee are loved.

S. M.

792.

Tune 595.

- Now, through another year
 Supported by his care,
 We raise our Ebenezer here :
 The Lord hath helped thus far.
- 2 Our lot in future years
 We cannot, Lord, foresee ;
 But kindly to prevent our fears,
 Thou sayst, Leave all to me.
- 3 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
 Our cares upon thy breast ;
 Help us to praise thee for the past,
 And trust thee for the rest.

C. M.

793.

Tune 14.

- AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair?
 And what thy great concern?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.

- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

L. M.

794.

Tune 90.

- LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, e'en us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely;
 On thee alone our spirits stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place;
 But hasten through this vale of woe,
 And, restless to behold thy face,
 Swift to our heavenly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.

C. M.

795.

Tune 593.

- O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Still may we dwell secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
 - 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch, that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
 - 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
 - 6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.
 - 7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home !
-

HARVEST.

C. M.

796.

Tune 14

- O THOU, who givest all their food,
Causing thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are thine.
- 2 Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil ;
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.
 - 3 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike thy laws obey ;

- Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.
- 4 Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining word :
Seed-time and harvest speak thy name,
The promise-keeping Lord.

7s.

797.

Tune 205.

- COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home :
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of harvest home.
- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest ! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home ;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day ;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
- 4 Even so, Lord ! quickly come
To thy final harvest home ;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;

There for ever purified
 In thy presence to abide:
 Come with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious harvest home.

6s & 4s.

798.

THE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise
 Hand, heart and voice;
 The valleys laugh and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring,
 The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
 And joyous thanks proclaim
 Through all the earth;
 To glory in your lot
 Is comely, but be not
 God's benefits forgot
 Amidst your mirth.

4 The God of harvest praise;
 Hands, hearts and voices raise
 With one accord,
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song.
 Bless ye the Lord.

L. M.

799.

Tune 22

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 Thy favor still has crowned our days,
 And we would celebrate thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat,
 Thou givest us the finest wheat:

- The joys of harvest we have known ;
 The praise, O Lord, is all thine own.
- 3 Our table spread, our garner stored,
 Oh, give us hearts to bless thee, Lord !
 Forbid it, source of light and love,
 That hearts and lives should barren prove.
- 4 Another harvest comes apace ;
 Ripen our spirits by thy grace,
 That we may calmly meet the blow
 The sickle gives to lay us low.
- 5 That so, when angel-reapers come
 To gather sheaves to thy blest home,
 Our spirits may be borne on high
 To thy safe garner in the sky.

C. M.

800.

Tune 14.

- FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !
 How rich thy bounties are !
 The changing seasons, as they move,
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
 The plants in beauty grew ;
 Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
 And soft, refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
 Thy hand, all nature hails ;
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter, fails.

MORNING.

L. M.

801.

Tune 22.

- AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy former misspent time redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
- 4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of heavenly bliss partake.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

7s.

802.

Tune 11.

- IN the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice ;
God, my sun ! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.
- 2 Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray ;

- Live as always seeing thee,
Knowing, thou, God! seest me.
- 3 When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.
- 4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.
- 5 Thus with thee, my God! my friend!
Time begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

7s.

803.

Tune 11,

- Now the shades of night are gone :
Now the morning light is come :
Lord, may we be thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day
May we stand, and watch, and pray.
- 3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

L. M.

804.

Tune 90

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O sun of righteousness divine,

On me with beams of mercy shine ;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

- 2 When, to heaven's great and glorious king
My morning sacrifice I bring ;
And, grieving o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name ;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

L. M.

805.

Tune 22

Oh timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

7s.

806.

Tune 10.

My soul, awake, and render
To God, thy great defender,
Thy prayer and adoration
For his kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord, my Saviour;
My thanks shall be the spices
Of morning sacrifices.

3 Bless me, this day, Lord Jesus,
And be to me propitious;
Grant me thy kind protection
From every sin's infection.

4 Bless every thought and action;
Afford me thy direction;
To thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be thou my only treasure,
Fulfill in me thy pleasure;
May I, in every station,
Give thee due adoration.

C. M.

807.

Tune 14.

WHAT secret hand, at morning light,
By stealth unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?

2 'Tis thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.

3 'Tis thine my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scattered round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.

- 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bore me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'T would there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

L. M.

808.

Tune 22.

- BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power my all, from thee.
- 3 Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove:
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

7s, 6s & 8s.

809.

Tune 79

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing
Attend me without ceasing;

Thus I stretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleasure,
Which, in my call and measure,
My God for me to do ordained.

8s, 7s & 7s.

810.

Tune 89.

God, omnipotent Creator,
Who madest all things by thy might,
Rulest everything in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By thy power alone dost guide :

- 2 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by thy word ;
Lord, thy constant preservation
To thy erring child afford :
Nowhere but alone in thee
From all harm can I be free.
- 3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,
Keep in thine almighty hand ;
Strengthened by thy powerful merit,
Let me follow thy command :
Thou, my glory and renown,
I would fain be all thine own.

L. M.

811.

Tune 22.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

- 2 Still would we bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

- 3 For thee alone we would employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
Would tread our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

L. M.

812.

Tune 90.

- As every day thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counselor and friend ;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes or labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies !
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

L. M.

813.

Tune 22

- LORD Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day and night be near to thee,
Both when I close at night my eyes,
And in the morn from sleep arise.
- 2 Lord Jesus Christ, my life and light,
I wish to love thee day and night ;
Preserve my steps and guide my ways,
And let me live unto thy praise.

L. M.

814.

Tune 22.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
 It is not night, if thou be near:
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
 Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor,
 With blessings from thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take;
 Till, in the ocean of thy love,
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

8s & 7s.

815.

Tune 16.

SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe if thou art nigh.

- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art he who, never weary,
 Watcheth where thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

8s, 7s & 7s.

816.

Tune 89

- THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
 Now we lay us down to rest;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest:
 Jesus, thou our guardian be,
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers;
 In thy peace may we repose:
 And, when life's brief day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last.

7s.

817.

Tune 11

- SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord! I would commune with thee.
- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Naught escapes, without, within!
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away;

Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity!
Then, from thine eternal throne
Jesus! look with pitying eye.

L. M.

818.

Tune 22.

ANOTHER day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade extend;
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
And thee for every mercy praise.

- 2 Yet we are of defects aware;
Forgive them, Lord; thy children spare:
Our souls be precious in thy sight,
Take us into thy care this night.
- 3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,
Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship;
Thus, under thy protection blest,
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

L. M.

819.

Tune 22.

THE hours' decline and setting sun
Show that my course this day is run;
The evening-shade and silent night
My weary limbs to rest invite.

- 2 I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps,
And who his own in safety keeps.
- 3 Where'er I thee this day did grieve,
O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And with a mind from trouble freed,
Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

5s, 8s & 5s.

820.

Tune 68.

JESUS, hear our prayer,
For thy children care;
While we sleep, protect and bless us,
With thy pardon now refresh us:
Leave thy peace divine
With us, we are thine.

8s, 6s & 8s.

821.

Tune 79.

No farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Abide, my Lord, with me:
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take;
Thus day and night I spend with thee.

L. M.

822.

Tune 22.

- ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

C. M.

823.

Tune 14

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest ;
Oh, that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2 This night my longing soul with Christ
Would take up her abode,
I gladly would myself divest
Of everything but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend
In fellowship above ;
Would hold communion with my Lord,
And feast upon his love.

4 Dead to the world when I'm asleep,
I'd be alive to God ;
My soul would rest at peace with him
Who bought me with his blood.

5 Oh may I, then, of Christ this night
Be happily possessed,
With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

C. M.

824.

Tune 14

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me through this night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes ;
Thou wilt not from me move :
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

- 3 Oh, if this night should prove my last,
 And end my transient days :
 Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
 Where I may sing thy praise.

8s & 7s.

825.

Tune 16

- JESUS, tender shepherd, hear me ;
 Bless thy feeble lamb to-night :
 Through the darkness be thou near me ;
 Keep me safe till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand has led me,
 And I thank thee for thy care ;
 Kindly thou hast clothed me, fed me ;
 Listen to my evening prayer.
- 3 May my sins be all forgiven,
 Bless the friends I love so well ;
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

P. M.

826.

Tune 163.

- AUTHOR of the whole creation,
 Light of light, eternal Word,
 Soul and body's preservation
 I commit to thee, O Lord :
 My Redeemer, dwell in me,
 Let me sleep and wake with thee,
 And receive thy benediction
 Both in joy and in affliction.
- 2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
 While to rest I lay me down,
 Let my grateful heart remember
 All the mercies thou hast shown ;
 Fill my soul with sacred love,
 Let me dream of things above ;
 And bestow on me the favor
 Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

- 3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
 Whether open or unknown,
 Thus removing that oppression
 Under which I else should groan ;
 I confess the guilt of sin,
 But thy blood can make me clean ;
 Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
 Grant me joy and consolation.

L. M.

827.

Tune 22.

- LORD, I have passed another day,
 And come to thank thee for thy care :
 Forgive my faults in work and play,
 And listen to my evening prayer.
- 2 Thy favor gives me daily bread,
 And friends who all my wants supply ;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserved and guarded by thine eye.
- 3 Look down in pity, and forgive
 Whate'er I've done or said amiss ;
 And help me every day I live,
 To serve thee better than on this.
- 4 Now while I speak, be pleased to take
 A helpless child beneath thy care ;
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my evening prayer.

P. M.

828.

- THE night is come wherein at last we rest,
 God order this, and all things, for the best !
 Beneath his blessing fearless may we lie.
 Since he is nigh.
- 2 Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away ;
 O Father, watch o'er us till dawning day ;
 Body and soul alike from harm defend,
 Thine angels send.

- 3 Let holy prayers and thoughts our latest be,
 Let us awake with joy, still close to thee;
 In all serve thee; in every deed and thought
 Thy praise be sought.
- 4 Give to the sick, as thy belovéd, sleep;
 And help the captive, comfort those who
 weep;
 Care for the widows' and the orphans' woe;
 Keep far our foe.
- 5 Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom
 come,
 Thy will be wrought as in our heavenly
 home;
 Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
 Us now and ever! Amen.
-

BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

C. M.

829.

Tune 14.

THEE we address in humble prayer,
 Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown,
 Father of all, thy children hear,
 And send a blessing down.

- 2 May we enjoy thy saving grace,
 Thy goodness taste and see,
 Athirst for blood-bought righteousness,
 And hungry after thee.

7s.

830.

Tune 11.

JESUS' mercies never fail,
 This we prove at every meal:
 Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,
 Gladly join to sing thy praise.

- 2 Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow,
Can refresh and cheer us too ;
But no gift can to the heart
Be what thou our Saviour art.
- 3 Praise our God ! it is but just ;
He hath raised us from the dust,
Gave us being, gave us breath,
Saves us from eternal death.

8s, 6s & 8s.

831.

Tune 79.

WHAT praise to thee, my Saviour
Is due for every favor,
E'en for my daily food :
Each crumb thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

L. M.

832.

Tune 22.

- BE present at our table, Lord ;
Be here and everywhere adored :
From thy all-bounteous hand our food
May we receive with gratitude.
- 2 We humbly thank thee, Lord our God,
For all thy gifts on us bestowed ;
And pray thee, graciously to grant
The food which day by day we want.

COME, Lord Jesus, our guest to be,
And bless the gifts bestowed by thee.

BE present, Lord, at this repast,
And bless what thou provided hast.

TRAVELERS.

C. M.

833.

Tune 14.

- BLEST be that sacred covenant-love,
Uniting though we part ;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Joined in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go,
And while we in his footsteps tread,
Show forth his praise below.
- 3 Oh, may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
In him are one in heart.
- 5 Soon will he wipe off every tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

8s, 6s & 8s.

834.

Tune 79.

- THE Lord be with me everywhere,
And screen me with paternal care
By his almighty arm ;
No traveler needs to faint or fear,
If he believe the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all harm.
- 2 By sea and land, by night and day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Though winds and thunders roar ;
Bring me, when every peril's past,

Safe to the destined place at last,
There to extol thy help and power.

8s, 6s & 8s.

835.

Tune 79.

A STRANGER and a pilgrim, I
With thy command, O Lord, comply,
I go where thou dost send :
My high commission I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

- 2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways ;
Open my lips to sing thy praise,
For blessings freely given :
In all my journeys here below
Let thy kind presence with me go ;
And grant me once to rest in heaven.

SICKNESS.

7s.

836.

Tune 11.

OH, how soft that bed must be,
Made in sickness, Lord, by thee ;
And that rest, how calm, how sweet,
Where thou and the sufferer meet.

- 2 'T was the good physician now,
Soothed thy cheek, and chafed thy brow,
Whispering, as he raised thy head,
"It is I, be not afraid."
- 3 God of glory, God of grace,
Hear from heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear in mercy, and forgive,
Bid thy child believe and live.
- 4 Bless me, and I shall be blest ,
Soothe me, and I shall have rest ;

Fix my heart, my hopes, above ;
Love me, Lord, for thou art love.

L. M.

837.

Tune 22

THOUGH I 'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain ;
And death itself I need not dread,
Since Jesus suffered in my stead.

2 Yet one thing will I ask of thee :
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me ;
But bless me often, keep my mind
Stayed on thy help, to thee resigned :

3 Then I shall be supremely blest,
Nor ask, though sick, to be released ;
I 'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou rulest all things well.

C. M.

838.

Tune 14.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the flesh,
And long to fly away ;

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above ;

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own ;

4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid ;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of sufferings paid ;

- 5 Sweet on his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death ;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend ;
- 7 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his ;
- 8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 9 If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from thee ?

C. M.

839.

Tune 14.

- O THOU, who lov'st to send relief
In time of our distress,
Because thyself didst bear our grief,
And feel our sicknesses ;
- 2 Thy will be done, I still would say,
Whate'er that will may be ;
And let this trial, day by day,
Fulfill its end in me.
- 3 O Lord, look down, O Lord, forgive,
Oh, help me from on high ;
Since no man to himself must live,
Nor to himself can die.

- 4 And when, through feebleness or pain,
My thoughts are far from thee,
Though I forget thee, Saviour, then,
Oh, yet, forget not me.
- 5 In him that bore our griefs and pains
Shall they, that suffer, boast,
Who with the Father ever reigns,
And with the Holy Ghost.

L. M.

840.

Tune 22.

- OH, how I long to go and see
The Lamb of God, who died for me!
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!
- 2 He loves and values me, I him;
Therefore I all things dross esteem
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or skies.
- 3 With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain
To be released from all my pain.
- 4 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.
- 5 My loving friends, farewell, farewell,
I go with Jesus Christ to dwell;
He calls me to my heavenly home,
And says, "Come in, thou blessed, come."

C. M.

841.

Tune 14.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of hosts, to-day
Within thy temple meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at thy feet.

- 2 They see thy power and glory there,
As I have seen them too ;
They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.
- 4 For thou art in their midst to teach,
When in thy name they call,
And thou hast blessings Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.
- 5 I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to thee ;
Oh, hast not thou a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me ?
- 6 The dew lies thick on all the ground,
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around,
Shall I of hunger die ?
- 7 Behold thy prisoner, loose my bands,
If 't is thy gracious will ;
If not, contented in thy hands,
Behold thy prisoner still.
- 8 I may not to thy courts repair,
Yet here thou surely art ;
Oh, give me here a house of prayer,
Here sabbath-joys impart.
- 9 To faith reveal the things unseen,
To hope, the joys untold ;
Let love, without a vail between,
Thy glory now behold.
- 10 Oh, make thy face on me to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease ;
Lift up thy countenance benign
On me, and give me peace.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

L. M.

842.

Tune 22.

- THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, oh, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna to their heavenly king;
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna, let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

L. M.

843.

Tune 22.

- AN earthly temple here we raise,
Lord God, our Saviour, to thy praise;
Oh, make thy gracious presence known,
While now we lay its corner-stone.
- 2 Within the house thy servants rear,
Deign by thy Spirit to appear;

On all its walls salvation write,
From corner-stone to topmost height.

- 3 And, when this temple, "made with hands,"
Upon its firm foundation stands,
Oh, may we all, with loving heart,
In nobler building bear a part:
- 4 Where every polished stone shall be
A human soul won back to thee;
All resting upon Christ alone,
The chief and precious corner-stone.

C. M. 844. Tune 14.

BUILDER of mighty worlds on worlds,
How poor the house must be,
That with our human sinful hands
We may erect for thee.

- 2 O Christ, thou art our corner-stone
On thee our hopes are built;
Thou art our Lord, our light, our life,
Our sacrifice for guilt.
- 3 In thy blest name we gather here,
And consecrate the ground:
The walls that on this rock shall rise
Thy praises shall resound.
- 4 May many a soul, from death redeemed,
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path
To God and glory, there."

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

C. M. 845. Tune 14.

DEAR shepherd of thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display:

As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Oh, may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

L. M.

846.

Tune 22.

O THOU, who didst the temple fill
With thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us shine,
Here cause us to behold thy face;
Oh, make this tabernacle thine!
Oh, sanctify this holy place!

3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire;
Lord Jesus, make thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm thy word
To all who worship in this place;
Oh, pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to thy name be given;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

C. M.

847.

Tune 14.

SPIRIT divine! attend our prayers,
 And make this house thy home;
 Descend with all thy gracious powers,
 Oh come, great Spirit! come.

- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal
 Our emptiness and woe;
 And lead us in those paths of life
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
 Like sacrificial flame;
 Let our whole soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
 The wings of peaceful love;
 And let thy church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.
- 5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound,
 And pentecostal grace,
 That all, of woman born, may see
 The glory of thy face.

8s, 7s & 4s.

848.

Tune 583.

CHRIST, thou art the sure foundation,
 Thou the head and corner-stone;
 Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
 Binding all the church in one;
 Thou thy Zion's help for ever,
 And her confidence alone.

- 2 To this temple, where we call thee,
 Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day!
 With thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear thy servants as they pray;
 And thy fullest benediction
 Shed within these walls away.

- 3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
 What they ask of thee to gain,
 What they gain from thee for ever
 With the blessed to retain,
 And hereafter in thy glory
 Evermore with thee to reign.
- 4 Praise and honor to the Father,
 Praise and honor to the Son,
 Praise and honor to the Spirit,
 Ever three and ever one ;
 One in might, and one in glory,
 While eternal ages run.

7s.

849.

Tune 11.

- LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
 Here a house of prayer and praise :
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare
 Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
 Here in hope of glory blest,
 May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
 While the sea shall gird the land ;
 Here reveal thy mercy sure,
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply ;
 Hallelujah ! hence ascend
 Prayer and praise till time shall end.

P. M.

850.

Tune 159

WE tread on consecrated ground,
 For 't is his own abode,
 The sparrow here a nest hath found,
 Thine altars, O Lord God ;

Blest they who to his courts repair,
 To seek him in his house of prayer;
 To such he will himself reveal,
 His praises they shall tell.

C. M.

851.

Tune 14.

- To thee this temple we devote,
 Our Father and our God;
 Accept it thine, and seal it now
 Thy Spirit's blest abode.
- 2 Here may the prayer of faith ascend,
 The voice of praise arise;
 Oh, may each lowly service prove
 Accepted sacrifice.
- 3 Here may the sinner learn his guilt,
 And weep before his Lord;
 Here pardoned, sing a Saviour's love,
 And here his vows record.
- 4 Here may affliction dry the tear,
 And learn to trust in God;
 Convinced it is a Father smites,
 And love that guides the rod.
- 5 Peace be within these sacred walls,
 Prosperity be here;
 Still smile upon thy people, Lord,
 And evermore be near.

DAYS OF FASTING.

C. M.

852.

Tune 14.

SEE, gracious God! before thy throne,
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
 Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 Great God! why is our country spared,
Ungrateful as we are?
Oh, be thine awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, Forbear!

4 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame;
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

5 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

L. M.

853.

Tune 22

O GOD of heaven and earth, arise,
And hear our loud united cries;
Behold us bow before thy face,
Throughout our land, and seek thy grace.

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the arms that guard our coasts;
Thine is the land, and thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
On every shore, on every town;
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay thy lifted thunder by.

4 Forgive the follies of our times,
And cleanse our land from all its crimes;
Reformed and decked with grace divine,
Let our united people shine.

7s.

854.

Tune 11.

- WHY, O God ! thy people spurn ?
Why permit thy wrath to burn ?
God of mercy ! turn once more,
All our broken hearts restore.
- 2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
Heal the sorrows thou dost make ;
Bitter is the cup we drink,
Suffer not our souls to sink.
- 3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world ;
Save us, Lord ! we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm, thy chosen free.
- 4 Give us now relief from pain ;
Human aid is all in vain ;
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help, when foes assail.

8s & 7s.

855.

Tune 16

- DREAD Jehovah ! God of nations !
From thy temple in the skies
Hear thy people's supplications ;
Now for their deliverance rise.
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding ;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.
- 3 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface ;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 4 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

L. M.

856.

Tune 22.

- ON thee, our guardian God, we call ;
 Before thy throne of grace we fall ;
 And is there no deliverance there ?
 And must we perish in despair ?
- 2 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn ;
 To our forsaken God return ;
 Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
 The church which thou hast planted here.
- 3 We plead thy grace, indulgent God ;
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood ;
 We plead thy gracious promises ;
 And are they unavailing pleas ?
- 4 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
 Have brought ten thousand blessings down
 On guilty lands in helpless woe ;
 Let them prevail to save us too.

NATIONAL.

8s & 4s.

857.

- MY country ! 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land, where my fathers died !
 Land of the pilgrims' pride !
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring !
- 2 My native country ! thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills :
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring, from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song :
 Let mortal tongues awake ;
 Let all that breathe partake ;
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God ! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us, by thy might,
 Great God, our king !

C. M.

858.

Tune 14.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray
 Of every clime and coast,
 Oh, hear us for our native land,
 The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe :
 With peace our borders bless,
 Our cities with prosperity,
 Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee,
 And let our hills and valleys chant
 The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend ;
 Be thou her refuge, and her trust,
 Her everlasting friend.

6s & 4s.

859.

GOD bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand,

Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

7s.

860.

Tune 11

God, most mighty, sovereign Lord,
By the heavenly hosts adored!
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things!

- 2 By thy saints with joy confessed,
God o'er all for ever blest!
Lo! we come before thy throne,
In our Saviour's name alone.
- 3 On our fields of grass and grain,
Drop, O Lord! the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land,
Crown the labors of each hand.
- 4 Let thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord! thy bounteous hand,
Bless thy people, bless our land.
- 5 Let, O Lord! our rulers be
Men that love and honor thee;
Let the powers, by thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.

- 6 In the people's hearts increase
 Love of piety and peace ;
 Thus, united we shall stand,
 One wide, free, and happy land.

L. M.

861.

Tune 22

- GREAT God of nations, now to thee,
 Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
 That thou hast made this nation free,
 We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
 For all the kindness thou hast shown
 To this fair land, by pilgrims trod,
 This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 We praise thee, that the gospel's light
 Through all our land its radiance sheds,
 Dispels the shades of error's night,
 And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

6s & 4s.

862.

- AUSPICIOUS morning, hail !
 Voices, from hill and vale,
 Thy welcome sing :
 Joy on thy dawning breaks ;
 Each heart that joy partakes,
 While cheerful music wakes,
 Its praise to bring.
- 2 Peace on this day abide,
 From morn till eventide ;
 Wake tuneful song ;
 Melodious accents raise ;
 Let every heart, with praise,
 Bring high and grateful lays,
 Rich, full, and strong.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

7s.

863.

Tune 11

LORD, my times are in thy hand,
 Be they then at thy command;
 Let me live to thee alone,
 Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,
 Lord, for shelter, but to thee?
 Thou hast gone before, in grace,
 To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sins' heavy load,
 All thy steps were marked with blood,
 From the garden to the cross,
 Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4 By thy bitter agony,
 By thy life poured out for me,
 Oh, let me, a sinner, find
 In my God a friend most kind.

C. M.

864.

Tune 14

THERE is a time,—we know not when,
 A point,—we know not where,
 Which marks the destiny of men
 To glory or despair.

2 There is a line, by us unseen,
 That crosses every path,
 The hidden boundary between
 God's patience and his wrath.

3 How far may we go on in sin?
 How long will God forbear?
 Where does hope end, and where begin.
 The confines of despair?

- 4 An answer from the skies is sent :
 "Ye who from God depart,
 While it is called to-day, repent,
 And harden not your heart."

P. M.

865.

- ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
 I'm nearer my home to-day
 Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where the many mansions be ;
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down,
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 But the waves of that silent sea
 Roll dark before my sight,
 That brightly the other side
 Break on a shore of light.
- 5 Oh, if my mortal feet
 Have almost gained the brink,
 If it be I am nearer home,
 Even to-day than I think ;
- 6 Father ! perfect my trust,
 Let my spirit feel in death
 That her feet are firmly set
 On the rock of a living faith.

C. M.

866.

Tune 14.

WHETHER the period of this life
 Be long or short, we know

- 'Tis in itself of no great weight ;
We're pilgrims here below.
- 2 Thrice happy they who in this time
In Jesus Christ believe,
And as a living sacrifice
To him their bodies give.
- 3 He is, as long as life shall last,
The source of all their bliss,
And when they from this world depart,
They see him as he is.
- 4 Lord, may I live to thee by faith,
To thee, oh, may I die ;
For thine I am in life and death,
Thine, thine, eternally.

S. M.

867.

Tune 582.

- MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die,
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;
How swift its moments fly !
- 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth,
This, this is not to live.
- 3 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done ;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 4 Up then with speed, and work ;
Fling ease and self away ;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch, and work, and pray.
- 5 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er ;
Oh, sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The judge is at the door.

S. M.

868.

Tune 382.

LORD, let me know mine end ;
My days, how brief their date ;
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is naught with thee ;
What is the highest boast of man
But dust and vanity ?

3 Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For thou hast brought me low ;
Remove thy judgments lest I die ;
I faint beneath thy blow.

4 At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

5 Have pity on my fears ;
Hearken to my request ;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

6 Oh spare me yet, I pray ;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

P. M.

869.

Tune 168

MAKE my calling and election,
Jesus, every day more sure ;
Keep me under thy direction,
Till I, through thy god-like power,
Unto endless glory raised,
In thy mansions shall be placéd ;
When in thee I end my race,
Weeping shall for ever cease.

DEATH

L. M.

870.

Tune 22.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep,
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes!

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
 To be for such a slumber meet;
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death hath lost his venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
 Debars this precious hiding-place:
 On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
 Believers find the same repose.

6 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

S. M.

.871.

Tune 382.

It is not death, to die,
 To leave this weary road,
 And mid the brotherhood on high
 To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death, to close
 The eye long dimmed by tears,
 And wake in glorious repose
 To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death, to bear
 The wrench that sets us free
 From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
 Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death, to fling
 Aside this sinful dust,
 And rise on strong, exulting wing
 To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
 Thy chosen cannot diè;
 Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
 To reign with thee on high.

7s & 6s.

872.

Tune 151.

WHEN I shall gain permission
 To leave this mortal tent,
 And get from pain dismissal,
 Jesus, thyself present;
 And let me, when expiring,
 Recline upon thy breast,
 Thus I shall be acquiring
 Eternal life and rest.

L. M.

873.

Tune 22.

- WHY should we start and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate to endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 And we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

P. M.

874.

Tune 119.

HAD we naught,
 Naught beyond this life to hope,
 Here receiving our full measure,
 Did no further prospect ope,
 Laid we up no heavenly treasure,
 Wretched were our state in life and death,
 Vain our faith.

2 Here on earth,
 Here on earth in tears we sow;
 He who here goes forth and weepeth,
 Bearing precious seed below,
 Brings his sheaves with him and reapeth
 There in joy, his sighs and sorrows o'er,
 Evermore.

8s & 7s.

875.

Tune 116

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below:
 Thou, by angel guards attended,
 Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
 Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Reaching out the crown of love.

- 3 For the joy he set before thee,
 Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

S. M. D.

876.

Tune 582

- THE spirits of the just,
 Confined in bodies, groan,
 Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
 And then the conflict's done :
 Jesus, who came to save,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
 And made even death our gain.
- 2 Why should we fear to trust
 The place where Jesus lay ?
 He'll raise our bodies from the dust,
 And unto life convey :
 Sin's pardoned, we're secure,
 Death hath no sting beside ;
 The law gives sin condemning power,
 But Jesus for us died.
- 3 Confiding in thy name,
 Jesus, the church's head,
 We give to earth the breathless frame,
 Remembering thou wast dead :
 A bitter death indeed
 Was thine, O Lamb of God ;
 But from the curse thou hast us freed,
 By thy atoning blood.
- 4 O death, where is thy sting ?
 O grave, thy victory ?
 He that believes in Christ can sing :
 " He hath redeeméd me !"
 Trusting in him by faith,
 We now the victory gain ;

In him we triumph over death,
Who for us rose again.

L. M. D.

877.

Tune 166.

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,
When I go hence, but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest:
When earthly cares engross the mind,
And turn my thoughts aside from thee,
Then the successive days and nights
Seem long and wearisome to me.

- 2 My God, and can a needy child,
That loves thee in humility,
From thy dear presence be exiled,
Or ever separated be?
Oh no, for in thy wounded hands,
By faith, my name engraved I see;
Firm and secure thy promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends shall be.

C. M.

878.

Tune 14.

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost thou rest,
From every toil and care,
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare!

- 2 His sufferings have delivered thee
From misery, woe, and death;
His word, 'Tis finished, proved to be
The triumph of thy faith.
- 3 Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be;
Until the body, changed, obtains
Blest immortality.

C. M.

879.

Tune 14.

How sweetly this our brother sleeps,
Enjoying endless peace ;
The grave, wherein his Saviour lay,
Is now his resting-place.

- 2 Naught can disturb this heir of life,
All worldly cares are fled ;
To be with Christ was his desire,
And now he's perfected.

C. M.

880.

Tune 14.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

- 2 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?

- 3 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.

- 4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

L. M.

881.

Tune 22.

TEACH us to number so our days
That we apply to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly,
That all, both young and old, must die.

- 2 Evil and few, as Jacob says,
 Alas, I count my pilgrim-days ;
 A stranger here on earth I roam,
 Till God shall call his servant home.
- 3 Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray,
 Me with thy righteousness array :
 In garments of salvation drest,
 I'm sure of endless joy and rest.
- 4 Amen, thou sovereign God of love,
 Oh, grant, that when we hence remove,
 Our souls, redeeméd with thy blood,
 May find in thee their sure abode.

S. M.

882.

Tune 582.

- FRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath.
- 3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day.

L. M.

883.

Tune 22.

- UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,

And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blest the bed ;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust a glorious form,
Called to ascend to meet the Lord.

L. M.

884.

Tune 22.

- WHEN those we love in Jesus sleep,
How sweet the strains their spirits pour ;
Oh ! why should we in anguish weep ?
They are not lost, but gone before.
- 2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share,
Who are not lost, but gone before.
 - 3 To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant, may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.
 - 4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
Jesus ! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

7s, 6s & 8s.

885.

Tune 79

WHEN children, blest by Jesus,
To whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,
They are not lost; for heaven
To children shall be given;
Eternal happiness is theirs.

- 2 This child is therefore blessed,
Let no one be distresséd,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit
With his redeemed and happy sheep.

7s, 6s & 8s.

886.

Tune 79

WHEN infant heirs of heaven,
From our fond hearts are riven,
Oh, why should we repine?
They have but gone before us,
The sweet angelic chorus,
In God their Father's house to join.

- 2 In his own living fountain,
From sin's foul stain Christ cleansed them,
There sealed them as his own;
And now, his grace completing,
He takes them from this fleeting
And evil world, to heaven their home.
- 3 What, though they lose the pleasures,
The empty transient treasures,
Of life's uncertain day!
Heirs of immortal gladness,
Of bliss that knows no sadness,
Their joys shall never fade away.
- 4 What, though the dear child sleepeth
In the lone grave, Christ keepeth

His slumbering lamb from harm ;
 Its dust shall rest securely,
 Sweet must its sleep be, surely
 Reposing in its shepherd's arms !

- 5 Then cease your sad complaining ;
 Its ransomed soul is reigning
 With Christ, the children's friend :
 Soon, unto it ascending,
 Your happy spirits blending,
 Shall sing his praise, time without end.

3s & 11s.

887.

Tune 587.

THE child sweetly rests,
 Whom nothing molests,
 Received in mercy among the Lamb's guests.

- 2 He ne'er shall weep more,
 His sighing is o'er,
 His travels and dangers ; he's now safe on shore.

- 3 His body is dead,
 The grave is his bed,
 But soon he shall wake, and with joy lift his
 head.

- 4 The spirit is flown
 In peace to God's throne,
 To praise God our Saviour, and know as he's
 known.

- 5 He sings now above,
 Made perfect in love,
 And never, oh, never, he thence shall remove.

- 6 He rests now in peace,
 Beholds the Lord's face,
 Thrice happy, so early to finish his race.

- 7 For that blessed day
 We earnestly pray ;
 Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make no delay.

C. M.

888.

Tune 14.

HAPPY the children who are gone
 To Jesus Christ in peace,
 Who stand around his glorious throne,
 Clad in his righteousness.

2 The Saviour, whom they loved when here,
 Hath wiped their tears away;
 They never more can grieve, or fear,
 Or sin, or go astray.

3 In ceaseless happiness they view
 Our Saviour's smiling face;
 That face once marred, in which below
 Men saw no comeliness.

4 Methinks I hear them joyful sing,
 Ten thousands do the same,
 "Salvation to the immortal king,
 To God and to the Lamb."

5 Oh that I may so favored be,
 With them above to join;
 Oh that, like them, I Christ may see,
 And he be ever mine.

6 Grant me but this, thou great high-priest;
 And when I'm here no more,
 Convey me home to endless rest,
 Where thou art gone before.

9s, 8s & 8s.

889.

Tune 106.

THE solemn moment is impending,
 When my career shall end in death,
 My course unto the grave is tending,
 And soon may come my latest breath:
 My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
 Me for my dying hour prepare.

2 I know not, as the morn appeareth,
 What may befall ere even-tide;

- My vessel often danger neareth,
 While down the stream of time I glide:
 My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
 Me for my dying hour prepare.
- 3 So teach me, Lord, my days to number
 That I may wisdom's path pursue;
 That nothing may my soul encumber,
 Oh, let me keep the cross in view:
 My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
 Me for my dying hour prepare.
- 4 O Father, cover my transgression
 With the Redeemer's merits o'er;
 Be this alone my firm foundation,
 Then I find rest for evermore:
 My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
 Me for my dying hour prepare.
- 5 To-day let death come, or to-morrow,
 I know that-I in Jesus live;
 Thee will I serve through joy and sorrow,
 The robe of righteousness I have:
 My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
 Me for my dying hour prepare.
- 6 I live, the while in thee confiding,
 And though I walk through death's dark
 vale,
 I know, if thou my way art guiding,
 To safely pass I shall not fail;
 The pangs and death, which thou didst bear,
 Me for my dying hour prepare.

RESURRECTION.

S. M.

890.

Tune 582.

AND must this body die,
 This mortal frame decay?

And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

7s, 8s & 7s.

891.

Tune 83.

CHRIST, my rock, my sure defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer liveth!
Oh, what pleasing hopes from thence
My believing heart deriveth!
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,
"Thou shalt rise too," saith my Saviour;
Of what should I be afraid?
I with him shall live for ever:
Can the head forsake his limb,
And not draw me unto him?

3 No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation;
And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

- 4 Closely by love's sacred bands
 I am joined to him already,
 And my faith's outstretchéd hands
 To embrace my Lord are ready;
 Death itself shall never part
 Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

L. M.

892.

Tune 22.

- WHAT sinners value I resign;
 Lord! 't is enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show,
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God,
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

C. M.

893.

Tune 14.

- WHEN downward to the darksome tomb
 I thoughtful turn my eyes,
 Frail nature trembles at the gloom,
 And anxious fears arise.
- 2 Why shrinks my soul? in death's embrace
 Once Jesus captive slept;
 And angels, hovering o'er the place,
 His lowly pillow kept.

- 3 Thus shall they guard my sleeping dust,
And, as the Saviour rose,
The grave again shall yield her trust,
And end my deep repose.
- 4 My Lord, before to glory gone,
Shall bid me come away;
And calm and bright shall break the dawn
Of heaven's eternal day.
- 5 Then let my faith each fear dispel,
And gild with light the grave;
To him my loftiest praises swell,
Who died from death to save.

JUDGMENT.

8s 7s & 4s.

894.

Tune 585.

- DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me on that day as thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

- 4 Then to all who have confesséd,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow :
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."
- 5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise,
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs will then be changed to praise ;
 We shall triumph,
 When the world is in a blaze.

8s, 7s & 4s.

895.

Tune 583.

- Lo, he cometh ! countless trumpets
 Christ's appearance usher in :
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
 See our judge and Saviour shine ;
 Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain !
- 2 Now the song of all the savéd,
 Worthy is the Lamb, resounds ;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Every eye shall see his wounds :
 Great his glory ;
 Every knee to him shall bow.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Earth and heaven flee away ;
 All his enemies confounded.
 Hear the trump proclaim his day :
 Come to judgment,
 Stand before the Son of man.
- 4 All who love him, view his glory
 In his bright, once marréd face :

Jesus cometh ; all his people
 Now their heads with gladness raise ;
 Happy mourners,
 Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes.

- 5 See redemption, long expected,
 On that awful day appear ;
 All his people, once despised,
 Joyful meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah,
 Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

L. M.

896.

Tune 22.

- THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day,
- 2 When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll,
 And louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ?
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

P. M.

897.

Tune 132.

- WHEN all with awe the throne surround
 To hear their doom allotted,
 Oh, may my worthless name be found
 In the Lamb's book unblotted :
 Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,
 That thou, my Saviour, by thy death
 Hast purchased my salvation.
- 2 Before thou shalt as judge appear,
 Plead as my intercessor,

And on that awful day declare
 That I am thy confessor;
 Then bring me to that blessed place,
 Where I shall see with open face
 The glory of thy kingdom.

- 3 O Jesus, shorten the delay,
 And hasten thy salvation,
 That we may see that glorious day
 Produce a new creation;
 Lord Jesus, come, our judge and king,
 Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
 Thy praise for ever: Amen.

C. M.

898.

Tune 14.

- WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 Oh, how shall I appear?
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 Thy mercy I've not sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought,
- 3 That thou, O Lord, wilt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul:
 How then shall I appear?
- 4 But thou declarest in thy word,
 That sinners who to thee,
 While here they live, repenting turn,
 Shall live eternally.
- 5 Grant then, that I may favored be,
 Full pardon to obtain,
 Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
 Upon the cross was slain.

7s & 6s.

899.

Tune 131

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,
 To hear the trumpet's sound,
 That bids the dead assemble
 The judgment-seat around ;
 Oh, then among that number,
 May we thy call obey,
 Who burst the bands of slumber,
 To view a glorious day.

7s.

900.

Tune 203

ARE you formed a creature new,
 Cleansed by Jesus' precious blood ?
 Can you Christ in spirit view,
 Reconciled by him to God ?
 Rise, to meet the bridegroom go,
 Mingle with the virgin-row ;
 Have you oil, you need not fear,
 Though this moment he appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
 Slumber not 'mid worldly care ;
 Let your lamps be all on flame,
 For his coming now prepare :
 Then whene'er you hear the cry,
 "Lo, the bridegroom draweth nigh,"
 You will not confounded be,
 But can meet him cheerfully.

3 Let us walk the narrow way,
 Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
 Trim our lamps from day to day,
 Adding, still, recruits of oil :
 Doubly doth the Spirit rest
 On his happy, peaceful breast,
 Who himself to praying gives,
 Who a life of watching lives.

C. M. D.

901.

Tune 390

MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
 Ere long I know he shall appear
 In power and glory great ;
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye ;
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 Shall cease eternally.
 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long,
 Shall this bright hour delay ?
 Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
 And bring the welcome day.

8s, 6s & 8s.

902.

Tune 79.

LORD, for thy coming us prepare,
 May we to meet thee without fear,
 At all times ready be :
 In faith and love preserve us sound ;
 Oh, let us, day and night, be found
 Waiting with joy to welcome thee.

8s & 7s.

903.

Tune 16.

JUDGE me now, my God and Saviour,
 Even before the judgment-day ;
 Then to me, my King, thy favor
 Through eternity display.

8s.

904.

DAY of wrath, that day of mourning !
 See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
 Heaven and earth in ashes burning !

- 2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking ;
All creation is awaking,
To its judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the judge, his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?
- 8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us !
- 9 Think, kind Jesus ! my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation,
Leave me not to reprobation !
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me ;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me ?
- 11 Righteous judge of retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day's dread execution.
- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning !
Spare, O God, thy suppliant, groaning !

- 13 Thou the woman gavest remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition :
Hopeless else were my condition.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With thy favored sheep, oh, place me!
Nor amid the goats abase me :
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Bows my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition ;
Succor thou my lost condition!
-

HEAVEN.

C. M.

905.

Tune 14.

- JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
And feel at death dismay?

- I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

C. M.

906.

Tune 14

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

7s & 6s.

907.

Tune 151.

BRIEF life is here our portion ;
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life, that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is there ;
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals, and for sinners,
 A mansion with the blest !

2 That we should look, poor wanderers,
 To have our home on high !
 That worms should seek for dwellings
 Beyond the starry sky !
 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
 Of full, and everlasting,
 And passionless renown.

3 For thee, O dear, dear country !
 Mine eyes their vigils keep :
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep :
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

7s & 6s.

908.

Tune 151.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
 With milk and honey blest !
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed :
 I know not, oh ! I know not
 What social joys are there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare.

- 2 And when I fain would sing them,
 My spirit fails and faints,
 And vainly would it image
 The assembly of the saints:
 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
- 3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The song of them that triumph,
 The shout of them that feast:
 And they who, with their leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.

7s & 6s.

909.

Tune 181

- JERUSALEM, the glorious!
 The glory of the elect!
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect:
 Even now by faith I see thee;
 Even here thy walls discern;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 2 Jerusalem, the only,
 That look'st from heaven below,
 In thee is all my glory;
 In me is all my woe;
 And though my body may not,
 My spirit seeks thee fain,
 Till flesh and earth return me
 To earth and flesh again.
- 3 O land that seest no sorrow!
 O state that fear'st no strife!

O princely land of glory !
 O realm and home of life !
 Exult, O dust and ashes,
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, his forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

8s.

910.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confessed ;
 But what must it be to be there !

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
 Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
 Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
 But what must it be to be there !

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 From trials without and within ;
 But what must it be to be there !

4 We speak of its service of love,
 The robes which the glorified wear,
 The church of the first-born above ;
 But what must it be to be there !

C. M.

911.

Tune 14

GOD hath laid up in heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The righteous judge at that great day
 Will place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all shall it obtain, who love
 The appearance of his Son.

7s.

912.

Tune 203.

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song:
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour?"

2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed;
 Them the Lamb amid the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead:
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fears,
 And for ever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tears.

C. M.

913.

Tune 14

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have washed
 Those robes which shine so bright.

- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amid
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every voice to sing;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray;
 God is their sun, whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amid the throne
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear;
 And God, the Lord, from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

P. M.

914.

Tune 119.

- Oh, what joy,
 Oh, what joy awaiteth me!
 I rejoice in expectation,
 That I in my flesh shall see
 Him, the God of my salvation,
 And behold the Lord in endless bliss,
 As he is.
- 2 Yea, Amen,
 Pardoned sinners here rejoice
 In this hope and consolation,
 Till we shall with sweeter voice
 Sing in the great congregation,
 Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh to God
 By thy blood.

P. M.

915.

Tune 159.

MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of God,
Who for our sins atoned,
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthroned ;
Where his redeemed and chosen bride
Through endless ages shall reside ;
Is here, through faith in Jesus' name,
Our joy and final aim.

- 2 Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death ;
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall with all the saints in light
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with his chosen evermore
His saving name adore.
- 3 Delivered from this mortal clay,
From sorrow, sin, and pain,
We shall with Christ in lasting day
True holiness obtain :
Lord Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
Us needy sinners all prepare,
By faith in thee to end our race,
And to behold thy face.

P. M.

916.

Tune 230

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are crying ;
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices :
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past !
The bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take ;
Hallelujah !

And for his marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

- 2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing ;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom :
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her star is risen, her light is come !
Ah come, thou blessed Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah !

We follow till the halls we see
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

- 3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone ;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round thy dazzling throne ;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours :
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

C. M.

917.

Tune 14

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy and love sincere
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;

But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

C. M.

918.

Tune 14.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and above ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by his saving grace
Prepareth me for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own Spirit given.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

4 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

7s & 6s.

919.

Tune 152 or 591.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place :
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :

So, a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon our Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies:
 Yet a season, and we know
 Happy entrance will be given;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

8s, 7s & 4s.

920.

Tune 583.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,
 All his sufferings, death and pain,
 Prove in life our consolation,
 And in death our joy remain;
 Hallelujah,
 Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

- 2 On his precious death and merit
 All our hopes are safely built;
 We rejoice in his salvation,
 Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
 Sing his triumphs,
 'T was for us his blood was spilt.

- 3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
 Lo, he bows his head and dies;
 From his death we life inherit,
 Hence our happiness takes rise:
 We now glory:
 Only in his sacrifice.

- 4 Jesus' body once interréd,
 Sanctifies his brethren's rest,
 And the place which keeps their bodies,

Since earth lodged that heavenly guest,
 Now is hallowed ;
 We lie down in hope most blest.

- 5 Our Redeemer rose victorious,
 Oh, what joy doth this afford !
 Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
 Raised to glory, like our Lord :
 Blessed Saviour,
 Ever be by us adored.
- 6 Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
 To prepare for us a place,
 Pleading thine own blood and merit,
 Here our faith rests on thy grace,
 There in glory
 We shall see thee face to face.
- 7 Jesus, at thy blest appearing,
 Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
 And, restoréd to thy likeness,
 May we join thy happy train :
 Make us ready,
 Lord, thy glory to obtain.

P. M.

921.

Tune 249.

- To God we render praise,
 Who grants us new displays
 Of mercy all our days :
 When Christ, the Son of man, again
 Shall come, the angels in his train,
 May all of us who here
 'Fore him appear,
 Then meet him without fear.
- 2 How great our joy will be
 In heaven, O Lord, where we
 Thy glorious face shall see !
 We then shall thee for evermore,

As the Lamb slain for us, adore ;
 In realms of glory bright,
 With saints in light
 In hymns of praise unite.

- 3 Repeat the solemn strain,
 Worthy the Lamb once slain !
 Let all reply, Amen !
 Blessing, and power, and majesty,
 Through endless ages be to thee,
 Who us by blood hast bought,
 In mercy sought,
 And to thy fold us brought.

7s.

922.

Tune 203.

OH, exalt and praise the Lord,
 Laud his name for evermore,
 Gratefully with one accord,
 With the angels, him adore ;
 Thank him for the faithfulness
 Wherewith he his witnesses,
 Who in heaven are perfected,
 Through great tribulation led.

- 2 They, with patience having run
 Their appointed race, in hope,
 Have the crown of glory won,
 Won the prize for them laid up ;
 Now they stand before his face,
 Trophies of redeeming grace,
 Pillars in his house approved,
 Never thence to be removed.
- 3 Since we likewise may attain
 To this happiness through grace,
 And, by following Jesus, gain
 With the saints in heaven a place ;
 May we tread the narrow path,
 Not unfruitful in the faith,

And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

- 4 May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue,
Giving heed unto his word ;
In our bodies, while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.
- 5 Let us call to mind, with joy,
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtained the victory
Through the blood of Christ alone ;
That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

P. M.

923.

Tune 152

Now, Lord, who in this vale of tears
Dost lift thy gracious face
Upon thy church, which thee reveres,
And givest us such peace,
That sweetly we anticipate
The heavenly bliss for which we wait,
In thee rejoicing here below,
E'en while in tears we sow :

- 2 Oh, form us all while we remain
On earth, unto thy praise ;
That each one fully may obtain
Thy blessed aim through grace ;
Till we in heaven thy face shall see,
May spirit, soul, and body be
Preserved by thee against that day
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

7s.

924.

Tune 205.

LORD, while I with thee remain,
 Thou wilt near thy child abide,
 Till, thy perfect aim to attain,
 I am wholly sanctified :
 All my wants, all my distress,
 I'll to thee, my Lord, confess ;
 Soon will come the happy day,
 When all tears are wiped away.

7s, 6s & 6s.

925.

Tune 149.

OH, how excellent and fair,
 Goodly beyond measure,
 Is the lot which we shall share ;
 And how rich the treasure !
 When we see bodily,
 Our belovéd Saviour,
 As he is, for ever.

2 May this ever blessed hope
 Fill our hearts with gladness,
 And 'mid weakness bear us up,
 Till from sin and sadness
 We shall be wholly free,
 And above for ever,
 Praise our gracious Saviour.

S. M.

926.

Tune 582

"FOR ever with the Lord !"
 Amen, so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'T is immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

- 3 My Father's house on high !
Home of my soul ! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.
- 4 Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land of love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds dispart ;
The winds and waters cease ;
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.
- 7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
- 8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
- 9 Then, then, I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.
- 10 In darkness as in light,
Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake, as in his sight
Who looks all nature through.
- 11 All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,

He sees at once as he hath seen,
And shall forever see.

- 12 How can I meet his eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

S. M.

927.

Tune 582

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even now to me fulfill.

- 2 Be thou at my right hand,
Then I can never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.
- 3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend this vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
- 4 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before thy throne:
"For ever with the Lord!"
- 5 Then, though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy
Both shall in glory meet.
- 6 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word;
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"
- 7 The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;

The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
And answer from the ground.

8 Then upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
“For ever with the Lord!”

9 That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—“For ever with the Lord!”
Amen: so let it be!

7s & 6s.

928.

Tune 131.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steep's of light;
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky;
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh.
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid.

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more.
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

8s & 7s.

929.

Tune 16

THIS is not my place of resting,
 Mine's a city yet to come ;
 Onward to it I am hasting,
 On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory ;
 O'er it shines a nightless day ;
 Every trace of sin's sad story,
 All the curse, hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our shepherd, leads us,
 By the streams of life along,
 On the freshest pastures feeds us,
 Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass the desert dreary,
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
 Never more are sad or weary,
 Never, never, sin again.

P. M.

930.

Tune 139

SING hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 Sing with a cheerful voice ;
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in his name rejoice :
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 Until in realms of endless light
 Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays,
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise ;
 He hath redeemed us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God ;
 For us, for us, the Lamb was slain :
 Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

DOXOLOGIES and BENEDICTIONS.

P. M. 1.
THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all, be with us all, Amen.

S. M. 2. Tune 595.
YE angels round the throne,
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

S. M. 3. Tune 595.
GIVE God the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honors done.

S. M. 4. Tune 595.
To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God, the eternal Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise.

7s. 5. Tune 11.
PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s. 6. Tune 11.
SING we to our God above
Praise, eternal as his love,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

7.

Tune 205.

PRAISE our glorious king and Lord,
 Angels waiting on his word,
 Saints that walk with him in white,
 Pilgrims walking in his light:
 Glory to the eternal one,
 Glory to his only Son,
 Glory to the Spirit be,
 Now, and through eternity.

7s.

8.

Tune 205.

FATHER, God, thy love we praise,
 Love, which gave thy Son to die;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Thee alike we glorify;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 When this earth is changed for heaven.

C. M.

9.

Tune 14.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

C. M.

10.

Tune 14.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

L. M.

11.

Tune 22.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
 The love of God so highly prized,
 The Holy Ghost's communion be
 With all of us most sensibly.

L. M. 12. Tune 22

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

L. M. 13. Tune 22

To God, the Father, God, the Son,
And God, the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory, given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

L. M. D. 14. Tune 166.

THAT peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts :
And may the holy three in one,
The Father, Word, and Comforter
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

8s & 7s. 15. Tune 16.

Now the triune God confessing,
God the Father's name adore ;
To the Son give praise and blessing ;
Bless the Spirit evermore.

8s & 7s. 16. Tune 167.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above :
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

8s & 7s.

17.

Tune 167.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
 Praise the Father's boundless love;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation;
 Praise the Spirit from above:
 Praise the fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live,
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

8s, 7s & 4s.

18.

Tune 585.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, three in one.

10s & 7s.

19.

Tune 185.

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his favor,
 As his chosen property;
 The Lord make his face shine on thee ever,
 And be gracious unto thee;
 The Lord lift his countenance most gracious
 Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,
 And his peace on thee bestow;
 Amen, amen, be it so.

10s & 7s.

20.

Tune 185.

WITH thy presence, Lord, our head and Saviour,
 Bless us all, we humbly pray;
 Our dear heavenly Father's love and favor
 Be our comfort every day;
 May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding
 Favor us with his most gracious leading:
 Thus shall we be truly blest,
 Both in labor and in rest.

11s. 21. Tune 39.

O FATHER almighty ! to thee be addressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

7s & 6s. 22. Tune 391 & 132.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise thee evermore :
 Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in one and one in three,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 All glory be to thee.

6s. 23. Tune 38

To Father and to Son,
 And Holy Ghost, to thee,
 Eternal three in one,
 Eternal glory be ;
 As hath been, and is now,
 And shall be evermore :
 Before thy throne we bow,
 And thee our God adore.

H. M. 24. Tune 342.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal three in one,
 All worship be addrest ;
 As heretofore it was, is now
 And shall be so for evermore.

P. M. 25. Tune 132.

Now sing, thou happy church of God,
 His favored congregation,
 Redeemed with Jesus' precious blood
 From every tribe and nation :
 Most holy, blessed Trinity,
 For the Lamb slain all praise to thee,
 Both now and ever ; Amen.

P. M. 26. Tune 388.

AMEN, amen,
 Then will, in highest strain,
 Unto the Lamb once slain
 Eternal praises
 Resound, in heavenly places ;
 Hallelujah.

6s & 4s. 27.

To the great one in three
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore ;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

7s & 6s. 28. Tune 131

To thee be praise for ever,
 Thou glorious King of kings ;
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings :
 We'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all thy saints above,
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

INDEX.

[Where two names, separated by (—), are added to any line, the first is that of the Author of the hymn in the original, the second is that of the Translator.]

	HYMN.
A BLESSED sense of guilt impart.....	237
charge to keep I have.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 335
cheerful confidence I feel.....	41
country I've found.....	337
dying risen Jesus.....	292
faith that keeps the narrow way.....	528
faith that shines more bright and clear.....	528
glorious band the chosen few.....	340
guilty, weak, and helpless worm.....	279
heart resigned, submissive, meek.....	453
humble, lowly, contrite heart.....	453
heart in every thought renewed.....	453
little child the Saviour came.....	<i>Wm. Robertson.</i> 622
little while and then.....	664
lowly mind impart.....	425
noble army, men and boys.....	340
parting hymn we sing.....	<i>Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.</i> 654
pilgrim and a stranger.....	<i>Gerhardt—Bostwick.</i> 399
pilgrim through the earth I roam.....	515
safe stronghold our God is still.....	<i>Luther—Carlyle.</i> 514
second look he gave, which said.....	305
sinner on mere mercy cast.....	295
stranger and a pilgrim, I.....	<i>Wm. Hammond.</i> 835
thousand ages in thy sight.....	795
Abide with me fast falls the even tide.....	<i>H. F. Lyte.</i> 373
with me from morn till eve.....	814
Above the starry sky.....	567
Accept us as we are.....	362
According to thy gracious word.....	<i>James Montgomery</i> 630
Admit him ere his anger burns.....	253
Again we raise the strain.....	48
Agonizing in the garden.....	249
Ah, how shall fallen man.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 248
how shall guilty man.....	248
little have I, Lord, to give.....	151
Lord, enlarge.....	330
Lord, if it be thou indeed.....	529
might in my behaviour shine.....	651

	HYMN.
Ah, remain.....	208
remember me for good.....	273
then my spirit faints.....	926
whither should I go.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 272
why did I so late.....	372
yield him all, in him confide.....	264
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 133
from such a heart as mine.....	573
I knew not what I did.....	305
my Saviour, who could dare.....	151
with shame I own that oft.....	435
All alone, and yet not lonely.....	<i>G. Arnold.</i> 547
glory, power, and might.....	302
glory to the sovereign good.....	<i>J. J. Schuetz.</i> 564
glory worship, thanks and praise.....	73
hail the power of Jesus' name.....	<i>Edward Perronet.</i> 198
hail thy church's Saviour dear.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 679
I ask for is, enough.....	483
may of thee partake.....	439
my capacious powers can wish.....	86
my heart this night rejoices.....	<i>Gerhardt—Winkworth.</i> 72
my own schemes, each fond design.....	456
our days, O Jesus.....	417
our knowledge, sense, and sight.....	677
praise and thanks to God.....	565
praise eternal Son.....	83
praise to thee, Lord Jesus.....	166
praise to thee, my God, this night.....	<i>Thomas Ken.</i> 822
seeing, powerful God.....	248
self-dependence is but vain.....	611
that I am, have been.....	926
the bliss which we possess.....	<i>Countess Zinzendorf—Gregor.</i> 204
the world give praises due.....	<i>H. Held.</i> 51
this day thy hand has led me.....	825
to the great tribunal haste.....	735
we who are his people now.....	306
who love him, view his glory.....	895
ye nations join and sing.....	714
ye nations praise the Lord.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 587
Almighty God in humble prayer.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 415
God thy grace impart.....	247
God thy word is cast.....	<i>John Cawood.</i> 688
Son, incarnate word.....	17
Almost persuaded now to believe.....	<i>P. P. Bliss.</i> 271
Although by stars thou dost not lead.....	89
"Always with us, always with us".....	<i>Edward H. Nevin.</i> 388
All-wise, almighty, and all-good.....	515
Am I a soldier of the cross.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 331
I of my salvation.....	424
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 391

HYMN.

Ambassadors of Christ.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	725
Amen, Jesus' words are true.....		724
thou sovereign God of love.....		881
yea, hallelujah.....		204
Among the saints on earth.....		468
An answer from the skies is sent.....		864
earthly temple here we raise....	<i>Mrs. Catherine E. Johnson.</i>	843
And all who else have strayed.....		90
am I Jesus one of those.....		607
as successively we quit.....		674
at my life's last setting sun.....		812
can it be that I should gain.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	321
can man alone be dumb.....		576
death which sets the prisoner free.....		104
dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt".....	<i>John Newton.</i>	433
duly shall appear.....		602
ever on thine earthly path.....		188
for whom hath he contended.....		152
griefs and torments numberless.....		375
happy was the bride.....		772
if I myself examine.....		8
if the sons of God rejoice.....		245
let thy sorrows cheer.....		507
must I part with all I have.....	<i>Benjamin Beddome.</i>	332
must I then indeed.....		278
must this body die.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i>	890
now Christ is ready.....		246
now he pleading stands.....		46
now he speaks, O hearken.....		150
now my soul, another year.....	<i>La Trobe.</i>	793
now to this spot cleaving.....		221
now upon thy throne above.....		392
of that shouting multitude.....		118
oh, when I have safely passed.....		488
see, O Lord, what numbers still.....		537
see the spear hath pierced his side.....		122
shall I wickedly withhold.....		603
should I longer journey here.....		401
though thy wisdom takes away.....		515
we believe thy word.....		599
were this world all devils o'er. ...		514
what then is Jerusalem.....		614
when before thy throne I stand.....		510
when I am departing.....		121
when I fain would sing them.....		908
when I'm to die.....		337
when my dying hour draws near.....		396
when my Saviour calls.....		338
when these failing lips grow dumb.....		630
when these lips no more can pray.....		780

And when the shades of evening fall ..	175
when this flesh and heart shall fail ..	391
when this temple, "made with hands" ..	845
when through feebleness or pain ..	839
while we thus obey thy word ..	595
yonder is my peace ..	311
Angels from the realms of glory ..	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 63
Anoint me with thy heavenly grace ..	347
Anon the clouds dispart ..	926
Another day is at an end ..	<i>M. Dillherr.</i> 818
harvest comes apace ..	799
Apostles, martyrs, prophets there ..	905
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat ..	<i>John Newton.</i> 274
Arabia's desert ranger ..	92
Archangels left their high abode ..	44
sound his lofty praise ..	38
Are there no foes for me to face ..	331
we weak and heavy-laden ..	551
you formed a creature new ..	<i>Sperliger.</i> 900
Arise, and seek the things above ..	476
exert thy power ..	567
Arm me with jealous care ..	335
Around the throne on high ..	664
yon cross the throng I see ..	118
Arrayed in glorious grace ..	890
As a little child relies ..	30
birds their infant brood protect ..	<i>Wm. Cowper.</i> 614
each short year rolls quickly round ..	73
every day thy mercy spares ..	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 812
long as Jesus, Lord, remains ..	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 611
man he pities my complaint ..	41
much, when in the manger laid ..	41
once of old a chosen band ..	<i>Anon.</i> 726
our head, us move and guide ..	471
pants the hart for cooling streams ..	<i>H. F. Lyte.</i> 380
suddenly the Spirit came ..	726
the serpent, raised by Moses ..	<i>John Newton.</i> 290
the winged arrow flies ..	787
they offered gifts most rare ..	93
thy day, thy strength shall be" ..	<i>Miss F. R. Havergal.</i> 497
with gladness men of old ..	<i>Wm. C. Dix.</i> 93
with joyous steps they sped ..	93
yet we know thee but in part ..	89
Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far ..	326
Ask ye what great thing I know ..	<i>John S. B. Monsell.</i> 370
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep ..	<i>Mrs. Margaret Mackay.</i> 870
in Jesus! far from thee ..	870
in Jesus! oh, for me ..	870
in Jesus! oh, how sweet ..	870
in Jesus! peaceful rest ..	870

	H Y M N.
Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space.....	870
Assist and teach me how to pray.....	808
my soul, too apt to stray.....	442
Assure my conscience of her part.....	240
Assured that Christ our strength.....	46
At God's right hand now thou art placed.....	226
his call the dead awaken.....	894
his cross' foot now tarry.....	129
last I own it cannot be.....	276
midnight came the cry.....	749
parting from thy little fold.....	192
the cross her station keeping..... <i>Jacobus de Benedictis.</i>	154
thy feet..... <i>J. Hartley.</i>	422
thy rebuke, the bloom.....	868
Attend me, Lord, in all my ways.....	835
O Saviour, to our prayer..... <i>John Gambold.</i>	560
the gospel-trumpet sounds.....	259
Auspicious morning, hail !..... <i>Samuel F. Smith.</i>	862
Author and guardian of my life.....	397
of the whole creation..... <i>J. Rist.</i>	826
Awake, and sing the song..... <i>Wm. Hammond.</i>	571
my heart, my soul arise.....	66
my soul, and with the sun..... <i>Thomas Ken.</i>	801
my soul, with utmost care.....	793
BANE and blessing, pain and pleasure.....	126
Baptized into his death.....	620
Baptize the nations far and nigh.....	243
Barren and withered, worthless trees.....	790
Be darkness, at thy coming; light.....	243
joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth.. <i>James Montgomery.</i>	687
known to us in breaking bread.....	631
near me when I'm dying.....	121
our comfort which ne'er faileth..... <i>Christian Gregor.</i>	403
present at our table, Lord.. .. <i>John Cennick.</i>	832
present with thy servants..... <i>Zinzendorf—West & Clemens.</i>	730
purified each christian breast.....	50
still, my heart, these anxious cares..... <i>John Newton.</i>	492
this my one great business here.....	289
thou at my right hand.....	927
thou my only treasure.....	806
thou my pattern, let me bear.....	99
thou my shield and hiding place.....	274
thy banner now unfurled.....	854
with me, Lord, where'er I go..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	808
Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus.....	531
Bearing my sins' heavy load.....	863
Because of Jesus' cross.....	155
Before him set an open door.....	740
Jehovah's awful throne..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	584

	HYMN.
Before me place in dread array.....	289
our Father's throne.....	460
the cross of him who died.....	347
the Father's awful throne.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 201
the heavens were stretched abroad.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 44
the hills in order stood.....	795
the three in one.....	20
thine altar-throne.....	772
thou shalt as judge appear.. ..	897
Begone, unbelief, for my Saviour is near.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 491
Behold, a great, a heavenly light.....	71
a stranger's at the door.....	<i>Joseph Grigg.</i> 253
for fallen guilty man.....	35
him, all, as ye pass by.....	138
the ark of God.....	254
the man, he beareth.....	119
the Saviour of mankind.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 136
the throne of grace.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 541
thy prisoner, loose my bands.....	841
what love the Father hath.....	<i>R. Boswell.</i> 35
Believing souls, rejoice and sing.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i> 178
we rejoice.....	303
Beneath its glowing arch.....	926
Besprinkle with thy blood my heart.....	<i>James Hutton.</i> 435
Bethany, O, peaceful habitation.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i> 357
Better than life itself, thy love.....	390
Beyond my highest joy.	606
the flight of time.....	882
thy utmost wants.....	541
this vale of tears.....	251
Bid me live.....	422
Bless every thought and action.....	806
me, and I shall be blest.....	836
me, this day, Lord Jesus.....	806
O Lord, we pray, thy congregation.....	<i>S. T. Benade.</i> 562
O my soul, the living God.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 575
O my soul, the God of grace.....	575
us all, both old and young.....	675
us here, while still as strangers.....	652
we then our gracious Lord.	719
Blessed Jesus, at thy word....	<i>Tobias Clausnitzer—Winkworth.</i> 677
Jesus, we implore thee.....	<i>Hartley & Lamb.</i> 448
Saviour let me find thee.....	72
Saviour still proceed... ..	721
Saviour thee I love.....	<i>George Duffield, Jr.</i> 336
Saviour thine am I.....	336
Blessings abound where'er he reigns.....	199
Blessing, honor, glory, might.....	16
Blest are the pure in heart.....	<i>John Keble.</i> 426
are they, supremely blest.....	<i>J. G. Wolf.</i> 385

HYMN.

Blest be the tie that binds.....	<i>John Fawcett.</i>	460
be that sacred covenant-love.....	<i>Countess Huntingdon's Coll.</i>	833
inhabitants of Zion.....		604
is the work my God and King.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i>	663
is that tranquil hour of morn.....		550
river of salvation.....		706
Saviour condescend.....		194
soul, how sweetly dost thou rest.....	<i>George Naumann</i>	878
Trinity, from mortal sight..	<i>Maglorianus—Baker.</i>	10
Find unbelief is sure to err.....		474
Bliss beyond compare.....	<i>G. Arnold.</i>	404
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	257
Bold shall I stand in thy great day.....		304
Boldest foes dare never come.....		160
Bonds and stripes and tribulation.....		531
Born, thy people to deliver.....		56
Borne upon their latest breath.....		576
Bowed down beneath a load of sin.....		274
Bows my heart in meek submission.....		904
Bread of life.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	643
Break from his throne, illustrious morn.....		883
the tempter's fatal power.....		703
Breathe comfort when distress abounds.....		238
O breathe thy loving Spirit.....		384
Brethren, while we sojourn here.....	<i>Joseph Swain.</i>	533
Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart.....		607
Brief life is here our portion.....	<i>Bernard of Cluny—Neale.</i>	907
Bright and joyful is the morn.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i>	69
is their glory now.....		334
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.....	<i>Reginald Heber.</i>	68
Brought safely by his hand thus far.....		492
Builder of mighty worlds on worlds.....	<i>Anon.</i>	844
Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin.....		544
with guilt, wouldst thou be blest.....		250
But, ah, how faint our praises rise.....		34
charity serene.....		419
chiefest in our cleansed breast.....		685
drops of grief can ne'er repay.....		133
examine first your case.....		637
hearts of humble poverty.....		95
himself I must behold.....		361
lo, in our extremity.....		529
now the bands of death are burst.....		213
of all the foes we meet.....		533
O I'm blind and ignorant.....		301
O my Jesus, thou didst me.....		375
see, the fields are white.....		725
since the pure in heart.....		362
the waves of that silent sea.....		865
there's a power that man can wield.....		554

	HYMN.
But there's a voice of sovereign grace.....	279
this I do find.....	337
thou declarest in thy word.....	898
thou hast brethren here below.....	598
timorous mortals start and shrink.....	906
to Mount Zion we are come.....	684
what to those who find.....	383
while here I'm left behind.....	161
who can pay that mighty debt.....	411
will he prove a friend indeed.....	253
will indeed Jehovah deign.....	842
By day, by night, at home, abroad.....	788
faith through outward cares I go.....	107
faith we claim him as our own.....	201
his own power were all things made.....	44
love's closest bonds united.....	613
sea and land, by night and day.....	834
such shall he be feared.....	92
the sacred griefs that wept.....	281
the Spirit's power renewing.....	219
these may I be warned betimes.....	7
thine hour of dire despair.....	281
thine own eternal Spirit.....	56
thy bitter agony.....	863
thy deep expiring groan.....	281
thy hallowed outward sign.....	628
thy helpless infant years.....	281
thy reconciling love.....	467
thy saints with joy confessed.....	860
thy Spirit's light.....	40
thy Spirit me reprove.....	273
CALL Jehovah thy salvation.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 481
Called to bear the christian name.....	628
Calvary's mournful mountain climb.....	115
Came at length the dreadful night.....	123
Can a woman's tender care.....	365
we thy triumphs e'er forget.....	191
Cast care aside, upon thy guide.....	534
me not off when when strength declines.....	784
thy burden on the Lord.....	<i>Rowland Hill & Geo. Rawson.</i> 513
thy burden on the Lord, thy almighty.....	484
thy burden at his feet.....	513
Cause me to trust in thee.....	523
Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn.....	919
Cherish us with kindest care.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 471
Cherubim and seraphim.....	12
Chief of ten thousand now appear.....	665
Children of God look up and see.....	171
of Jerusalem.....	<i>Anon.</i> 758

HYMN.

Children of the heavenly king.....	<i>John Cennick.</i>	457
Chosen flock thy faithful shepherd follow.....		681
Christ is born, the great anointed.....		64
is our Master, Lord and God.....		737
is risen from the dead.....		891
is the vine, we branches are.....	<i>John Nitschmann.</i>	427
leads me through no darker rooms.....		502
my rock, my sure defence.....	<i>Louisa of Brandenburg.</i>	891
our ever blessed Saviour.....		531
shall bless thy going out.....		496
shall the banquet spread.....		522
the good shepherd, God's own Son.....	<i>John Angelus.</i>	36
the Lord is risen again....	<i>Michael Weisse—Winkworth.</i>	174
the Lord is risen to-day.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	168
the Lord, the Lord most glorious.....	<i>J. Miller.</i>	65
the true paschal Lamb.....		303
thou art the sure foundation.....	<i>John M. Neale.</i>	848
thy all-atoning death.....		616
whose glory fills the sky.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	39
Christians are not here below.....		538
dismiss your fear.....	<i>John Cennick.</i>	173
harken, none has taught them.....		723
Church who art arrayed.....		691
Cleanse their souls from every stain.....		781
Closely by love's sacred bands.....		891
I'll follow Christ with thee.....		607
joined to thee.....		471
Clothed in thy righteousness divine.....		288
Cold and wintry though they prove.....		497
mountains and the midnight air.....		99
on his cradle the dewdrops.....		68
Come all ye saints of God.....	<i>James Boden.</i>	223
all ye souls by sin oppress.....		259
and worship at his feet.....		69
as a messenger of peace.....		742
as a shepherd, guard and keep.....		742
as a teacher sent from God.....		742
as the dove; and spread thy wings.....		847
as the fire; and purge our hearts.....		847
as the light; to us reveal.....		847
as the wind; with rushing sound.....		847
blessed Spirit gracious Lord.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	237
faithful Shepherd bind me.....	<i>James Hutton.</i>	424
hither bring thy boding fears.....		250
hither ye faithful.....	<i>Edward Caswall.</i>	70
Holy Comforter.....		15
Holy Ghost, come, Lord....	<i>Robert II. of France—Luther</i>	233
Holy Ghost, inspire my song.....	<i>Scottish Tabernacle.</i>	81
Holy Ghost my soul inspire.....		242
Holy Ghost our souls inspire.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	236

	HYMN.
Come Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love.....	14
Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love.....	640
Holy Spirit, come..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	231
Holy Spirit, from above.....	232
Holy Spirit, from on high..... <i>Anon.</i>	626
Holy Spirit, heavenly dove..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	229
in, come in, thou Prince of peace.....	529
in poverty and meanness.....	117
in sorrow and contrition.....	117
leave thy burden at the cross.....	250
let us join our cheerful songs..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	578
let us join our friends above..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	617
let us sing the song of songs..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	217
Lord, and warm each languid heart..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	917
Lord, when grace hath made me meet.....	502
lowly souls that mourn..... <i>Stennett.</i>	627
my soul, thy suit prepare..... <i>John Newton.</i>	545
near and bless us when we wake.....	814
not in terrors as the king of kings.....	373
O Creator Spirit blest..... <i>Edward Caswall.</i>	239
O my soul, and sing..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	649
says Jesus sacred voice..... <i>Mrs. A. L. Barbauld.</i>	260
sinner, Jesus will receive.....	37
sinner, to the gospel-feast..... <i>Huntingdon.</i>	265
sinner, to the gospel-feast..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	259
sinner, to your gracious Lord.....	258
sinner, view the Lamb of God.....	125
then, and take this heart of mine.....	757
then, let us hasten yonder.....	72
thou almighty king..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	15
thou Father of the poor.....	230
thou fount of every blessing..... <i>Robert Robinson.</i>	577
thou incarnate Word.....	15
thou soul-transforming Spirit..... <i>Jonathan Evans.</i>	666
thou universal blessing..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	94
to Calvary's holy mountain..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	117
to the living waters, come.....	255
wanderers to my Father's home.....	100
we that love the Lord..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	574
with thy saving strength.....	54
worship at Immanuel's feet..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	47
ye disconsolate..... <i>Thomas Moore.</i>	498
ye sinners, poor and wretched..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	249
ye thankful people, come..... <i>Henry Alford.</i>	797
ye weary, heavy laden.....	249
Command thy blessing from above..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	661
thy blessing, Jesus, Lord.....	661
thy blessing in this hour.....	661
Commit thou every grievance..... <i>Paul Gerhardt.</i>	479
Complete thy work and crown.....	325

	HYMN.
Concealed amid the gathering throng.....	299
Confiding in thy name.....	876
Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended.....	920
Convert and send forth more.....	717
Convince us first of unbelief.....	237
us of our sin.....	231
Could I be cast where thou art not.....	377
we bear from one another.....	389
we but climb where Moses stood... ..	906
we tune our hearts and voices.....	114
Counting gain and glory lost.....	105
Cross, reproach, and tribulation..... <i>Ludwig Andreas Gotter.</i>	531
Crown him, ye martyrs of our God.....	198
the Saviour.....	185
 DARK and cheerless is the morn.	39
temptations round me press.....	532
Day by day the manna fell..... <i>Josiah Conder.</i>	31
by day, the promise reads.....	31
of judgment! day of wonders..... <i>John Newton.</i>	894
of wrath, that day..... <i>Thomas of Celano—Wm. J. Irons.</i>	964
Dead to the world when I'm asleep.....	823
Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood.....	142
Lord, accept a sinful heart..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	458
Lord and shall we ever live.....	229
Lord my soul desireth..... <i>John Gambold.</i>	421
Lord while we adoring pay.....	215
Saviour bless us from on high.....	674
Saviour if these lambs should stray..... <i>Mrs. A. B. Hyde.</i>	780
shepherd of thy chosen few.....	671
shepherd of thy people, hear..... <i>John Newton.</i>	845
Dearest Jesus come to me..... <i>John Angelus.</i>	358
Saviour, hasten thither.....	703
Saviour, we adore thee.....	290
Death is struck, and nature quaking.....	904
Déep in unfathomable mines.....	474
Deeply convinced of sin.....	456
Delivered from this mortal clay.....	915
Depend on him: thou canst not fail.....	549
Depth of mercy, can there be..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	285
Descend, celestial dove.....	660
Destroy, O Lord, the carnal mind..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	324
Devoutly yield thyself to God.....	793
Did but Jesus' love and merit.....	359
Christ o'er sinners weep..... <i>Benjamin Beddome.</i>	102
ever mourner plead... ..	493
ever trouble thee befall.....	492
I meet no trials here.....	482
the Lord a man become.....	84
Didst thou, Lord Jesus, me incline..... <i>John Wesley.</i>	348

	HYMN.
Direct, control, suggest, this day.....	801
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord.....	<i>John Hart.</i> 698
Distracting thoughts and cares remove.....	683
Distress with pain, disease, and grief.....	510
Divine instructor, gracious Lord.....	1
Do thou assist a feeble worm.....	349
thou, with faith, discharge thy station.....	25
Dost thou not dwell in all the saints.....	240
Doth howe'er in my frail nature.....	423
Down from above, the blessed dove.....	235
Draw near to Jesus' table.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 639
me to thee, Lord Jesus....	<i>Eliz. of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt.</i> 393
Dread Jehovah! God of nations.....	<i>Thomas Cotterill.</i> 855
Drive evil thoughts and spirits far away.....	828
Due obedience thou didst show.....	760
Dumb at thy feet I lie.....	868
Dust and ashes though we be.....	320
Dwell therefore in our hearts.....	231
 EACH moment draw from earth away.....	 369
Early hasten to the tomb.....	115
let us seek thy favor.....	762
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth.....	582
Earthly affections mortify.....	435
joys no longer please us.....	<i>Charles L. Ford.</i> 524
things do not regard.....	484
Easy to be entreated, mild.....	776
Eat and rest at this great feast.....	638
E'en down to old age all my people shall prove.....	501
now by faith, we join our hands.....	617
so I love thee and will love.....	375
E'er since by faith I saw the stream.....	142
Encouraged thus, our love grows bold.....	73
Endow all parents with thy love.....	778
him with a heavenly mind.....	740
Engrave this deeply on my heart.....	411
Enough, if thou at last.....	334
Enrich me always with thy love.....	808
Enter his gates with thankful songs.....	584
Ere I close my eyes in slumber.....	826
we know our lost condition.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 317
we taste the rich repast.....	638
Eternal are thy mercies Lord.....	712
Father thee we praise.....	10
gates their leaves unfold.....	189
Spirit by whose breath.....	17
sun of righteousness.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 676
thanks be thine.....	<i>Abraham v. Gersdorf.</i> 210
Even so, Lord! quickly come.....	797
Ever in the raging storm.....	513

HYMN.

Every human tie may perish.....	605
island, sea, and mountain.....	895
Evidence by word and action.....	613
Evil and few, as Jacob says	881
Exert thy energy divine.....	626
Extol the Lamb of God.....	257
Eye that in darkness sinketh.....	150
 FADE, fade each earthly joy.....	<i>Mrs. Horatius Bonar.</i> 400
Fain would I to thee be brought.....	764
would I my Lord pursue.....	429
Faint and weary thou hast sought me.....	904
not, christian! though the road. <i>Jas. Harrington Evans.</i>	535
not, christian! though in rage.....	535
not, christian! though the world.....	535
not, christian! though within.....	535
not, christian! Jesus near.....	535
not, christian! look on high.....	535
not nor fear, his arms are near.....	534
Faith comes by hearing God's record.....	<i>Erskine.</i> 291
hope and charity, these three.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 419
in the only sacrifice.....	544
is a precious grace	<i>Benjamin Beddome.</i> 312
is thy gift, thou slaughtered Lamb.....	298
our languid spirits cheering.....	524
perseverance, zeal.....	751
that in prayer.....	419
Faithful souls, pray, always pray.....	496
souls their Saviour's blessing.....	<i>J. Schmidt.</i> 789
Fall at his cross' foot.....	141
Far and wide, though all unknowing.....	710
from the world, O Lord, I flee.....	<i>Wm. Cowper.</i> 397
from us drive the foe.....	239
Farewell mortality.....	400
world, thy gold is dross.....	134
ye dreams of night.....	400
Father, behold thy son.....	29
fix my soul on thee.. ..	414
in us thy Son reveal.....	683
of eternal grace.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 105
of heaven, whose love profound....	<i>John Cooper.</i> 17
of mercies, bow thine ear.....	<i>Benjamin Beddome.</i> 745
of mercies, condescend.....	<i>Morell.</i> 740
of mercies! in thy word.....	<i>Miss Anna Steele.</i> 1
perfect my trust.....	865
take me all forgiving.....	282
thine everlasting grace.....	293
thy name be praised, thy kingdom come.....	828
thy will, not mine, be done!".....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 506
to thy sinful child.....	<i>Josiah Conder.</i> 314

	HYMN.
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss.....	<i>Miss Anna Steele.</i> 486
Fear not, for this is he.....	141
not, hence that ill should flow.....	91
not, I am with thee, oh ! be not dismayed.....	501
Fight on, my soul, till death.....	520
the good fight with all thy might....	<i>John S. B. Monsell.</i> 534
Fill our souls with heavenly light.....	803
with the radiance of thy grace.....	90
Finish, then, thy new creation.....	384
Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer.....	418
Firstborn of many brethren.....	330
First let us duly count the cost.....	530
Fix, O fix, our wavering mind.....	320
on that face thine eye.....	141
thy temple, Saviour, in each breast.....	767
Fixed on this ground will I remain.....	294
Fling wide the portals of your heart.....	52
Flock of Christ, in fellowship... .	<i>Zinzendorf and Gregor.</i> 553
of Jesus be united.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 465
Foes are round us, but we stand.....	457
without and fears within.....	280
Follow to the judgment-hall.....	115
For each assault prepared.....	523
food, he gives me flesh.....	649
good is the Lord, inexpressibly good.....	687
her my tears shall fall.....	606
her our prayers shall rise.....	859
him shall endless prayer be made.....	199
him shall prayer unceasing.....	92
his truth and mercy stand.....	587
his people's sin chastised.....	154
Jehovah is God and Jehovah alone.....	687
mercies, countless as the sands.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 573
mercy, mercy, Lord.....	459
not like kingdoms of the world.....	608
our transgressions thou wast wounded.....	<i>C. I. La Trobe.</i> 128
peaceful homes and healthful days.....	592
should I e'er so faithful.....	302
souls redeemed, for sins forgiven.....	593
that blessed day.....	887
the joy he set before thee.....	875
the Lord, our God, shall come.....	797
thee alone we would employ.....	811
thee, my God, the living God.....	380
thee, O dear, dear country.....	907
thee our all to spend.....	98
thee O may I freely count.....	411
thee, since first the world was made.....	73
this let men revile my name.....	738
this mercy, Lord, we cry.....	781

	HYMN.
For thou art in their midst to teach.....	841
thou art our salvation, Lord.....	50
thou within no walls confined.....	671
thy death.....	208
us to heaven thou didst ascend.....	192
we have learned to love his name.....	759
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast.....	135
Forever here my rest shall be..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	130
with the Lord"..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	926, 927
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son.....	822
the follies of our times.....	853
Forsake me not, my God..... <i>Solomon Frank.</i>	517
Forth in thy name, O Lord, we go..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	811
Fountain of mercy, God of love..... <i>Mrs. Alice Flowerdew.</i>	800
Freely now to thee I proffer.....	282
Friend after friend departs..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	882
of the friendless.....	493
From age to age the tale declare.....	109
all that dwell below the skies..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	712
busy scenes we now retreat.....	665
day to day, O Lord, do we.....	226, 586
earth his freed affections.....	440
every stormy wind that blows..... <i>Hugh Stowell.</i>	558
Greenland's icy mountain..... <i>Reginald Heber.</i>	716
heaven he came, of heaven he spoke.....	100
henceforth there is nought of mine.....	151
my own works at last I cease..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	300, 284
sorrow, toil and pain.. ..	460
strength to strength go on	555
the depth of nature's blindness.....	559
the doctrines I'll ne'er waver..... <i>F. W. Neisser.</i>	8
the provisions of thy house... ..	24
the sword, at noon-day wasting... ..	481
their being joined in one.....	470
thee I am, through thee I am.....	27
thy holy habitation..... <i>R. Simpson.</i>	673
thy house when I return.....	689
vanity turn off my eyes.....	442
Fruitless years with grief recalling.....	282
GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild..... <i>Anon.</i>	764
Gently as the dews distill.....	469
Gethsemane can I forget.....	630
Gird thou his heart with strength divine	743
Give deep humility; the sense.....	544
~~grace that~~ as brethren we join hands.....	734
me a calm and thankful heart.....	486
me on thee to call.....	523
me thy strength, O God of power.....	738
me to read my pardon	433
these, and then thy will done.....	544

	HYMN.
Give thou the word.....	245
to the Lord of lords renown.....	23
to my eyes repenting tears.....	372
to our God immortal praise.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 23
to the sick, as thy beloved, sleep.....	828
to the winds thy fears.....	<i>Gerhardt—John Wesley.</i> 28
tongues of fire and hearts of love..	243
us comfort when we die.....	230
us now relief from pain.....	854
us ourselves and Christ to know.....	237
us that Spirit's power to feel.....	726
Glory be to God the Father.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 18
be to him who loved us.....	18
blessing, praise eternal.....	18
in the highest be.....	752
to God above.....	283
to God, who safe hath kept... ..	801
to God whose witness-train.....	<i>Zinzendorf & Titius.</i> 341
to our great Creator.....	59
to the Father give.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 752
to the Holy Ghost.....	752
to the king of angels.	18
to the son we bring.....	752
Glorious things of thee are spoken.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 604
Go, e'er the cloud of sorrow.....	769
forth, in spirit, go..	<i>Greening.</i> 141
forward, christian soldier.....	<i>Laurence Tuttiett.</i> 594
imitate the grace divine.....	601
labor on; spend, and be spent.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 589
labor on; 'tis not for nought.....	589
my soul, go every day.....	<i>Worthington.</i> 160
preach my gospel, saith the Lord.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 747
then, earthly fame and treasure.....	322
thou, in life's fair morning	<i>Anon.</i> 769
to dark Gethsemane.....	<i>Jas. Montgomery.</i> 115
to the grave, in all thy glorious prime...	<i>Jas. Montgomery.</i> 750
to the grave, at noon from labor cease.....	750
to the grave, which faithful to its trust.....	750
to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay.....	750
to the grave, no, take thy seat above.....	750
up with shouts of praise.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 190
God and man indeed.....	42
and yet man thou art.....	212
be praised, though in ourselves defiled.....	434
bless our native land.....	<i>John S. Dwight.</i> 859
calling yet—shall I not hear... ..	<i>Tersteegen—Jane Borthwick.</i> 264
from eternity hath willed.....	243
gave his only Son.....	315
hath laid up in heaven for me.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 911
in Christ, reveals his presence.....	669

	HYMN.
God in Israel sows the seeds.....	482
is in his holy temple..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	669
is mighty to deliver.....	489
is our strength and song.....	580
most mighty, sovereign Lord..... <i>Henry Harbaugh.</i>	860
moves in a mysterious way..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	474
my Redeemer, lives.....	890
never yet mistakes hath made.....	568
of all grace, we come to thee.....	544
of glory, God of grace.....	836
of mercy, hear our prayer..... <i>Campbell.</i>	781
of my life, on thee I call..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	493
of the widow, hear.....	591
omnipotent Creator..... <i>H. Albert.</i>	810
pities all my griefs.....	379
reveals his presence..... <i>Gerhardt Tersteegen.</i>	667
ruleth in heaven.....	218
whom they serve, our God can save.....	341
with us.....	87
God's only Son, stupendous grace.....	81
Good when he gives, supremely good.....	477
Grace all the work shall crown.....	407
and a sensation.....	350
and peace from God, our blessed Saviour.... <i>J. Swertner.</i>	682
first contrived a way.....	407
grace, O that's a joyful sound..... <i>Esther Gruenbeck.</i>	306
how exceeding great to those.....	306
led my wandering feet.....	407
'tis a charming sound..... <i>Philip Doddridge.</i>	407
Gracious Father, bless this congregation.....	682
Lord, I wish alone.....	327
Lord, may we believe.....	616
Lord, our shepherd and salvation..... <i>J. Swertner.</i>	681
Lord, thyself impart.....	677
Lord, who by thy passion.....	367
Redeemer, Lamb of God.... <i>Taylor, Markant & Batty.</i>	459
Redeemer, shake..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	523
Grant, Lord, that with thy direction..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	462
Lord, to thy congregation.....	613
me but this, thou great high-priest.....	888
me steadiness.....	40
me the indubitable seal.....	242
most gracious Lamb of God..... <i>John Angelus.</i>	327
one poor sinner more a place.....	349
that all of us may prove.....	451
that I may henceforth to thee.....	447
then, that I may favored be.....	898
these requests, I ask no more.....	433
thy comforts to my mind.....	51
us and all our children grace.....	778

	HYMN.
Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield thee.....	597
us resignation.....	667
we impelled by thy love.....	732
we may love thee truly.....	441
Great Comforter, to thee we cry.....	239
defects are still revealed.....	789
God, as seasons disappear.....	<i>Edmund Butcher.</i> 799
God of nations, now to thee.....	<i>Anon.</i> 861
God! we sing thy mighty hand.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 788
God! why is our country spared.....	852
high-priest, we view thee.....	<i>Joseph Hart.</i> 116
sacrifice for sin.....	212
Grief and sighing quickly fled.....	184
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit.....	613
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.....	<i>William Williams.</i> 500
Guilty, now I pour my mourning.....	904
 HAD we angels' tongues.....	 113
we nought, beyond this life.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 874
Hail, all hail, thou Lord of glory.....	<i>A. C. Cox.</i> 170
all hail, victorious Lord.....	<i>Louisa von Hayn.</i> 172
Alpha and Omega, hail.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 297
church of Christ, bought with his blood.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 607
First and Last.....	297
him, here, with songs of praises.....	669
holy cross, from thee we learn.....	122
holy, holy, holy Lord.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 13
Israel's king, hail, David's Son.....	112
kingly Jesus, to thy feet.....	<i>A. R. Thompson.</i> 95
the day that sees him rise.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 193
the heaven-born Prince of Peace.....	62
the Lord of earth and heaven.....	168
thou long-expected Jesus.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 56
thou once-despised Jesus.....	<i>John Bakevell.</i> 143
thou wondrous infant stranger.....	<i>T. Lamb.</i> 58
to the Lord's anointed.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 92
your dread Lord and ours.....	209
Hallelujah! earth to sky.....	849
hark the sound.....	707
Lord, to thee.....	12
Hallowed to thee be every heart.....	741
Happiness, delightful name.....	<i>Augustus M. Toplady.</i> 386
Happy only in thy love.....	105
race of witnesses.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 638
soul, thy days are ended.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 875
the children who are gone.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 888
the children who betimes.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 755
thrice happy, hour of grace.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 651
Hark, a voice from yonder manger.....	72
Hark to the angels.....	70

HYMN.

Hark	his dying word, Forgive.....	134
	how he groans while nature shakes.....	136
	how the choirs above.....	223
	my soul, it is the Lord..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	365
	ten thousand harps and voices..... <i>Thomas Kelly.</i>	196
	the desert lands rejoice.....	714
	the distant isles proclaim..... <i>Wm. Hiley Bathurst.</i>	721
	the glad sound, the Saviour comes... <i>Philip Doddridge.</i>	55
	the herald angels sing..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	62
	the song of jubilee..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	707
	the voice of Jesus crying..... <i>Daniel March.</i>	596
	the voice of love and mercy..... <i>Jonathan Evans.</i>	145
	those bursts of acclamation.....	185
	what mean those holy voices..... <i>John Cawood.</i>	64
Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings.....		723
	then, O Lord.....	459
	thee on from grace to glory.....	322
	ye mortals, to adore him.....	64
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time..... <i>Miss Harriet Auber.</i>		719
	Lord, to my release..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	532
	sinner, to be wise..... <i>Thomas Scott.</i>	262
	sinner, to implore.....	262
	sinner, to return.....	262
	sinner, to be blest.....	262
Hath he joined us with the church.....		454
Have I long in sin been sleeping.....		702
	pity on my fears.....	868
	we trials and temptations.....	551
	you no words? ah, think again.....	543
He bids me come! his voice I know.....		529
	bore the curse of all.....	203
	bows his gracious ear.....	557
	breaks the power of cancelled sin.....	585
	built the earth, he spread the sky.....	23
	came to seek and save the lost.....	37
	comes from thickest films of vice.....	55
	comes the broken heart to bind.....	55
	comes the prisoners to release.....	55
	comes with succor speedy.....	92
	ever lives to intercede.....	195
	everywhere hath way.....	28
	fills the sun with morning light.....	23
	has dearly bought my soul.....	134
	hath himself the keys.....	173
	his mercy doth remember.....	771
	in the days of feeble flesh.....	195
	is and shall remain our Lord.....	611
	is, as long as life shall last.....	866
	is mine and I am his.....	354
	is the head, each member lives.....	47
	is the rock, how firm he proves.....	47

	HYMN.
He is the sun of righteousness.....	47
is the vine, his heavenly root.....	47
keeps his own secure.....	20
knows the hours for joy and gladness.....	25
He'll never quench the smoking flax.....	195
He laid his glory by.....	46
left his bright, his glorious throne.....	71
left his radiant throne on high.....	215
lives, all glory to his name.....	197
lives and grants me daily breath.....	197
lives and values me, I him.....	840
lives, my kind, my faithful friend.....	197
lives to bless me with his love.....	197
lives to grant me rich supply.....	197
lives to silence all my fears.....	197
lives to still his servants' fears.....	183
ne'er shall weep more.....	887
rests now in peace.....	887
rules the world with truth and grace.....	57
sees us willing slaves.....	46
sent his Son with power to save.....	23
shall come down like showers.....	92
shall reign from pole to pole.....	707
sings now above.....	887
spake and light shone round his head.....	747
speaks, and listening to his voice.....	585
that confides in his Creator.....	<i>George Neumark.</i> 25
that drinks shall live forever.....	117
that goeth forth with weeping... ..	<i>Thomas Hastings.</i> 592
that hath helped me hitherto.....	492
that hath pity on the poor.....	595
the mighty, he the holy.....	771
to the lowly soul.....	426
wept that we might weep.....	102
who a little child began.....	622
who bore all pain and loss.....	174
who came to comfort her.....	184
who gave for us his life.....	174
who in self-righteousness.....	637
who is by Christ directed.....	432
who Jesus mercy knows.....	637
who nought but Christ.....	432
who rules both heaven and earth.....	61
who well endureth.....	54
who will gird thee by his power.....	513
who will present our souls.....	572
with health, renews their frame.....	583
Heal our wounds, our strength renew.....	230
us, Immanuel.....	<i>Wm. Cowper.</i> 299
Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb.....	585

	HYMN.
Hear the joint petition.....	527
them tell the wondrous story.....	64
Hearts that once were taught to own.....	721
Heaven and earth must pass away.....	576
Heavenly Father, to whose eye.....	<i>Josiah Conder.</i> 483
Heedfully, my Lord, I'll cherish.....	72
Hell and thy sins resist thy course.....	519
Help me to watch and pray.....	335
thy servant to maintain.....	483
us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear.....	<i>Thomas Cotterill.</i> 595
Hence! gloomy doubts and fears.....	223
to the almighty three.....	14
Henceforth our conversation.....	440
myself to thee I give.....	206
Here all our wants are well supplied.....	635
are we richly fed.....	692
at that cross where flows the blood.....	349
behold the day-spring rise.....	91
consecrated water flows.....	6
doth the Lord of life proclaim.....	139
fix my roving heart.....	379
here art thou, almighty Lord.....	101
I behold as in a glass.....	139
I forget my cares and pains.....	125
I'll sit, forever viewing.....	214
I raise my Ebenezer.....	577
I would forever stay.....	140
in constant, quick succession.....	<i>Thomas Grinfield.</i> 485
in the body pent.....	926
is a pasture rich.....	351
is an ensign on a hill.....	139
it is I find my heaven.....	214
let the ardent prayer arise.....	744
lies in death's embraces.....	162
may affliction dry the tear.....	851
may the prayer of faith ascend.....	851
may the sinner learn his guilt.....	851
may the wretched sons of want.....	1
may we prove the power of prayer.....	671
my poor heart can rest.....	473
my Sabbath is completed.....	156
on earth, in tears we saw.....	874
pardon, life, and joy divine.....	81
see the bread of life.....	498
stands the promise fair.....	541
the Redeemer's welcome voice.....	1
to thee a temple stand.....	849
vouchsafe to all thy servants.....	848
we have seen thy face.....	654
we now most humbly bow.....	638

	HYMN.
Here we're come thy name to praise.....	709
when thy messengers proclaim.....	842
when thy people seek thy face.....	842
will I stay and gaze awhile.....	139
would we end our quest.....	251
Here's my claim, and here alone.....	123
Hereto we gladly say, Amen.....	708
Hidden in Christ the treasure lies.....	301
High heaven that heard the solemn vow.....	328
in the heavens eternal God.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 24
on a throne of radiant light.....	598
on his everlasting throne.....	<i>Aug. Gottlieb Spangenberg.</i> 729
Highest king and priest.....	40
Highly favored congregation.....	<i>Benade & Dober—Clemens.</i> 613
Him in all my works I seek.....	405
though highest heaven receives.....	193
to know is life and peace.....	405
His arm the strength imparts.....	591
blood thy cause will plead.....	141
blood which did for you atone.....	189
body is dead.....	887
boundless years can ne'er decrease.....	26
church is still his joy and crown.....	171
love in time past forbiddeth.....	491
love is mighty to compel.....	259
love what mental tongue can reach.....	215
mercy now implore.....	555
merits glorify.....	234
nature, truth, and love.....	557
presence fills each heart with joy.....	913
purposes will ripen fast.....	474
saints he loves and never leaves.....	183
sovereign power, without our aid.....	584
Spirit cheers my spirit.....	475
Spirit is the sovereign.....	475
sufferings have delivered thee.....	878
words with due attention hear.....	530
Hither come for here is found.....	260
each afflicted soul.....	637
sinners, all repair.....	161
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 255
ye needy, come and welcome.....	249
Hold thou thy cross.....	373
Holy Jesus, every day.....	93
inviolable thy fear.....	7
Lord, thanks and praise.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i> 3
Lord, by thy body.....	<i>James Swertner.</i> 165
holy, holy Lord.....	<i>Christopher Wordsworth.</i> 12
spirit, Lord of light.....	<i>Robert II. of France—Caswall.</i> 230
Trinity.....	<i>Nyberg.</i> 113

	HYMN.
Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry.....	685
Master, lo, we bring.....	222
once thy gracious ear.....	222
our glad voices raise.....	759
raise the pealing hymn..... <i>William H. Havergal.</i>	222
sovereign, prophet, priest.....	222
to his glorious name.....	211
to the incarnate Word.....	216
to the living Lord..... <i>Reginald Heber.</i>	685
to the Prince of grace..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	216
to their heavenly king.....	842
How are thy servants blest, O Lord..... <i>Joseph Addison.</i>	731
beauteous are their feet..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	746
beauteous were the marks divine..... <i>A. C. Coxe.</i>	104
bitter the cup.....	491
blessed are our eyes.....	746
bright these glorious spirits shine, <i>Watts & Wm. Cameron.</i>	913
calm and beautiful the morn..... <i>Thomas Hastings.</i>	175
can I meet his eyes.....	926
changed, alas! are truths divine.....	852
charming is their voice.....	746
condescending 't is that he..... <i>William Okely.</i>	516
eager are my thoughts to roam.....	458
far may we go on in sin.....	864
firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord..... <i>George Keith.</i>	501
great at last my joy will be..... <i>U. B. v. Bonnin.</i>	539
great our joy will be.....	921
great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus..... <i>J. J. Rambach.</i>	351
great their work, how vast their charge.....	745
happy are our ears.....	746
happy are the saints above.....	342
heart-affecting Christ to see..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	761
is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed.....	114
large his bounties are.....	379
lost was my condition..... <i>John Newton.</i>	292
lovely shines the morning star..... <i>Philip Nicolai.</i>	410
much better thou'rt attended.....	765
needful strictly to inquire..... <i>S. T. Benade.</i>	446
precious are thy thoughts.....	362
precious is the book divine..... <i>John Fawcett.</i>	4
sad our state by nature is..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	279
shall I meet my Saviour..... <i>Paul Gerhardt.</i>	49
shall the young secure their hearts..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	768
solemn are the words..... <i>Anon.</i>	267
sweet, how heavenly, is the sight..... <i>Joseph Swain.</i>	463
sweet the name of Jesus sounds..... <i>John Newton.</i>	80
sweet to leave the world awhile..... <i>Thomas Kelly.</i>	665
sweetly flowed the gospel's sound..... <i>John Bowring.</i>	100
sweetly this our brother sleeps..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	879
tranquil now the rising day.....	175

	HYMN.
How vain the delusion.....	246
vast the mercy and the love.....	213
welcome was the call.....	<i>Henry W. Baker.</i> 772
wretched they who still despise.....	37
Howe'er forsaken or distressed.....	395
Humble, holy, all-resigned.....	105
Humbly on thee I wait.....	283
to keep the door.....	670
Hunger and thirst are felt no more.....	913
thirst, disease, unknown.....	912
Hungry and thirsty, faint and few.....	631
Hush, dear child, lie still and slumber.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 765
Hushed is each doubt; gone, every fear.....	550
I AM a little child, you see.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 757
am a poor sinner.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 350
and my house will serve the Lord.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 776
and my sins that number more.....	151
ask not honor, pomp, or praise.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 443
bless the Christ of God.....	316
cannot serve him as I ought.....	573
cast my hope on thee.....	283
delivered thee when bound.....	365
did thee wrong, my God.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 512
do not praise my laboring hand.....	27
fear no foe with thee at hand.....	373
feel the load of sin so vast.....	288
give myself to thee anew.....	447
give the thanks unfeigned.....	120
have long withstood his grace.....	285
hear at morn and even.....	926
hear the words of love.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 311
heard the voice of Jesus say.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 381
know he liveth now.....	311
know not, as the morn appeareth.....	889
know that my Redeemer lives.....	<i>Samuel Medley.</i> 197
know that naught in me.....	456
know thy will is right.....	473
I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing.....	715
glory in nothing but only in Jesus.....	<i>John Angelus.</i> 371
go with thee, my Saviour.....	119
make your great commission known.....	747
praise thee with my heart and tongue.....	<i>Paul Gerhardt.</i> 568
speak the honors of thy name.....	86
I lay in fetters groaning.....	53
lay my sins on Jesus.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 319
lay my wants on Jesus.....	319
live, the while, in thee confiding.....	889
long to be like Jesus.....	319
love his people and their ways.....	609

	HYMN.
I love his tears and sufferings great.....	609
love Mount Calvary, where his love.....	609
love the Lord, he lent an ear..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	206
love the Lord who died for me..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	609
love thy church, O God.....	606
love thy kingdom, Lord..... <i>Timothy Dwight.</i>	606
love to hear that he was slain.....	609
love to think the time will come.....	609
may not to thy courts repair.....	841
must the fair example set.....	776
need not go abroad for joy.....	235
need thee every hour..... <i>Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.</i>	343
need thee, precious Jesus..... <i>Frederick Whitfield.</i>	430
need thy presence every passing hour.....	373
now my soul and frail abode.....	819
now believe on thee.....	272
of such fellowship bereft.....	841
praise the God of grace.....	316
rest my soul on Jesus.....	319
saw one hanging on a tree.....	305
see my Saviour languish.....	119
see the crowd in Pilate's hall..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	118
see the scourges tear his back.....	118
sigh to think of happier days.....	380
thank thee that in mercy.....	325
unworthy sinner.....	224
was a wandering sheep..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	344
welcomé all thy sovereign will.....	323
will a little pilgrim be..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	756
will my heart to thee resign.....	756
wish as faithful Christians do.....	443
with sacred sorrow.....	224
would go from pole to pole.....	179
would not live away, I ask not to stay... <i>W. A. Muhlenberg.</i>	163
If aught should tempt my soul.....	488
Christ is mine then all is mine..... <i>Benjamin Beddome.</i>	352
done to obey thy laws.....	439
early thou wilt take me hence.....	757
father, mother, children, wife..... <i>W. Foster.</i>	530
he all my wants supplied.....	478
he is mine, then though he frown.....	352
he is mine I need not fear.....	352
he is mine let friends forsake.....	352
he is mine unharmed I pass.....	352
he our ways should mark.....	248
he shed his precious blood.....	478
human kindness meets return..... <i>Gerard T. Noel.</i>	633
in this darksome wild.....	431
life be long, I will be glad.....	502
no sin could be discovered.....	152

	HYMN
If on our daily course, our mind.....	805
once the plough in hand we take.....	530
one member honored be.....	471
of Calvary we tell.....	144
pain afflict, or wrongs oppress.....	549
rough and thorny be the way.....	431
sang the morning stars for joy.....	245
some poor wandering child of thine.....	814
such be not thy sovereign will.....	506
such the sweetness of the stream.....	838
the way be drear.....	499
thou shouldst quickly end his days.....	623
thou wilt have me longer stay.....	757
to Jesus for relief.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 478
to Jesus they appeal.....	385
to the right or left I stray.....	416
we then make full confession.....	152
with willing resignation.....	489
wounded love my bosom swell.....	488
yet while pardon may be found.....	898
Immanuel, incarnate God.....	66
our brother now.....	34
Impress this truth upon my breast.....	298
In a moment stands before us.....	318
all distress to him I'll cry.....	516
all I think, or speak, or do.....	107
all my Lord's appointed ways.....	<i>John Ryland.</i> 338
all our griefs he takes a share.....	196
all their erring, sinful years.....	780
all we do constrained by love.....	176
anguish thou complainest.....	119
ceaseless happiness they view.....	888
conversation be sincere.....	801
darkness as in light.....	926
darkness willingly I strayed.....	372
death's dark valley though I stray.....	807
duties and in sufferings too.....	<i>Benjamin Beddome.</i> 103
each heart, O fix thy dwelling.....	610
every clime, by every tongue.....	244
every pang that rends the heart.....	561
every tempting, trying hour.....	740
evil long I took delight.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 305
foreign realms and lands remote.....	731
him complete I shine.....	203
him I trust forevermore.....	302
him that bore our griefs and pains.....	839
his own living fountain.....	886
holy contemplation.....	22
humble, grateful lays.....	<i>Foster & Swertner.</i> 579
it all is light and glory.....	929

HYMN.

In me is all the bar.....	272
mercy, Lord, remember me.....	<i>J. F. Herzog.</i> 824
mercy, Lord, this grace bestow.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 732
midst of dangers, fears and deaths.....	731
my darkness and my grief.....	280
my distress I raised with faith.....	564
my Saviour's intercession.....	494
our sickness and our health.....	556
purest love their souls unite.....	773
riches, in pleasures.....	246
scenes exalted or depressed.....	788
search of empty joys.....	255
self-forgetting love.....	654
suffering be thy love my peace.....	369
temptation may we firmly stand.....	767
that most dark and doleful night.....	<i>Joseph Stennett.</i> 634
the cross of Christ I glory.....	<i>John Bowring.</i> 126
the furnace God may prove thee.....	605
the heavenly country bright.....	93
the hour of dark temptation.....	9
the midst of affliction my table is spread.....	505
the morning hear my voice.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 802
the name of Jesus Christ our Lord.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i> 619
the people's hearts increase.....	860
the Redeemer as my head.....	291
the solemn hour of dying.....	559
the way a thousand snares.....	533
the weary hours of sickness.....	559
thee I live, and move, and am.....	<i>Erskine.</i> 27
thee I place my trust.....	504
thee I trust by faith.....	207
thee, O Christ, is all my hope.....	<i>J. Schneising.</i> 288
them thou may'st be clothed and fed.....	598
these our days exalt thy grace.....	708
this sepulchral Eden.....	<i>Gregor & La Trobe.</i> 162
this world, so full of snares.....	<i>B. La Trobe.</i> 779
thy blest name we gather here.....	844
thy dear cross a grace is found.....	225
thy death is all my trust.....	161
thy garden here below.....	420
thy love and knowledge.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 437
thy wounds, O Jesus.....	224
us, and round about us, shine.....	846
vain we tune our formal songs.....	229
want my plentiful supply.....	398
weariness and pain.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 511
Incarnate God, exert thy power.....	71
Inflamed with zeal, 't was thy delight.....	103
Is crucified for you and me.....	138
God my strong salvation.....	<i>Paul Gerhardt.</i> 475

	HYMN.
Is this our high calling.....	464
Israel's seed from slavery freed.....	638
strength and consolation.....	56
It can bring with it nothing.....	22
gathers God's elected flock.....	2
gently heals the broken heart.....	2
is a well-worn pathway.....	399
is finished, O what pleasure.....	145
is finished, shall we raise.....	Anon. 144
is not death, to bear.....	871
is not death, to close.....	871
is not death, to die.....	C. H. A. Malan—George W. Bethune. 871
is not death, to fling.....	871
keeps our faith in Jesus sound.....	2
makes the wounded spirit whole.....	80
speaks a ransomed world.....	686
sweetly cheers our drooping hearts.....	4
tells of joys to come.....	686
then reveals God's boundless grace.....	2
was a two-edged blade.....	749
Its light descending from above.....	4
 JEHOVAH, Father, Spirit, Son.....	17
founded it in blood.....	614
is thy name.....	45
Jerusalem, my happy home!....	Williams & Boden's Collection. 905
the church above.....	915
the glorious.....	Bernard of Cluny—Neale. 909
the golden.....	Bernard of Cluny—Neale. 908
the only.....	909
Jesus, and didst thou bleed for me.....	132
and shall it ever be.....	Joseph Grigg. 326
answer from above.....	285
at thy blest appearing.....	920
body, once interred.....	920
by the Holy Spirit.....	Count Zinzendorf. 441
can make a dying bed.....	873
Christ, my sure defence... Lou. of Brand'bg—Winkworth.	180
Christ, thou leading star.....	Count Zinzendorf. 538
cured my soul's infection.....	346
engrave it on my heart.....	Samuel Medley. 387
for me has died.....	473
for thy faithful leading.....	789
great high-priest of our profession....	Count Zinzendorf. 615
God of our salvation... Erdmuth Dorothea v. Zinzendorf.	690
hail, enthroned in glory.....	John Bakewell. 186
hail, whose glory brightens.....	196
hear my fervent cry.....	327
hear our fervent prayer.....	F. Wm. Foster. 563
hear our prayer.....	Count Zinzendorf. 820

HYMN.

Jesus, I die to thee.....	382
I humbly thee implore.....	425
I know hath died for me.....	<i>John A. Rothe.</i> 294
I live to thee.....	<i>Henry Harbaugh.</i> 382
I love thy charming name.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 86
I my cross have taken.....	<i>Henry F. Lyte.</i> 322
is my joy.....	404
is my light most fair.....	<i>C. F. Richter.</i> 361
is the loveliest name.....	61
is worthy to receive.....	578
it owns as king.....	312
life of grief and sorrows.....	<i>Gregor—Clemens.</i> 920
lives, and by his grace.....	181
lives, and death is now.....	181
lives, and so shall I.....	<i>C. F. Gellert.</i> 181
lives, and reigns supreme.....	181
lives, for me he died.....	182
lives, henceforth is death.....	182
lives, I know full well.....	181
lives, no longer now.....	<i>C. F. Gellert—Cox.</i> 182
lives, to him the throne.....	182
Lord most great and glorious.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 367
Lord of life and glory.....	<i>James J. Cummins.</i> 559
Lord of life and glory, hear... <i>J. W. Petersen—J. Antes.</i>	636
Lord, we look to thee.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 467
love unbounded.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 417
lover of my soul.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 364
makes my heart rejoice.....	<i>Louisa von Hayn.</i> 366
Master, whose I am.....	<i>Miss Frances Ridley Havergal.</i> 412
may such deep devotion.....	154
mercies never fail.....	<i>John Angelus.</i> 830
my all in all thou art.....	398
my all to heaven is gone.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 307
my living head.....	379
my Lord my God.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 45
my Redeemer lives.....	180
my shepherd, husband, friend.....	80
my shepherd is.....	344
name, source of life.....	<i>Benjamin La Trobe.</i> 87
name of mercy mild.....	82
name of priceless worth.....	82
name of wondrous love.....	<i>Wm. W. How.</i> 82
only name that's given.....	82
our best beloved friend.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 418
our great high-priest.....	257
our Lord, how rich thy grace.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 598
our only joy be thou.....	383
seek thy wandering sheep.....	273
shall reign where'er the sun.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 199
source of my salvation.....	<i>Homburg & Rist.</i> 131

	HYMN.
Jesus, still lead on.....	<i>Zinzendorf—Borthwick.</i> 499
tender Saviour.....	<i>Anon.</i> 763
tender shepherd, hear me....	<i>Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan.</i> 825
the Christ of God.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 212
the hindrance show.....	272
the Lamb of God.....	212
the Lord will hear.....	557
the name that charms our fears.....	585
the rock on which I build.....	80
the sinner's friend to thee.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 276
the very thought of thee..	<i>Bernard of Clairv'x—Caswall.</i> 383
thee alone I call.....	358
thou art our king.....	209
thou art the sinner's friend.....	<i>Richard Burnham.</i> 395
thou fain would'st have us be.....	438
thou friend divine.....	606
thou Prince of life!.....	871
thy blood and righteousness...	<i>Zinzendorf—John Wesley.</i> 304
thy boundless love to me...	<i>Gerhardt—John Wesley.</i> 369, 394
thy feast we celebrate.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 641
thy interceding blood.....	790
thy love exceeds by far.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 392
thy word is my delight.....	<i>Wm. Hammond.</i> 5
thyself to us reveal.....	<i>John de Watteville.</i> 438
to thee I bow.....	203
to the garden lead us.....	116
was ever grief.....	511
we lift our souls to thee.....	<i>Beck.</i> 623
we thus obey.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 629
what offering shall I give.....	<i>Lange—John Wesley.</i> 345
when in majesty.....	51
when thy blessings.....	350
where'er thy people meet.....	<i>Wm. Cowper.</i> 671
who died is now.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 194
who died the world to save.....	<i>Wm. Hammond.</i> 171
who for me hast died.....	<i>Wm. Hammond.</i> 420
who is always near.....	184
who is always near to assuage....	<i>Zinzendorf & Swertner.</i> 179
who passed the angels by.....	34
who with thee.....	<i>J. A. Freylinghausen—John Gambold.</i> 40
will I never leave.....	<i>C. Keymann.</i> 354
wipes away their tears	385
yieldeth up his spirit.....	920
yields me delectation.....	346
Join earth and heaven to bless.....	203
to render thanks and praises.....	<i>F. W. Foster.</i> 771
Joined in one spirit to our head.....	833
Joy of the desolate.....	498
to the earth, the Saviour reigns.....	57
to the world, the Lord is come.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 57

HYMN.

Joyful all ye nations rise.....	62
Judge me now, my God and Saviour..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	903
not the Lord by feeble sense.....	474
Just as I am without one plea..... <i>Miss Charlotte Elliott.</i>	310
as I am and waiting not.....	310
as I am though tossed about.....	310
as I am poor wretched blind.....	310
as I am thou wilt receive.....	310
as I am thy love unknown.....	310
as thou art, without one trace..... <i>R. S. Cooke.</i>	250
Justice and truth maintains.....	209
KEEN was the trial once.....	334
Keep no longer at a distance.....	703
our haughty passions bound.....	803
Kindle our senses from above.....	239
Kindled his relentings are.....	285
King of glory reign for ever.....	196
King of majesty tremendous.....	904
Kings shall fall down before him.....	92
Knowing as I am known.....	927
LADEN with guilt and full of fears..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	6
Late at even there was seen.....	159
Lamb of God beloved..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	224
of God display thy virtue.....	423
of God I look to thee..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	760
of God thou shalt remain.....	114
of God, thy death hath given.....	144
of God thy precious blood. <i>Count. Z'nz'nd'rf & Sp'ng'nb'rg</i>	205
of God, to thee I cry.....	378
of God who thee receive..... <i>A. Schindler.</i>	320
Lead me not for flesh is frail.....	483
us, heavenly Father, lead us..... <i>James Edmeston.</i>	508
us so that we.....	441
Leader of faithful souls, and guide..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	794
Leave to his sovereign sway.....	28
Less of the flesh each day.....	512
wayward let me be.....	512
Let all who dwell above the sky.....	578
all your lamps be bright.....	522
cares like a wild deluge come.....	487
Christ assure me he is mine.....	352
every child of hell.....	468
every creature rise and bring.....	199
every kindred every tribe.....	198
every thought and work and word.....	347
fall thy rod of terror.....	713
good or ill befall.....	504
goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !.....	505

	HYMN.
Let him that heareth, say.....	256
holy prayers and thoughts our latest be.....	828
me above all, fulfill.....	760
me at a throne of mercy.....	704
me be with thee where thou art..... <i>Miss Charlotte Elliott.</i>	108
me dwell on Golgotha..... <i>John Newton.</i>	134
me neither faint nor fear.....	483
music swell the breeze.....	857
my life and conversation.....	810
no false comfort lift us up.....	238
none hear you idly saying.....	596
not conscience make you linger.....	249
not the foe of Christ and man.....	688
not the world's deceitful cares.....	688
not your heart be faint..... <i>C. Ignatius La Trobe.</i>	686
O Lord, our rulers be.....	860
our mutual love be fervent..... <i>?</i>	703
party names no more..... <i>Benjamin Beddomè.</i>	468
saints below in concert sing.....	617
songs of praises fill the sky..... <i>Thomas Cotterill.</i>	232
that love veil our transgression.....	855
the living here be fed.....	849
the minds of all our youth.....	675
the ransomed thus rejoice.....	583
the sweet hope that I am thine.....	486
the whole earth his power confess.....	575
the world despise and leave me.....	322
these, O God, my soul convert.....	7
those refuse to sing.....	574
thronging multitudes around.....	745
thy cross my will control.....	429
thy kind protection be.....	860
thy presence go with me..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	739
us call to mind, with joy.....	922
us each for others care.....	467
us from all our sins be washed.....	640
us walk the narrow way.....	900
us watch and pray.....	434
Zion's watchmen all awake..... <i>Philip Doddridge.</i>	735
Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs.....	188
up thy heart to him.....	476
up your heads, ye mighty gates... <i>G. Weissel— Winkworth.</i>	52
your hearts and voices high.....	61
Light immortal, light divine.....	230
in thy light O may we see.....	676
of the world, abide.....	60
of them that sit in darkness.....	711
Like her with hopes and fears we come.....	299
him may we be found below.....	759
Mary at her Saviour's feet..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	770

HYMN.

Like mighty, rushing wind.....	227
Noah's weary dove.....	<i>Wm. A. Muhlenberg.</i> 254
the king of Salem.....	<i>Zander.</i> 642
Lives again our glorious king.....	168
Living faith with clearest vision.....	317
or dying, Lord.....	382
Lo, glad I come, and thou blest Lamb.....	307
God is here, him day and night.....	668
God is here, let us adore.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 668
God, our God, has come.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 67
he cometh! countless trumpets.	<i>John Cennick.</i> 895
he lays his glory by.....	62
his triumphant chariot waits.....	187
Jesus who invites.....	256
on a narrow neck of land.....	289
the Book, exactly worded.....	904
the hills for harvest whiten.....	723
the incarnate God ascended.....	249
these are they from sufferings great.....	913
this is the race.....	337
'tis an infant chorus sings.....	111
with deep contrition turning.....	855
Long as we live, and when we die.....	217
ere the skies were spread abroad.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 26
from thee my footsteps straying.....	282
my imprisoned spirit lay.....	321
Look down in pity and forgive.....	827
how we grovel here below.....	229
on me.....	422
unto him, ye nations; own.....	585
up and see.....	137
up my soul, to Christ.....	<i>Schade—J. B. Holmes.</i> 476
up, my soul, to him.....	648
up, ye saints of God.....	503
ye saints, the sight is glorious.....	<i>Thomas Kelly.</i> 185
Loose all your bars of massy light.....	187
Lord, at this closing hour.....	<i>Eleazar T. Fitch.</i> 653
at my dissolution.....	120
by thy Spirit us prepare.....	708
Christ reveal thy holy face.....	<i>William of Weimar.</i> 672
come dwell within us.....	667
dismiss us with thy blessing.....	<i>Walter Shirley.</i> 697
for thy coming us prepare.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i> 902
forgive me day by day.....	314
give us such a faith as this.....	528
God of hosts, O may we praise.....	668
God of truth and grace.....	251
God the Holy Ghost.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 227
grant me thy protection.....	120
grant me thy salvation.....	119

Lord grant us though deeply abased...	<i>Schlicht & Zinzendorf.</i>	734
have mercy on each land.....		727
how divine thy comforts are.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i>	644
I am thine entirely thine.....	<i>Samuel Davies.</i>	349
I believe thou hast prepared.....		142
I cannot must not rest.....		429
I come to thee for rest.....		545
I despair myself to heal.....		284, 300
I feel a carnal mind.....	<i>Augustus M. Toplady.</i>	429
I have passed another day.....	<i>Mrs. Gilbert.</i>	827
I hear of showers of blessing.....	<i>Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.</i>	702
I look back to see.....		303
I my vows to thee renew.....		801
I shall share a glorious part.....		656
if thine arm support us still.....		341
if thou thy grace impart.	<i>Martin Madan.</i>	414
in the day thou art about.....		27
in thy grace we came.....		699
in thy name we meet..	<i>Countess Zdf. & L. v. Schrautenbach.</i>	692
it belongs not to my care.....	<i>Richard Baxter.</i>	502
it is my chief complaint.....		365
Jesus Christ all praise to thee.....		302
Jesus Christ, I humbly pray.....		881
Jesus Christ, my life and light.....		813
Jesus Christ O may I grow.....		425
Jesus for our call of grace.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	693
Jesus, 'mid thy flock appear.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i>	791
Jesus, may I constantly.....	<i>John de Watteville.</i>	813
Jesus, thine we wish to be.....		14
Jesus to our hearts reveal.....		680
Jesus to thy hands.....		751
Jesus unto me impart.....		753
Jesus we bless thee that thou wast a child..	<i>John Cennick.</i>	754
Jesus who hast called us.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	726
Jesus with thy presence bless.....	<i>John de Watteville.</i>	733
lead us in thy holy ways.....		672
let me know mine end.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i>	868
may I live to thee by faith.....		866
may it be our choice.....		591
may that grace be ours.....		334
my body, soul, and spirit.....		810
my times are in thy hand.....		31
my times are in thy hand, be they then....	<i>Mrs. Palmer.</i>	863
of glory, Lord most high.....		378
of glory! thou hast bought us.....	<i>Mrs. Alderson.</i>	597
of hosts, to thee, we raise.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i>	849
of the harvest, hear.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	717
of life, now sweetly slumber...	<i>La Trobe & Worthington.</i>	156
of the harvest, laborers send.....		709
of the nations, thus to thee		858

	HYMN.
Lord of the Sabbath, unto thee.....	743
of the worlds above..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	670
our God.....	3
our high-priest and Saviour..... <i>Zinzendorf & Neisser.</i>	552
plant us all into thy death.....	623
receive the thanks and adoration.....	681
speed the vessel in its course.....	741
take my heart just as it is..... <i>Stonehouse.</i>	325
teach us how to pray aright..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	544
the gifts thou dost bestow.....	830
thou hast chosen us.....	427
thy body ne'er forsake.....	616
thy body's Saviour	417
thy deep humiliation.....	131
till I reach yon blissful shore.....	550
uphold me day by day.....	483
we thy presence seek.....	426
while for all mankind we pray..... <i>John R. Wreford.</i>	858
while I with thee remain..... <i>George Henry Loskiel.</i>	924
whither can I, sinner, flee..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	877
Love and grief my heart dividing.....	214
caused thy incarnation.....	53
divine, all loves excelling..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	384
he most strongly did enforce.....	650
is the golden chain.....	463
of God so pure and changeless.....	702
Love's redeeming work is done.....	168
Love so strikingly displayed.....	146
who hast for me endured.....	146
Loving Jesus, holy Lamb.....	760
Low at thy feet I bow.....	278
at thy feet, O may I bow.....	757
MAKE haste, O man, to do.....	867
haste, O man, to live..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	867
me clean.....	422
me to walk in thy commands.....	442
my calling and election..... <i>George Henry Loskiel.</i>	869
my heart a garden fair.....	420
us one in heart and mind.....	467
Maker of all things, Lord our God..... <i>Anon.</i>	77
Many woes had Christ endured..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	123
Mary to her Saviour's tomb..... <i>John Newton.</i>	184
May each in each still feed the flame.....	774
his presence constantly.....	553
I be faithful to thy call.....	348
I feel beneath my wrongs.....	314
I no more resist thy love.....	298
I remember that to thee.....	515
I still enjoy the feeling.....	214

	HYMN
May it in our walk be seen.....	451
Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb.....	<i>Ancient Church.</i> 97
Jesus' grace and blessing.....	<i>Mathesius.</i> 809
many a soul from death redeemed.....	844
my sins be all forgiven.....	825
our lights be always burning.....	524
that dear hand uphold me still.....	807
the dear blood once shed for me	347
the gospel's joyful sound.....	700
the heathen, now adoring.....	711
they that Jesus whom they preach.....	735
his ever blessed hope.....	925
thy rich grace impart.....	309
we all be ever so disposed.....	452
we always have in view.....	922
we enjoy thy saving grace.	829
we faithful in our service be.....	727
we thy bounties thus.....	599
Mayst thou live to know and fear him.....	765
Me nor the saints on earth can help.....	288
with thy gladdening oil anoint.....	348
Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit.....	785
Meek they are to all mankind.....	470
Meekness humility and love.....	103
Mention to him every want.....	484
Mercies multiplied each hour.....	700, 701
Messiah's name shall joy impart.....	111
Met around the sacred tomb.....	<i>C. I. La Trobe.</i> 161
Methinks I hear them joyful sing.....	888
'Mid danger's blackest frown.....	567
'Mid stormy days and nights of fear.....	<i>Morton.</i> 480
'Mid the trials we experience.....	<i>D. Foster.</i> 785
Might I in thy sight appear.....	273
thy dying love dear suffering Saviour.....	157
with an iron pen.....	210
Mighty God, we humbly pray.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 451
victor, reign forever.....	177
Mightiest kings his power shall own.....	719
Mild he shines on all beneath.....	91
Mine is an unchanging love.....	365
Mistaken souls that dream of heaven.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 296
Moments of ecstatic pleasure.....	<i>Henry Steinhauer.</i> 356
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock.....	913
More gratitude give me.....	413
holiness give me.....	<i>P. P. Bliss.</i> 413
of thy presence, Lord.....	433
prized than gold, than gold whose waste.....	7
purity give me.....	413
Mortals with joy behold his face.....	44
Most gracious Comforter, we pray.....	241

HYMN.

Most gracious God and Lord.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	207
holy Lord and God.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	147
merciful Saviour, who deignedst to die.....		11
Mount Zion where the Lamb of God.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i>	915
ourn for the lost: but call.....		536
for the lost: but pray.....		536
for the ruined soul.....		536
for the tarnished gem.....		536
for the thousands slain.....	<i>Anon.</i>	536
whene'er thou hast forgot.....		484
Mourning souls dry up your tears.....		270
Much forgiven may I learn.....		314
of my dubious life is gone.....		793
Must I be carried to the skies.....		331
Jesus bear the cross alone.....	<i>G. N. Allen.</i>	342
My all in all my faithful friend.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	401
blessed Saviour is thy love.....		392
case to thee is fully known.....	<i>E. D. Rose.</i>	445
conscience felt and owned the guilt.....		305
country! 'tis of thee.....	<i>Samuel F. Smith.</i>	857
crimes are great but don't surpass.....		275
dying Saviour and my God.....		130
faith looks up to thee.....	<i>Ray Palmer.</i>	309
faith shall triumph o'er the grave.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i>	901
faith would lay the hand.....		303
faithless heart.....		459
Father's house on high.....		926
flesh shall slumber in the ground.....		892
God accept my heart this day.....	<i>Matthew Bridges.</i>	347
God, and can a needy child.....		877
God I love thee not because.....	<i>Francis Xavier—Caswall.</i>	375
God! is any hour so sweet.....	<i>Miss Charlotte Elliott.</i>	550
God, my everlasting hope.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i>	784
God the covenant of thy love.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i>	323
gracious Master and my God.....		585
guilt is cancelled quite I know.....		355
heart in thee and in thy ways.....		456
heart shall triumph in my Lord.....		656
heart's fixed on Jesus.....		371
heart with life is glowing.....		119
Jesus is always desirous.....		371
knowledge of that life is small.....		502
life is but a span.....		868
life with him is hid.....		316
lips shall be employed to bless.....		756
lips with shame, my sins confess.....		275
Lord, before to glory gone.....		893
Lord how full of sweet content.....	<i>Wm. Corper.</i>	377
loving friends, farewell, farewell.....		840
mind enlighten.....		301

My native country ! thee	857
dear Redeemer and my Lord.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 99
Redeemer, overwhelmed with anguish..	<i>C. R. v. Zinzendorf.</i> 114
salvation welcome be.....	51
Saviour bids me come.....	272
Saviour, by his saving grace.....	918
Saviour's pierced side.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 648
Saviour that I without thee.....	<i>Anna Nitschmann.</i> 455
Saviour was betrayed.....	119
shepherd is the Lamb.....	<i>Beaumont.</i> 368
song shall bless the Lord of all.....	<i>Ww. Cowper.</i> 41
soul, ask what thou wilt.....	541
soul, awake, and render.....	<i>Paul Gerhardt.</i> 806
soul, be on thy guard.....	<i>George Heath.</i> 520
soul, believe and pray.....	541
soul before thee prostrate lies.....	<i>C. F. Richter.</i> 456
soul don't delay.....	337
soul doth magnify the Lord.....	<i>John Mason.</i> 235
soul obey the gracious call.....	279
soul, then, with assurance.....	479
soul to thee alone.....	523
spirit on thy care.....	<i>Henry F. Lyte.</i> 504
table he doth spread.....	836
times are in thy hand !" my God.....	<i>Wm. F. Lloyd.</i> 518
Myrrh and spices will I bring.....	159
Myself I cannot save	523
NAKED I came into this world.....	27
Name above every name, thy praise.....	85
Nations all, far off and near.....	91
Nay more the poor returns I make.....	355
Nay, too closely am I bound.....	180
Nearer and nearer draw us still.....	560
my Father's house.....	865
my God to thee.....	<i>Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams.</i> 374
the bound of life... ..	865
Needful art thou my guide.....	387
is thy most precious blood... ..	387
thy presence Lord.....	387
Ne'er think the victory won.....	520
Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell.....	496
New every morning is the love.....	805
graces ever gaining.....	657
mercies, each returning day.....	805
No condemnation now I dread.....	321
farther go to-night, but stay.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 821
fearless I'll in word and deed.....	738
flaming sword doth guard the place.....	139
I must my praises bring.....	84
man can truly say.....	234

HYMN.

No man of greater love can boast.....	392
more a wandering sheep	344
more let sin and sorrow grow.....	57
mortal doth know.....	337
my soul he cannot leave	891
other name than his.....	155
other work save thine.....	316
words can tell what sweet relief.....	550
None God the Father's favor share..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	425
in his own wisdom	470
is so holy, pure and just.....	313
Nor hath the king of grace decreed.....	911
joy nor grief, nor time nor place.....	833
let thy word so kindly sent.....	688
pain nor grief nor anxious fear.....	883
these alone their voice shall raise.....	111
voice can sing nor heart can frame.....	383
is there any other way.....	313
Not a brief glance I beg.....	373
all the blood of beasts..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	303
in the hope of gaining aught.....	375
one of Adam's race..... <i>Wm. Hammond.</i>	315
so your eyes will always view.....	247
the labor of my hands.....	308
the powers of earth or hell.....	495
to the mount that burned with fire..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	684
what I feel or do.....	316
what these hands have done..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	316
Nothing in my hand I bring.....	308
you in exchange need give.....	255
Nought can disturb this heir of life.....	879
can we do without thy aid.....	736
in this world affords true rest.....	402
on earth can satisfy.....	354
Now a new scene of time begins.....	793
begin the heavenly theme..... <i>Martin Madan.</i>	270
behold him weeping, bleeding, crying.....	114
cheerful to the house of prayer.....	175
doth our Lord the Son of God.....	35
he bids us tell abroad.....	174
I have found the ground whereon..... <i>John A. Rothe.</i>	293
I know thou lovest.....	763
I'll lie down and safely sleep.....	818
in parting Father bless us..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	652
in the Father's glory high.....	225
incline me to repeat.....	285
lend thy gracious ear.....	705
let all the heavens adore thee.....	916
let our souls be fed.....	629
let the heavens be joyful.....	169

HYMN.

Now let us join our hearts and tongues.....	<i>John Newton.</i>	34
let us praise the Lord.....	<i>Martin Rinkart.</i>	569
Lord, before we part.....		699
Lord, who in this vale of tears.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i>	923
may the king descend.....		660
rest, my long divided heart.....		328
send the promised unction down.....		846
thank we all our God.....	<i>Martin Rinkart—Winkworth.</i>	565
the conflict is decided.....		448
the shades of night are gone.....	<i>Anon.</i>	803
the song of all the saved.....		895
then before his face appear.....		564
thou art here, we know thee now.....		73
through another year.....	<i>John Newton.</i>	792
to the earth let these remains.....		878
toil and conflicts o'er.....		751
while I speak, be pleased to hear.....		827
with angels round the throne.....	<i>Josiah Conder.</i>	16
with tears of love and joy.....		161
with triumphal palms they stand.....		913
Oh, at last I've found my Saviour.....	<i>John Angelus.</i>	346
back by scourges ploughed.....		150
behold your Saviour wounded.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i>	129
bless, as erst of old.....		772
blest the land, the city blest.....		52
cease my wandering soul.....		254
Christ be thou our present joy.....	<i>Ambrosian—Chandler.</i>	213
Christ our hope our heart's desire.....		213
Christ our king, creator, Lord.....	<i>Gregory—Ray Palmer.</i>	225
Christ, our true and only light.....	<i>John Herman—Winkworth.</i>	90
Christ, thou art our corner-stone.....		844
Christ thou glorious king.....	<i>Anon.</i>	226
church of Jesus, now draw near.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	635
cleanse me in a Saviour's blood.....		458
Comforter God Holy Ghost.....	<i>Bohemian Brethren.</i>	228
could we be resigned and quiet.....		25
could we but love that Saviour.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	359
could we make our doubts remove.....		906
day of rest and gladness.....	<i>Christopher Wordsworth.</i>	657
days of lasting happiness.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i>	406
death, where is thy sting.....		876
delightful theme past all expression.....		114
enter his gates with thanksgiving and song.....		687
eternal word.....	<i>Adam Drese.</i>	42
exalt and praise the Lord.....	<i>Bohemian Brethren.</i>	922
Father, cover my transgression.....		889
Father of mercy be ever adored.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i>	11
Father, thou most holy one.....		10
Father, with the eternal Son.....		109

HYMN.

Oh for a closer walk with God.....	Wm. Cowper.	444
for a faith that will not shrink.....	Wm. Hiley Bathurst.	528
for a heart to praise my God.....	Charles Wesley.	453
for a principle within.....	Charles Wesley.	416
for a thousand tongues to sing.....	Charles Wesley.	585
for grace our hearts to soften.....		389
for the living flame.....		580
form us all, while we remain.....		923
give thine angels charge.....		622
glorious hour it comes with speed.....		34
glorious hour! oh, blest abode!.....		892
God in whom our trust is placed.....		2
God mine inmost soul convert.....		289
God of Abraham hear.....	Thomas Hastings.	625
God of Bethel, hear our prayer.....		741
God of grace and love.....		548
God of heaven and earth, arise.....	Philip Doddridge.	853
God, our help in ages past.....	Isaac Watts.	795
God, they prayed, from Zion rise.....		73
God thou art my God alone.....	James Montgomery,	390
God, thy name is love.....	James George Deck.	473
gracious God, bestow.....		569
grant me through thy precious blood.....		443
grant that each of us.....		695
grant thy Spirit, Lord.....		625.
guard our shores from every foe.....		858
guide our doubtful feet aright.....		333
happy bond, that seals my vows.....		328
happy days, days marked with perfect blessing..	F. W. Foster.	362
happy day that fixed my choice.....	Philip Doddridge.	328
happy servant he		522
happiest work below.....		591
head so full of bruises..	Bern. of Clair'x, Gerhardt, Z'nz'nd'rf.	120
head so full of bruises, brow that its life-blood..	J. Stammers.	150
hearken to the healing voice.....		684
hearts are bruised and dead.....		599
help us, Lord! each hour of need.....	Henry Hart Milman.	509
help us, Jesus, from on high.....		509
help us, through the prayer of faith.....		509
help us, when our spirits bleed.....		509
holy Father, holy Son.....		244
Holy Ghost eternal God.....	Joseph Hart.	238
Holy Ghost, kind Comforter.....		233
hope of every contrite heart.....		383
how beyond expression great.....		35
how blessed are the moments.....		547
how blessed is the station.....	B. La Trobe.	618
how excellent and fair.....	J. v. Assig.	925
how great.....		208
how great, how rich, how free.....	Count Zinzendorf,	277

	HYMN.
Oh how I long to go and see.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 840
how sad and sore distressed.....	154
how shall I receive thee.....	<i>Gerhardt—Russell.</i> 53
how soft that bed must be.....	<i>Anon.</i> 836
how wondrous is his love.....	408
if my Lord would come and meet.....	873
if my mortal feet.....	865
if this night should prove my last.....	824
I'm lost in deepest wonder.....	346
in thy light be mine to go.....	104
Jesus Christ most holy.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 428
Jesus Christ my Lord.....	301
Jesus for thy matchless love.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 220
Jesus, shorten the delay.....	897
joy all joys beyond.....	503
joy, to know that thou my friend.....	410
keep me contrite.....	455
king of glory Christ the Lord.....	302
Lamb of God still keep me.....	<i>James George Deck.</i> 376
Lamb of God the book unseal.....	5
land that seest no sorrow.....	909
let my house a temple be.....	27
let my soul with thee converse.....	363
let our humble worship be.....	744
let that faith which thou hast taught.....	297
let the dead now hear thy voice.....	304
let them spread thy name.....	717
let thine unction on him rest.....	623
let thy chosen few.....	705
let thy love my soul inflame.....	394
let thy love our hearts constrain.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 461
let us then repeat the theme.....	35
let us think thee always near.....	438
Lord, encouraged by thy grace.....	<i>Miss Anna Steele.</i> 624
Lord, for thee abased I fall.....	<i>C. H. Peistel.</i> 447
Lord how vile am I.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 278
Lord, I'll treasure in my soul.....	392
Lord, look down, O Lord forgive.....	839
Lord my spirit faints.....	670
Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.....	<i>Christopher Wordsworth.</i> 593
Lord of life and love.....	772
Lord thy work revive.....	<i>Mrs. P. H. Brown.</i> 705
Lord we'll bless thee all our days.....	33
Lord, who numberest all our days.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i> 778
love, all love excelling.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 360
love divine, what hast thou done.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 138
love how cheering is thy ray.....	369
love thou bottomless abyss.....	293
lovely attitude, he stands.....	253
majestic Being.....	667

	HYMN.
Oh make the deaf to hear thy voice.....	90
make thy face on me to shine.....	841
may all enjoy the blessing.....	666
may he so sensibly.....	553
may his love our hearts inspire.....	353
may I rise with thee.....	511
may I, then, of Christ this night.....	823
may I with submissiveness.....	425
may in each believer.....	428
may my hand forget her skill.....	558
may my soul on thee repose.....	822
may that faith our hearts sustain.....	341
may the gospel's joyful sound.....	845
may the least omission pain.....	416
may the sweet the blissful theme	215
may these heavenly pages be.....	1
may this bounteous God.....	565
may thy counsels, mighty God.....	6
may thy mighty love prevail.....	213
may thy word in christendom	733
may we ever walk with him.....	833
most mighty, O most holy	78
multiply thy sower's seed.....	729
my Saviour, shield and sun.....	84
my soul what means this sadness.....	<i>John Fawcett.</i> 490
on that day, that wrathful day	896
praise our God to-day	<i>Henry W. Baker.</i> 591
sacred head now wounded..	<i>Bernard—Gerhar't—Alexander.</i> 121
Saviour, give us then thy grace.....	89
Saviour if redeemed by thee.....	222
Saviour of our race.....	<i>Laurentius—Winkworth</i> 60
Saviour with protecting care.....	685
send thy spirit down.....	442
shall not warmer accents tell.....	633
sing again.....	137
Son of God and man, receive.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 107
spare me yet, I pray.....	868
Spirit in the Godhead's throne.....	680
Spirit of the living God.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 243
Spirit of the Lord, all life is thine.....	612
Spirit of wisdom of love and of power.....	11
teach us all thy perfect will.....	730
tell me no more.....	<i>John Gambold.</i> 337
tell me often of each wound.....	411
that I may so favored be.....	888
that the Lord's salvation.....	<i>Henry F. Lyte.</i> 713
that we all could quite fulfill.....	650
that all may seek and find.....	414
that I thus could always feel.....	125
that it were as it has been.....	390

	HYMN.
Oh that men would praise the Lord.....	583
that such may be our union.....	462
that the Comforter would come.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 242
that the Lord would guide my ways.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 442
that the world might know.....	234
that we could forever sit.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 353
that we his steps to follow.....	465
that we now might grasp our guide.....	617
that we, with gladness of spirit, forever.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i> 581
that with yonder sacred throng.....	198
the delights, the heavenly joys.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 38
the happy hours I spend.....	354
the love wherewith I'm loved.....	<i>John Angelus.</i> 146
the rich blessings which accrue.....	516
the rich depths of love divine.....	81
then, turn to him and live.....	252
then what raptured greetings.....	928
there may we our treasure place.....	440
this makes me think with sighing.....	124
thou, from whom all goodness flows.....	<i>Thomas Haweis.</i> 510
thou, by whom we come to God.....	542
thou matchless sound of consolation.....	172
thou the church's head and Lord.....	680
thou the contrite sinner's friend.....	<i>Miss Charlotte Elliott.</i> 396
thou to whose all-searching eye.....	<i>Tersteegen—John Wesley.</i> 431
thou who by a star didst guide.....	<i>John M. Neale.</i> 89
thou who by an infant's tongue.....	622
thou, who didst the temple fill....	<i>Congregational Collection.</i> 846
thou, who givest all their food.....	<i>Josiah Conder.</i> 796
thou who hearest prayer.....	<i>Wm. Edwards.</i> 548
thou, who lov'st to send relief.....	<i>John Mason Neale.</i> 839
timely happy, timely wise.....	<i>John Keble.</i> 805
to grace how great a debtor.....	577
turn us, turn us, mighty Lord.....	852
turn ye, for why will ye die.....	<i>Josiah Hopkins.</i> 246
wash my soul from every sin.....	275
watch, and fight, and pray.....	520
what fear man's bosom rendeth.....	904
what, if we are Christ's.....	<i>Henry W. Baker.</i> 334
what joy awaiteth me.....	<i>German Litany.</i> 914
what love is here displayed.....	156
what praise in highest strain.....	<i>Christian Gregor.</i> 724
what profits it with groaning.....	152
what stupendous mercy shines.....	<i>Thomas Gibbons.</i> 601
what would be my condition.....	<i>Matthew Hehl.</i> 423
where are kings and empires now.....	<i>Arthur C. Coxe.</i> 608
where is he that trod the sea.....	<i>Thomas T. Lynch.</i> 101
where shall rest be found.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 251
who like thee so calm and bright.....	104
who like thee so humbly bore.....	104

	HYMN.
Oh wondrous love to bleed and die.....	274
wondrous type, O vision fair..... <i>Sarum Breviary—Neale.</i>	109
world behold upon the tree..... <i>Gerhardt—Winkworth.</i>	151
yes, nor would I change my lot.....	607
yes having found in the Lord our delight.....	464
yes I feel I am forgiven.....	348
O'er eras past I've pondered..... <i>Zinzendorf—L. F. Kampmann.</i>	221
every foe victorious.....	92
the realms of pagan darkness..... <i>Thomas Cotterill.</i>	711
Of all the crowns Jehovah bears.....	41
each weight still more divested.....	610
nothing we have ever done.....	313
this I am persuaded.....	475
Oft as the precious seed is sown.....	688
when the waves of passion rise..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	529
with its fiery force.....	749
Oftentimes for thee I sigh.....	358
On every soul assembled here.....	773
him we'll venture all we have.....	737
his precious death and merit.....	920
his shoulder he shall bear.....	69
Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry..... <i>Coffin—Chandler.</i>	50
me thy helpless worm O Lord.....	288
our fields of grass and grain.....	860
that day of consummation.....	448
thee, almighty Lord of hosts.....	568
thee alone, my hope relies.....	81
thee at the creation.....	657
thee, our guardian God, we call..... <i>Anon.</i>	856
thee our hopes depend.....	751
thee we humbly call.....	717
those who faithful prove to death.....	530
thy ransomed congregation..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	610
thy redeeming name we call.....	418
us, their parents, grace bestow.....	777
what has now been sown..... <i>John Newton.</i>	695
Once again beside the cross.....	336
he came in blessing..... <i>John Horn—Winkworth.</i>	54
more before we part..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	699
the world's Redeemer, dying.....	282
One army of the living God.....	617
day amid the place.....	662
family we dwell in him.....	617
member knoweth not another here.....	612
of those sheep in deserts lost.....	36
prayer I have—all prayers in one..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	515
sweetly solemn thought..... <i>Miss Phoebe Cary.</i>	865
there is above all others..... <i>John Newton.</i>	389
undivided Trinity.....	13
with Christ their head, they share.....	385

	HYMN.
Only, O Lord, in thy dear love.....	805
one prayer to-day.....	<i>Wm. C. Dix.</i> 155
Onward, then, we gladly press.....	457
Open now the crystal fountain.....	500
the hearts of all who hear.....	236
Or art thou at a loss.....	141
if on joyful wing.....	374
Order my footsteps by thy word.....	442
O her knowledge I disdain.....	405
Lords have long held sway.....	412
refuge have I none.....	364
Others may seek satisfaction.....	346
Our baptism first declares.....	<i>Joseph Hart.</i> 620
children, gracious Lord and God.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i> 777
daily bread supply.....	19
day of praise is done.....	<i>John Ellerton.</i> 664
enraptured hearts shall ne'er be weary.....	114
faith is feeble.....	299
fathers' God! to thee.....	857
fellow-sufferer yet retains.....	561
glad hosannas, Prince of peace.....	55
God defends us day by day.....	33
guilt might draw thy vengeance down.....	853
hearts be pure from evil.....	169
heavenly Father calls.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 379
heavenly Father, hear.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 19
heavenly Father, source of love.....	<i>C. Wesley & Watts.</i> 14
hope and expectation.....	521
Lord is risen from the dead.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 187
Lord, who knows full well.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 557
lot in future years.....	792
only stay is Jesus grace.....	611
Redeemer rose victorious.....	920
souls and bodies, Lord, prepare.....	600
souls and bodies we resign.....	418
table spread, our garners stored.....	799
trust is not in mortal hosts.....	853
works and merits we disclaim.....	737
Ours the guilt which pierced his side.....	144
Out of the deep I cry to thee.....	<i>Martin Luther.</i> 286
of the depths of woe.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 283
Own thy congregation.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 691
PARDON, Jesus, each transgression.....	826
Lord and are there those.....	314
Pardoned through redeeming grace.....	<i>Edward Osler.</i> 628
Parents, teachers, old and young.....	758
Paschal Lamb by God appointed.....	143
Pass me not O gentle Saviour.....	<i>Mrs F. J. C. Van Alstyne.</i> 704
me not O gracious Father.....	702

	HYMN.
Pass me not O tender Saviour.....	702
me not O mighty Spirit.....	702
Patience to watch, and wait, and weep.....	544
Peace and good will are now to man.....	35
be to this congregation.. <i>Countess Huntingdon's Collection.</i>	678
be within these sacred walls.....	851
on earth good-will from heaven.....	61
on earth, heaven is proclaiming..... <i>T. & M. Lamb.</i>	59
on earth good-will to men.....	61
on this day abide.....	862
to our brethren give.....	653
People and realms of every tongue.....	199
Perhaps with the aim.....	337
Permit them to approach.....	621
Pilgrims here on earth and strangers.....	816
Pity and heal my sin-sick soul.....	276
the weeping widow's woe.....	601
Plenteous grace with thee is found.....	364
Poor tempest-tossed soul be still.....	274
though I am, despised, forgot.....	493
Pour out thy Spirit from on high..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	748
Praise and honor to the Father.....	848
for every scene distressing.....	202
God, from whom all blessings flow.....	801
him, ye who know his love.....	587
our God! it is but just.....	830
the Lord, for on us shineth.....	65
the Lord, God our salvation.....	65
the Lord, his glories show..... <i>Henry F. Lyte.</i>	582
the Lord, his mercies trace.....	582
the Lord, whose saving splendor.....	65
the Saviour, all ye nations..... <i>Benjamin Francis.</i>	590
to the slaughtered Lamb.....	579
to thee, O Lord we render..... <i>Anon.</i>	219
ye the Word made flesh.....	67
Praises, thanks, and adoration..... <i>J. Swertner.</i>	570
to him whose love has given..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	588
to him, in grace who came.....	588
to him, the chain who broke.....	588
to him, who sheds abroad.....	588
Prayer is appointed to convey..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	549
is the soul's sincere desire..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	542
is the burden of a sigh.....	542
is the simplest form of speech.....	542
is the Christian's vital breath.....	542
is the contrite sinner's voice.....	542
makes the darkened cloud withdraw.....	543
Pray, without ceasing, pray..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	555
Precious Bible, what a treasure..... <i>John Newton.</i>	9
Prepare a thankful song..... <i>John Newton.</i>	46

	HYMN.
Present your bodies to the Lord.....	<i>W, Barton.</i> 329
Preserve by thy almighty aid.....	560
my little heart secure.....	757
Prevent me lest I harbor pride.....	808
Prince of life, to thee I cry.....	378
Princes to his imperial name.....	38
Proclaim hosannas loud and clear.....	111
QUIET, Lord, my froward heart.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 30
Quick as the apple of the eye.....	443
Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge.....	840
RAISE thy downcast eyes and see.....	269
Reach out thy sceptre, king of love.....	<i>Countess Zinzendorf.</i> 600
Ready for you the angels wait.....	258
the Father is to own.....	258
the Spirit to impart.....	258
Reality and solid ground.....	445
Redeemer come, I open wide.....	52
Rejoice, our God has come.....	67
our nature Christ assumes.....	<i>Ambrose, Luther, Gambold.</i> 71
rejoice, believers.....	<i>Laurentius Laurenti—Borthwick.</i> 521
then, ye sad hearted.....	53
ye contrite hearts.....	627
your conquering Saviour lives.....	178
Rely on God thy Saviour.....	479
Remember him who once applied.....	299
thee and all thy pains.....	630
still that they are thine.....	780
thee thy death thy shame.....	633
Remembering what our Father's told.....	679
Repeat the solemn strain.....	921
Rest from thy labor, rest.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 751
of the weary thou.....	212
Resting from his work to-day.....	<i>Thomas Whytehead.</i> 159
in the silent grave.....	<i>C. I. La Trobe.</i> 158
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight.....	543
Return, my soul, unto thy rest.....	206
O holy dove.....	444
O wanderer, return.....	<i>Wm. B. Collyer.</i> 268
Revive our drooping faith.....	231
thy work amid the years.....	679
Revolving seasons still proclaim.....	796
Rich dews of grace come o'er us.....	706
Ride on, ride on in majesty.....	<i>Henry Hart Milman.</i> 110
Righteous judge of retribution.....	904
Rise exalt our head and king.....	<i>Matthew Hehl.</i> 616
go forth to meet the Lamb.....	900
my soul, and stretch thy wings.....	<i>Robert Seagrave.</i> 919
touched with gratitude divine.....	253

HYMN.

Rivers to the ocean run.....	919
Rock of ages cleft for me.....	<i>Augustus M. Toplady.</i> 308
Round each habitation hovering.....	604
his pierced feet I cling.....	361
Tabor heavenly glories shone.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 153
Run the straight race through God's good grace.....	534
SAFELY through another week.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 700, 701
Sages leave your contemplation.....	63
Saints and angels, joined in concert.....	249
before the altar bending.....	63
below, with heart and voice.....	576
Salvation be brought unto God.....	218
thus did he obtain.....	136
Save me from his dangerous wiles.....	483
me from liking what is ill.....	753
Saviour! breathe an evening blessing.....	<i>James Edmeston.</i> 815
breathe forgiveness o'er us.....	508
draw away our heart.....	180
hasten thine appearing.....	196
if of Zion's city.....	604
like a shepherd lead us.....	<i>Miss Dorothy A. Thrupp.</i> 762
lo, the isles are waiting.....	710
of thy chosen race.....	<i>C. Ignatius La Trobe.</i> 273
sprinkle many nations.....	<i>Arthur C. Coxe.</i> 710
visit thy plantation.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 703
when in dust to thee.....	<i>Robert Grant.</i> 281
where'er thy steps I see.....	431
who carest for thy sheep.....	743
Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion.....	68
ye blest seraphic legions.....	58
Scorned and reviled as was their head.....	341
Seal our love our labors end.....	457
Search me, O God, and know my heart.....	459
Searcher of hearts in me.....	272
Secure from every mortal care.....	884
See from his head, his hands, his feet.....	135
from the rock the waters bursting.....	<i>Louisa von Hayn.</i> 646
gracious God! before thy throne.....	<i>Miss Anna Steele.</i> 852
heathen nations bending.....	706
he lifts his hands above.....	193
him bear his cross, in deep affliction.....	114
him set forth before your eyes.....	259
Israel's gentle shepherd stands.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 621
redemption, long expected.....	895
the joyful shepherds round him.....	765
the judge our nature wearing.....	894
the Lord, thy keeper, stand.....	496
the streams of living waters.....	604
through his holy hands and feet.....	122

See we repent, we weep, we mourn.....	856
where the servants of their God.....	729
Servant of all to toil for man.....	107
of God, well done..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	749
Shall God invite you from above.....	247
I through fear of feeble man..... <i>J. Winkler.</i>	738
I to soothe the unholy throng.....	738
Jesus leave the realms of bliss.....	603
we whose souls are lighted.....	716
She, too, who touched thee in the press.....	299
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	631
of thy blood-bought sheep..... <i>John Newton.</i>	675
Shepherds in the field abiding.....	63
Shine on the darkened and the cold.....	90
Should earth against my soul engage.....	487
earth lose its foundation.....	475
I in earth's pleasures roll.....	358
not I for gladness leap.....	366
our minds to earthly objects cleaving..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	434
swift death this night o'ertake us.....	815
they be early hence removed.....	755
thy wisdom, Lord, decree.....	483
Show me what I have to do.....	545
pity Lord, O Lord, forgive..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	275
them what their ways have been.....	675
us our poverty, relieve.....	237
Showers of blessing from the Lord.....	727
Shun evil companions.....	766
Since all that I meet with.....	491
by thee were all things made.....	12
fallen man, weak and impure.....	2
he welcomes every soul.....	632
Jesus freely did appear..... <i>John Berridge.</i>	773
thou hast died for me.....	507
thou the everlasting God.....	323
thou to me didst being give.....	401
'tis the Lord's command.....	541
'tis thy work alone.....	312
we can't doubt God's equal love..... <i>Thomas Ken.</i>	477
we likewise may attain.....	922
we, though unworthy..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	527
with pure and warm affection.....	481
Sinful, we plead thy blood.....	548
Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live..... <i>Christian Gregor.</i>	176
hallelujah, praise the Lord..... <i>J. Swertner.</i>	930
of his dying love.....	571
praises to our risen Lord.....	178
we then with angels sing.....	62
with awe in strains melodious..... <i>Christian Gregor.</i>	124
with humble hearts your praises..... <i>J. Miller.</i>	202

	HYMN.
Sing ye morning-stars again.....	91
ye ransomed to his praise.....	270
Slain to redeem us by his blood.....	217
Sleep my babe, thy food and raiment.....	765
Simple, teachable and mild.....	414
Sinner, hear thy Saviour's call.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 269
Sinners, come, the Saviour see.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 266
hear the joyful news.....	<i>Thomas Dutton.</i> 252
in derision crowned him.....	185
in ourselves unworthy.....	423
obey the gospel-word.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 258
rejoice, he died for you.....	189
turn, why will ye die.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 261
wrung with true repentance.....	63
Sins against a holy God.....	123
So come, my sovereign, enter in.....	52
every kindred, tongue and tribe.....	245
in the last and dreadful day.....	685
Jesus slept; God's dying Son.....	883
let us praise the Saviour's name.....	122
long I'll pray below to live.....	756
may the words my lips express.....	7
shall my walk be close with God.....	444
shall our lives thy power proclaim.....	729
shall thy servants' hope be crowned.....	846
teach me, Lord, my days to number.....	889
they with us may evermore.....	90
when my latest breath.....	927
whene'er the signals given.....	697
with thee till life shall end.....	159
Soar we now where Christ has led.....	168
Soft and easy is thy cradle.....	765
Softly now the light of day.....	<i>George W. Doane.</i> 817
Some cursed thing unknown.....	272
Sometimes a light surprises.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 22
Son of God, to thee I cry.....	<i>Richard Maut.</i> 378
Songs of praise awoke the morn.....	576
of praise the angels sang.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 576
Sons of men, behold from far.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 91
Soon as the spirit shows.....	45
for me, the light of day... ..	817
shall my eyes behold thee.....	376
shall we hear him say.....	571
we pass the desert dreary	929
will he wipe off every tear.....	833
Sorrow, and pain, and every care.....	917
Soul then know thy full salvation.....	322
Souls in heathen darkness lying.....	<i>Mrs. C. F. Alexander.</i> 723
Sow in the morn thy seed.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 602
thy seed, be never weary.....	592

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure.....	300
O Lord, thy servant heareth.....	8
Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them..... <i>Thomas Kelly.</i>	722
Spirit divine! attend our prayers..... <i>Andrew Reed.</i>	847
of light explore.....	227
of mercy, truth and love..... <i>R. W. Kyle.</i>	244
of our God descending.....	508
of peace and holiness..... <i>Samuel F. Smith.</i>	743
of power and might..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	245
of truth be thou.....	227
of truth come down..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	234
Stand up, and bless the Lord..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	580
up, my soul, shake off thy fears..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	519
up, stand up for Jesus..... <i>George Duffield, Jr.</i>	339
Star of the East, arise.....	60
Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave.....	476
Still for us his death he pleads.....	193
Still hand in hand, their journey through.....	774
has my life new wonders seen.....	784
he comes within us.....	54
let the Spirit cry.....	555
may we hear that healing voice.....	770
on thy holy word.....	699
will I wait, O Lord, on thee.....	456
would we bear thy easy yoke.....	811
Storms of trouble may assail us..... <i>J. D. Herrnschmidt.</i>	489
Straight to Jesus' wounds and bruises.....	423
Strangers and pilgrims here below.....	794
Stretch forth thine hand a balm to pour.....	50
forth thy hand, O God, our king.....	537
Strings and voices, hands and hearts.....	582
Stripes and cruel mockeries he endured.....	114
Such as the Father, such the Son.....	10
treasures to thy manger-bed.....	95
was thy truth, and such thy zeal.....	99
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear..... <i>John Keble.</i>	814
Sure as thy truth shall last.....	606
I must fight if I would reign.....	331
never till my latest breath.....	305
Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood.....	906
hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.. <i>Wm. W. Walford.</i>	546
in the confidence of faith.....	838
is the day of sacred rest..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	656
is the work, my God my king.....	656
majesty and awful love.....	38
on his faithfulness to rest.....	838
on his righteousness to stand.....	838
the moments rich in blessing..... <i>James Allen.</i>	214
to look back, and see my name.....	838
to look inward, and attend.....	838

HYMN.

Sweet to reflect, how grace divine.....	838
to rejoice in lively hope.....	838
were his words, and kind his look.....	759
Sweeter sounds than music knows..... <i>John Newton.</i>	84
Sweetly may we all agree.....	471
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.....	373
TAKE full possession.....	456
me, O my Father, take me..... <i>Ray Palmer.</i>	282
our poor hearts.....	330
us under thy protection.....	610
Taught by thine unerring Spirit.....	559
Teach all the nations my commands.....	747
me my God and king..... <i>George Herbert.</i>	439
me to live, that I may dread.....	822
me to show forth thy praise.....	760
me yet more of thy blest ways..... <i>James Hutton.</i>	411
them aright to sow the seed.....	745
us to number so our days..... <i>Pappus.</i>	881
us, with glad, ungrudging heart.....	595
Tell me the old, old story..... <i>Miss Kate Hankey.</i>	287
me the story slowly.....	287
me the story softly.....	287
me the same old story.....	287
Tempt not my soul away.....	400
Temptations sore obstruct my way.....	510
Ten thousand talents once I owed..... <i>John Newton.</i>	355
thousand thousand precious gifts.....	21
thousand times ten thousand..... <i>Henry Alford.</i>	928
thousand to their endless home.....	617
thousand worlds, ten thousand lives.....	332
Thank and praise Jehovah's name..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	583
Thanks and praise..... <i>Tranecker.</i>	208
for mercies past receive.....	787
for thy sufferings.....	220
for thy thirst.....	220
for thy last heart-piercing cry.....	220
we give and adoration.....	697
That blood which thou hast spilt.....	278
day of wrath, that dreadful day.. <i>Thos. of Celano, W. Scott.</i>	896
dear blood for sinners spilt.....	134
eye is fixed on seraph throngs.....	554
glory never hence depart.....	842
he will guide us, whom no power.....	516
I from thee no more may part.....	416
long as life itself shall last.....	333
love of thine, thou sinner's friend.....	355
power is prayer, which soars on high.....	554
resurrection-word.....	927
rich, atoning, blood.....	541

	HYMN
That so, when angel reapers come.....	799
thou for us didst live and die.....	5
thou, O Lord, wilt stand disclosed.....	898
truth and mercy while we've breath.....	516
we never should forget.....	637
we should look, poor wanderers.....	907
were a grief I could not.....	493
where thou art, at God's right hand.....	188
will not murmur nor complain.....	528
word, for all their craft and force.....	514
The almighty former of the skies.....	81
almighty Lord of earth and sky..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	790
ancient law departs..... <i>Anon.</i>	83
angels whom his breath inspires.....	33
apostles join the glorious throng.....	586
assembly which with thee at rest.....	191
atonement of thy blood apply.....	130
best return for one like me.....	573
blessings which I now enjoy.....	603
busy tribes of flesh and blood.....	795
calm retreat the silent shade.....	397
captive to release.....	599
cause of temperance is thine own.....	537
child sweetly rests..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	887
church on earth in humble strain.....	43
church of Christ that he hath hallowed.. <i>Aug. G. Spang'n'b'g.</i>	612
church, through all her bounds.....	567
cloud and pillar of thy word.....	525
clouds may go and come.....	311
cross still stands unchanged.....	311
cross, the cross, O that's my gain..... <i>Maria Taylor,</i>	139
day of resurrection..... <i>John of Damascus—Neale.</i>	169
daily favors of my God.....	27
dearest idol I have known.....	444
dew lies thick on all the ground.....	841
doctrine of our dying Lord..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	737
dying thief rejoiced to see.....	142
enjoyment of Christ's flesh and blood..... <i>Louisa von Hayn.</i>	650
enjoyment of the flesh and blood.....	635
eternal gates lift up their heads..... <i>Mrs. C. F. Alexander.</i>	188
Father is in God the Son.....	10
Father sent his Son, to save.....	238
Father's equal God's own Son.....	43
feeble souls thou dost sustain.....	228
God of Abraham praise..... <i>Thomas Oliver.</i>	20
God of harvest praise..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	798
God of peace you sanctify.....	619
gold and silver are the Lord's..... <i>Anon.</i>	603
golden sunshine, vernal air.....	593
goodly land I see.....	20

	HYMN.
The gospel as a polished glass.....	5
gospel-trumpet hear.....	257
grace which all may find.....	234
graves of all his saints he blessed.....	880
ground of my profession.....	475
harvest-song would we repeat.....	799
high and mighty ones.....	425
hill of Zion yields.....	574
Holy Ghost he sends.....	46
holy, spotless, Lamb of God.....	302
hour of sleep is now at hand.....	<i>R. Elliott.</i> 823
hours' decline and setting sun.....	<i>Seagrave & Herman.</i> 819
joy can ne'er be spoken.....	121
joyful sound is news of grace.....	291
king himself comes near.....	662
Lamb that died for me.....	511
Lamb who by blood our salvation obtained.....	581
Lamb who dwells amid the throne.....	913
lame and palsied freely rise.....	101
law and prophets there have place.....	109
life of all is sleeping.....	166
light of light divine.....	83
Lord ascendeth up on high.....	<i>Joseph Hart.</i> 189
Lord be with me everywhere.....	<i>Wm. Hammond.</i> 834
Lord has promised good to me.....	391
Lord is just, a helper tried.....	52
Lord is my shepherd; no want shall I know.....	<i>J. Montgomery.</i> 505
Lord is risen again.....	173
Lord's joy be our strength and stay.....	730
Lord makes bare his arm.....	746
love I owe for sins forgiven.....	355
love of Christ constraining them.....	731
life of sin departs.....	46
martyr first whose eagle eye.....	340
men of grace have found.....	574
message as from God receive.....	259
more I strove against his power.....	307
morning light is breaking.....	<i>Samuel F. Smith.</i> 706
morning-star is lost.....	419
mountains in thy wrath.....	248
night is come, wherein at last we rest.....	<i>Bohemian Brethren.</i> 828
nightly watches would I spend.....	823
one thing needful, that good part.....	<i>Kendall's Collection.</i> 301
pains of death are past.....	749
pains, the groans, the dying strife.....	873
passion-theme pursuing.....	<i>C. R. v. Z'nz'nd'rf—L. F. Kampm'n.</i> 167
peace of God then fills the soul.....	406
precious flood.....	137
Prince of glory bowed his head.....	178
promise of immortal bliss.....	291
purchase of thy blood.....	654

	HYMN.
The reproach of Christ is glorious.....	531
royal banner is unfurled.. <i>Venantius Fortunatus—Chandler.</i>	122
Saviour lives, no more to die..... <i>Samuel Medley.</i>	183
Saviour, O what endless charms.....	81
Saviour whom they loved when here.....	888
Saviour's blood and righteousness..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	302
Saviour's ransomed race.....	572
sepulcher is holding..... <i>Anon.</i>	166
seraphim in light.....	567
sheep of Jesus which were lost.....	228
shepherd of thy people bless.....	744
shepherd sought his sheep.....	344
solemn moment is impending.. <i>Schwer'zb'g, Rudolst'dt, Chitty.</i>	889
solemn service now is done..... <i>Samuel F. Smith.</i>	744
Son of God goes forth to war..... <i>Reginald Heber.</i>	340
Son of God in tears.....	102
soul, from sin forever free.....	917
souls that believe.....	337
soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose.....	501
sparrow for her young.....	670
Spirit and the bride say, Come.....	250
Spirit by his heavenly breath.....	232
Spirit calls to-day.....	263
Spirit in our hearts..... <i>H. U. Onderdonk.</i>	256
Spirit's witness full and clear.....	446
spirit is flown.....	887
spirits of the just..... <i>Joseph Hart.</i>	876
springs of salvation from Christ the rock..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	715
spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine.....	800
stony heart dissolves in tears.....	139
thieves expiring at his side.....	132
things of Christ the Spirit takes.....	232
thorns and nails pierce through my heart.....	125
tomb shall echo deep.....	927
trivial round, the common task.....	805
trump of final doom.....	927
unbounded love of my Creator..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	409
unworthiest of his friends.....	194
venerable train.....	567
volume of my Father's grace.....	6
watchers on the mountain.....	521
watchman join their voice.....	746
way the holy prophets went.....	307
whole creation join in one.....	578
whole triumphant host.....	20
wintry frost, the flowery prime.....	796
wise men from the East adored..... <i>Ancient Church</i>	96
Word eternal, did assume.....	37
word of God which ne'er shall cease.. <i>Bohemian Brethren—</i> <i>Kampmann</i>	2

	HYMN.
The world and Satan rage.....	46
world can never give.....	251
works which we have done.....	315
worst of evils we can name.....	<i>A. Worgan.</i> 450
young remember thee in youth.....	415
young, the old, inspire.....	227
Thee apostles, prophets, thee.....	12
holy Father, we confess.....	13
in evil's baleful day.....	495
in the watches of the night.....	390
O my God and king.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 29
we adore, eternal Lord.....	<i>Thomas Cotterill.</i> 586
we address in humble prayer.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 829
will I love my strength and tower.....	<i>John Angelus.</i> 372
Then after supper took the cup.....	634
after walking in the ways.....	757
all grief is drowned.	404
can we move a conquering host.....	726
cease your sad complaining.....	886
dig, we pray, about our root.....	790
even in storms I thee shall know.....	456
Father, all thy family.....	718
followed by a numerous train.....	740
from the craggy mountains.....	720
from the shouts of fickle joy.....	112
his hand shall wipe the tears.....	901
I shall be supremely blest.....	837
in a nobler sweeter song.....	142
in the history of my age.....	784
in thy way to Salem's courts.....	112
is my strength by thee renewed.....	550
let my faith each fear dispel.....	898
let my soul march boldly on.....	519
let our humble faith address.....	195
let our songs abound.....	574
let the last loud trumpet sound.....	880
let us adore him and give him his right.....	218
let us earnest be.....	557
let us sit beneath his cross.....	138
murmur not, but be resigned.....	568
murmur not nor mourn.....	686
my soul, in every strait.....	556
needful still, my God, my king.....	387
only then we feel.....	234
Saviour then my soul receive.....	289
shall I end my sad complaints.....	502
shall I see and hear and know.....	656
shall wars and tumults cease.....	717
shall we go from pole to pole.....	297
shall we in every state.....	451

HYMN

Then sup with us in love divine.....	631
the souls he joined together.....	465
then I feel that he.....	926
though the soul enjoy.....	927
to all who have confessed.....	894
upward as they fly.....	927
when their work is finished here	748
why O blessed Jesus Christ.....	375
will be of ransomed souls.....	638
will I tell to sinners round.....	307
with my waking thoughts.....	374
Thence he arose, ascending high.....	880
when the glorious end.....	602
There dwells the Lord our king.....	20
everlasting spring abides.....	906
for me the Saviour stands.....	285
hangs the Saviour of..... <i>Bernard, Gerhardt, Gambold.</i>	132
happier bowers than Eden's bloom.....	905
his triumphant chariot waits.....	187
I shall dwell forever.....	399
if thy spirit touch my soul.....	397
is a blessed home..... <i>Henry W. Baker.</i>	503
is a death whose pang.....	251
is a fountain filled with blood..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	142
is a house not made with hands..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	918
is a land of peace.....	503
is a land of pure delight..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	906
is a line, by us unseen.....	864
is none other name than thine..... <i>Anon.</i>	85
is a place, where Jesus sheds.....	558
is a spot where spirits blend.....	558
is a time, we know not when... <i>Jas. Addison Alexander.</i>	864
is a world above.....	882
is an arm that never tires.....	554
is an eye that never sleeps..... <i>John Aikman Wallace.</i>	554
is the throne of David.....	908
let the way appear.....	374
my God bore all my guilt.....	123
on thee I cast my care.....	280
There's but a small beginning made..... <i>Matthew Stach.</i>	709
room, around thy Father's board.....	265
room in God's eternal love.....	265
room in heaven among the choir.....	265
room, within the church, redeemed.....	265
There safe shalt thou abide.....	254
saith the Saviour, I will be.....	659
shall each raptured tongue.....	571
shall I bathe my weary soul.....	487
shall I wear a starry crown.....	519
the Lamb, our shepherd, leads us.....	929

HYMN.

There the rich bounties of our God.....	644
the glorious triumph waits.....	193
there, on eagle wings we soar.....	558
to reap in joy, forever.....	722
we shall with thee remain.....	193
we to all eternity.....	930
with trimmed lamps we'll tarry.....	448
Therefore all his agony and passion.....	114
my hope is in his grace.....	286
my Saviour's blood.....	302
my soul delight no more.....	425
These children, Lord, are thine.....	625
children of our love.....	625
lively hopes we owe.....	890
pleas, presented at thy throne.....	856
through fiery trials trod.....	912
varied mercies from above.....	800
They can cast by faith their care.....	408
live to him who bought them.....	612
praise the Lord who once was slain.....	34
see thy power and glory there.....	841
sing thy deeds as I have sung.....	841
watch for souls for which the Lord.....	735
who him their Saviour know.....	408
who hunger after Christ.....	<i>F. W. Foster.</i> 632
who Jesus followers are.....	<i>John Gambold.</i> 470
who know our Lord indeed.....	<i>Gambold & Zinzendorf.</i> 408
who seek the crown of grace.....	<i>Anon.</i> 556
who see themselves undone.....	61
who simply to him cleave.....	385
with patience having run.....	922
They're delighted when they call.....	470
Thine eyes observed me from afar.....	29
then, for ever be.....	19
Think how on the cross he hung.....	269
kind Jesus, my salvation.....	904
This be our supreme delight.....	553
child is therefore blessed.....	885
consecrated cross I'll bear.....	342
day is holy to the Lord.....	<i>F. W. Foster.</i> 658
glorious hope revives.....	460
holy bread and wine.....	649
holy word exposes sin.....	2
is not my place of resting.....	<i>Horatius Bonar.</i> 929
is that great thing I know.....	370
is the day the Lord hath made.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 655
is the field where hidden lies.....	6
is the hand that shaped my frame.....	807
is the homage he requires.....	655
is the judge that ends the strife.....	6

	HYMN.
This is the man, the exalted man.....	38
is the temple of the Lord... ..	655
is the time, no more delay.....	259
is the way I long had sought.....	307
lamp through all the tedious night.....	4
life's a dream, an empty show.....	892
mystery every throne and power.....	43
night my longing soul with Christ.....	823
now with heaven's resplendent host.....	737
ship we now commend to the..... <i>R. Fergusson.</i>	741
spotless robe the same appears.....	304
stone to thee in faith we lay... .. <i>James Montgomery.</i>	842
unction may I ever feel.....	325
will I do, for thy love's sake.....	206
will I do thou child divine.....	74
Thither his raptured thought.. ..	440
Those that seek thee shall rejoice.....	532
Thou art a cooling fountain.....	657
art coming to a king.....	545
art gone in before us Lord.....	188
art our head, then, Lord of thee.....	73
art the earnest of his love.....	240
art the eternal light.....	567
art the eternal source of grace.....	568
art the life, O Lord.....	60
art the life, the rending tomb.....	106
art the truth, thy word alone.....	106
art the way, the truth, the life.....	106
art the way, to thee alone..... <i>George W. Doane.</i>	106
art thy church's head.....	751
canst not toil in vain.....	602
comfortest the heavy heart.....	238
didst create the stars of night.....	225
for our griefs didst mourn.....	567
for thy foes entreatest.....	119
friend of sinners hear my cry..... <i>M. Stonehouse.</i>	298
God of covenanted grace.....	206
God of glorious majesty..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	289
God of my salvation.....	119
gracious Saviour, for my good.....	757
hast canceled my transgression.....	131
hast died for me.....	40
hast kindly led us.....	691
hast made our land to quake.....	854
hast o'erthrown the foe.....	567
hast promised for our consolation.....	782
hast promised to befriend us.....	762
hast raised our human nature... <i>Christopher Wordsworth.</i>	200
heavenly teacher, thee we praise.....	241
hidden source of calm repose..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	398

HYMN.

Thou in grace hast looked on me.....	361
in toil art comfort sweet.....	230
on my head in early youth.....	373
Jesus, art our king.....	<i>John Angelus.</i> 567
Lamb of God once slain.....	692
Light divine, most gracious Lord.....	233
Lord, must for thy sake forgive.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 295
Lord wilt not forsake me.....	424
mine only helper art	532
my daily task shalt give.....	31
O Christ art all I want.....	364
on my neck didst fall.....	29
say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints.....	363
seest my feebleness.....	523
seest our weakness, Lord.....	28
shalt see my glory soon.....	365
source of my salvation.....	<i>Wobeser & v. Bruningk.</i> 119
the sacrifice receive.....	628
the spring of all my comfort.....	704
the woman gav'st remission.....	904
to purchase our salvation.....	202
to whom all power is given.....	711
who both heaven and earth dost sway.....	73
who didst on Calvary bleed.....	<i>John D. Burns.</i> 280
who, houseless, sole, forlorn,.....	260
who in heaven art.....	425
who on earth the sick didst heal.....	560
who, sinless, yet hast known.....	817
whose all-pervading eye.....	817
wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer and friend.....	754
wondrous advocate with God.....	395
Though all earthly joys be fled.....	385
but a little child I am.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 753
by threatening storms surrounded.....	485
dark be the way.....	491
destruction walk around us.....	815
distresses now attend.....	490
foes on every side assail.....	614
high above all praise.....	580
his majesty be great.....	269
I'm in body full of pain.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 837
in the very form of God.....	392
like the wanderer.....	374
my ransom price be paid.....	314
nature's strength decay.....	20
now ascending up on high.....	561
our sins, our hearts confounding.....	855
pressed we need not yield.....	46
rough and thorny be the road.....	492
seated on the Father's throne.....	192

	HYMN.
Though sin with us doth much abound.....	286
storms his face obscure.....	283
ten thousand ills.....	490
the night be dark and dreary.....	815
vine and fig tree neither.....	22
waves and storms go o'er my head.....	294
we are guilty, thou art good.....	698
weak and poor, I am thine own.....	455
Thousands, O Lord of hosts, to-day..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	841
tens of thousands stand.....	12
Thrice blest and happy he.....	670
happy they who in this time.	866
Through all eternity to thee.....	21
duty and through trials.....	338
every period of my life.....	21
floods and flames, if Jesus leads.....	338
hidden dangers, toils and deaths.....	21
many dangers, toils and snares.....	391
the day thy love hath spared us..... <i>Thomas Kelly.</i>	816
the duties of the day.....	802
the valley and shadow of death though I stray.....	505
this vain world he guides our feet.....	23
thy grace may we always.....	205
Thus Abraham was saved by grace.....	302
if thou hast known him.....	54
may we as thine anointed.....	610
might I hide my blushing face.....	133
our bliss will last forever.....	690
preserved from Satan's wiles.....	30
shall they guard my sleeping dust.....	893
star by star declines.....	882
thus the christian life adorning..	524
the soul at once obtaineth.....	318
we remember thee.....	629
while his death my sin displays.....	305
will the church below.....	468
with thee, my God! my friend.....	802
Thy blest people trusting in thy merit.....	615
body broken for my sake.....	630
blood so dear and precious..... <i>Praetorious.</i>	148
bounty gives me bread with peace.....	27
chastisements are naught but love.....	568
closet enter, pray.....	476
covenant in the darkest gloom.....	323
covenant to man secures.....	796
face, with reverence and with love.....	598
faithful servant may he prove.....	623
favor gives me daily bread.....	827
former misspent time redeem.....	801
gladdening oil thou dost impart.....	228

HYMN.

Thy grace alone, O God.....	316
grace still dwells upon my heart.....	86
incarnation, wounds and death.....	302
sins I bore on Calvary's tree.....	250
law is perfect, Lord of light..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	7
love, how cheering is its ray.....	394
love, in suffering be my peace.....	394
majesty, how vast it is..... <i>John Angelus.</i>	43
mercy, Lord, to us dispense..... <i>Countess Zinzendorf.</i>	708
mercy sweetens every soil.....	731
name dispels my guilt and fear.....	125
name we bless, almighty God.....	861
nature, gracious Lord, impart.....	453
passion, Lord, inspires.....	507
precepts make me truly wise.....	768
presence gracious God afford..... <i>John Fawcett.</i>	683
presence makes the feast.....	629
promise is my only plea.....	274
providence is kind and large.....	24
saints in all this glorious war.....	331
Spirit then will speak.....	705
sweet communion charms the soul.....	238
thoughts of peace o'er us fulfill.....	733
will be done, I still would say.....	839
word is everlasting truth.....	768
Zion palms is strewing.....	53
'Tis a pleasant thing to see..... <i>Henry F. Lyte.</i>	469
done, my God hath died..... <i>Charles Wesley.</i>	203
done, the great transaction.....	328
done, the precious ransom's paid.....	136
everlasting peace.....	311
faith that changes all the heart.....	296
faith that conquers earth and hell.....	296
finished, all that heaven foretold.....	149
finished, let the joyful sound.....	149
finished now..... <i>Gregor & La Trobe.</i>	137
finished, so the Saviour cried..... <i>Samuel Stennett.</i>	149
finished, Son of God thy power.....	149
he, my soul, that sent his Son.....	575
he that saveth me.....	316
heaven on earth by faith to see..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	363
his almighty love.....	572
I to whom these pains belong.....	151
like the sun, a heavenly light.....	768
my happiness below..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	482
not a cause of small import.....	735
only in thee hiding.....	376
pleasant to believe thy grace.....	918
prayer supports the soul that's weak.....	549
strung and tuned for endless years.....	142

'T is that the kindness of our God.....	516
the most blest and needful part..... <i>C. R. v. Zinzendorf.</i>	402
the Saviour now victorious	177
thine a heart of flesh to give.....	284
thine alone, almighty name..... <i>Edwin F. Hatfield.</i>	537
thine alone to change the heart.....	300
thine each soul to calm.....	664
thine,—my daily bread that brings.....	807
thine, my God,—the same that kept.....	807
thine to cleanse the heart.....	231
well, it shall my glory be.....	355
Till, saved from all annoy.....	548
then I would thy love proclaim.....	80
then, nor is my boasting vain.....	326
then, though clouds enclose me round.....	480
we in heaven shall take our seat.....	241
we the Lord our righteousness.....	650
we with angels join to sing.....	672
Time, like an ever-rolling stream.....	795
To a pleasant land he brings.....	583
avert from men God's wrath..... <i>John Huss.</i>	637
belong to Christ, our Saviour.... .. <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	526
breathe, and wake, and sleep.....	867
Christ the king of glory.....	166
Christ we homage pay..... <i>S. T. Benade.</i>	694
comfort and to bless	599
each thy sacred word apply.....	683
faith reveal the things unseen.....	841
Father, Son, and Spirit, now.....	588
gain remission of our sin.....	286
God let all the human race..... <i>Philip Melancthon.</i>	33
God our Immanuel made flesh. <i>Christian Gregor.</i>	79
God the Father, God the Son.....	672
God the judge of quick and dead.....	684
God the only wise..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	572
God we render praise..... <i>Simpson & Foster.</i>	921
God we render thanks and praise.. <i>Boh. Brethren—Gambold.</i>	37
God your every want.....	555
him enthroned by filial right.. ..	217
him it leads the soul.....	312
him poor sinners may appeal.....	313
him that overcometh.....	766
him who left the throne of heaven.....	50
him who suffered on the tree.....	217
Jordan's bank whene'er we come.....	884
love the Lord, ah, this.....	203
me remains nor place nor time.....	377
our Redeemer-God.....	572
our Redeemer's glorious name..... <i>Miss Anna Steele.</i>	215
scorn the senses sway.....	439

HYMN.

To serve the present age.....	335
spend one sacred day.....	670
the dear fountain of thy blood.....	279
the great one in three.....	15
the hills I lift my eyes.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 495, 496
the soul that seeks him.....	<i>F. W. Foster.</i> 454
thee aloud all angels cry.....	586
thee be glory, honor, praise.....	<i>Theodulph of Orleans.</i> 112
thee God Holy Ghost we pray.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 241
thee I, therefore, Lord submit.....	477
thee Lord Christ all praise be given.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i> 192
thee our all devoted be.....	595
thee our vows with sweet accord.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i> 775
thee our wants are known.....	695
thee Redeemer, Saviour, King.....	112
thee the Christ of God.....	212
thee, then, O Jesus.....	70
thee this temple we devote.....	<i>J. R. Scott.</i> 851
this temple, where we call thee.....	848
thy divine abode.....	670
thy temple I repair.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 689
watch and pray and never faint.....	748
work the work of God.....	98
you he calls, my goodness prove.....	255
Zion's peaceful courts above.....	884
To-day a stone is hiding.....	166
let death come, or to-morrow.....	889
on weary nations.....	657
the name is thine.....	83
the Saviour calls.....	<i>S. F. Smith & Hastings.</i> 263
we celebrate the birth.....	<i>Martin Luther.</i> 66
Together with these symbols Lord.....	<i>John Cennick.</i> 640
Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice.....	589
Too faint our anthems here.....	664
Tranquil amid alarms.....	749
Tremendous judgments from thy hand.....	852
Trespases in word and thought.....	314
Triumph and reign in me.....	209
True faith receives the offered good.....	291
son of the Father.....	70
Truly blessed is this station.....	214
Trusting his mild staff always.....	366
in thy Saviour's merit.....	875
only in thy merit.....	704
Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs.....	145
Turn, my soul, unto thy rest.....	484
'T was grace that taught my heart to fear.....	391
I that shed the sacred blood.....	118
the good physician now.....	836
then the children joined the rest.....	761

	HYMN.
'T was to save thee, child, from dying.....	765
UNDER the shadow of thy throne.....	795
sorrows and reproaches.....	894
Unfailing comfort, heavenly guide.....	244
Unhappy those who turn away.....	37
Unite us in the sacred love.....	858
United firmly by thy grace.....	461
Unnumbered comforts to my soul.....	21
Unshaken as eternal hills.....	608
Unto Jesus' cross I'm now retiring.....	<i>Christian v. Zinzendorf.</i> 157
Unto us thy name's sweet savor.....	448
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 883
Unwearied may I this pursue.....	369
Up then, with speed, and work.....	867
Uphold me, Lord, too prone to stray.....	<i>Henry F. Lyte.</i> 525
Upon that dear majestic head.....	38
the bridal pair look down.....	773
the cross he died.....	46
your bounty's willing wings.....	601
Us deliver from the world and sin.....	767
forever bless and keep.....	563
into closest union draw.....	461
VAIN are our fancies, airy flights.....	296
delusive, world adieu.....	<i>Augustus M. Toplady.</i> 405
the stone, the watch, the seal.....	168
Vainly we offer each ample oblation.....	68
Vanquish our lusts, our pride remove.....	238
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see.....	62
Visit then this soul of mine.....	39
us with thy salvation.....	219
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray.....	586
WAF, waft, ye winds, his story.....	716
Wake, awake, for night is flying..	<i>Philip Nicolai—Winkworth.</i> 916
the song of jubilee.....	<i>Leonard Bacon.</i> 714
Warrior on thy station stand... ..	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 728
Was ever grief like thine.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 127
it for crimes that I had done.....	133
there nothing but a manger.....	765
Wash it from every stain of guilt.....	624
me and make me thus their own.....	130
out its stains, refine.....	431
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor.....	814
'tis your Lord's command.....	522
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	<i>John Bowring.</i> 88
Water the body laves.....	620
Waters of life hence may I draw.....	435
We adore thee evermore.....	205

HYMN.

We are taught to love the Lord.....	758
are redeemed.....	137
are traveling home.....	457
are thine, do thou befriend us.....	762
ask for wisdom, Lord, impart.....	415
ask not for it earthly bliss.....	624
ask not golden streams of wealth.....	415
ask not honors which an hour.....	415
bid thee welcome in the name.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 742
bless the prophet of the Lord.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 211
bow before thy throne.....	<i>R. Simpson.</i> 48
bring them Lord, and with the sign.....	622
bring them Lord in thankful hand.....	621
covenant with heart and hand.....	<i>S. T. Benade.</i> 540
give thee but thine own.....	<i>Wm. Walsham How.</i> 599
have no other trust.....	548
have often heard and read.....	758
honor our exalted king.....	211
humbly thank thee, Lord our God.....	832
in one covenant are joined.....	<i>J. Swertner.</i> 466
join to pray, with wishes kind... <i>Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell.</i>	774
join together heart and hand.....	650
know that scenes are always bright.....	774
know the righteousness complete.....	313
know the shepherd's love who left.....	313
lose what on ourselves we spend.....	593
mark her goodly battlements.....	608
meet at thy command, O Lord.....	659
meet with one accord.....	227
now return each to his tent.....	<i>J. Hartley.</i> 696
O Jesus, claim thy special care.....	<i>J. Allen.</i> 767
ourselves are God's own field.....	797
own and bless thy gracious sway.....	800
perish if we cease from prayer.....	544
plead thy grace, indulgent God.....	856
praise thee, that the gospel's light.....	861
pray thee let the heavenly host.....	33
pray thee wounded Lamb.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 330
reverence our high-priest above.....	211
see his beauty and admire.....	674
share our mutual woes.....	460
sing to thee, Immanuel.....	<i>Gehrhardt—Winkworth.</i> 73
speak of its freedom from sin... ..	910
speak of its pathways of gold.....	910
speak of its service of love.....	910
speak of the realms of the blest.....	<i>Mrs. Elizabeth Mills.</i> 910
steadfastly this truth maintain.....	737
thank thee that thou wilt the children permit.....	754
thee entreat with one accord.....	736
thirst O Lord, give us this day.....	306

We this offered Saviour needed.....	58
tread on consecrated ground..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	850
trust not in our native strength.....	333
walk by faith of joys to come.....	918
who here together are assembled..... <i>Chr. R. v. Zinzendorf.</i>	645
will dwell on Calvary's mountain.....	448
with joy confess, beloved Saviour..... <i>Charlesworth.</i>	782
could not live by bread alone.....	631
We've no abiding city here.....	794
Weak is the effort of my heart.....	80
Weary of struggling with my pain..... <i>Charles Wesley,</i>	284
Welcome delightful morn..... <i>Hayward.</i>	660
all by sin opprest.....	270
among thy flock of grace..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	680
blessed heavenly stranger..... <i>C. Smart.</i>	78
O welcome, noble guest.....	66
sweet day of rest..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	662
Well might the sun in darkness hide.....	133
Well-pleased through Jesus Christ the Son.....	655
Were half the breath, thus vainly spent.....	543
the whole realm of nature mine.....	135
What a friend we have in Jesus..... <i>Horatius Bonar.</i>	551
are our works.....	330
are these in bright array..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	912
are those soul-reviving strains..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	111
are we? what do we possess.....	568
brought us together, what joined our..... <i>L. E. Schlicht.</i>	464
can we now give to thee.....	205
can we offer thee, O Lord.....	729
gainst thou by thy anxious caring.....	25
good news the angels bring..... <i>Wm. Hammond.</i>	61
heights, what depths of love divine.....	77
is faith's foundation strong.....	370
is his covenant of love.....	516
is it keeps me back.....	272
joy or honor could we have..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	313
language shall I borrow.....	121
my soul, should bow thee down..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	484
now sickens, mourns and sighs.....	180
offering shall I bring to thee..... <i>John Toeltschig.</i>	74
peaceful hours I once.....	444
praise to thee, my Saviour..... <i>John Gambold.</i>	831
ruin hath intemperance wrought.....	537
rush of hallelujahs.....	928
secret hand, at morning light..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	807
shall I, frail man, be pleading.....	904
shall I render unto thee.....	206
shall I say, thy grace to move.....	276
sinners value I resign..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	892
the fathers wished of old.....	51

HYMN.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love.....	397
thou, my Lord, hast suffered.....	121
thou shalt to-day provide.....	30
though the dear child sleepeth.....	886
though the spicy breezes.....	716
though the world foameth.....	371
though they lose the pleasures.....	886
various hindrances we meet..... <i>Wm. Cowper.</i>	543
Whate'er events betide.....	504
I am, whate'er I do..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	449
I ask, I surely know.....	477
the burden be.....	507
Whatever, Lord! we lend to thee.....	593
When a sinner in affliction..... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	318
all is done, renounce your deeds.....	601
all my labors o'er.....	401
all our labor here is o'er.....	709
all thy mercies, O my God..... <i>Joseph Addison.</i>	21
all with awe the throne surround..... <i>B. Ringwald.</i>	897
brethren dwell in unity..... <i>F. W. Foster.</i>	472
children blessed by Jesus..... <i>J. A. Rothe.</i>	885
Christ in majesty shall come.....	43
Christ our Saviour did ascend..... <i>John Cennick.</i>	191
conscious sinners tremble..... <i>Wm. Jowett.</i>	899
death shall close our earthly songs.....	788
doubts and fears.....	401
downward to the darksome tomb.... <i>Ray Palmer.</i>	893
each can feel his brother's sigh.....	463
each day's scenes or labors close.....	812
ends life's transient dream.....	309
faith and hope shall cease.....	368
first before his mercy seat.....	492
free from envy, scorn and pride.....	463
from the dust of death I rise.....	304
gathering clouds around I view..... <i>Robert Grant.</i>	488
he came, the angels sang.....	84
he lived on earth.....	389
his hour strikes for relieving.....	489
his name was quite unknown.....	478
his Spirit leads us home.....	270
I by faith my Saviour see..... <i>John Newton.</i>	125
I can read my title clear..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	487
I have erred and gone astray.....	396
I hence depart.....	40
I shall gain permission..... <i>Paul Gerhardt.</i>	872
I survey the wondrous cross..... <i>Isaac Watts.</i>	135
I to him in want apply.....	603
I tread the verge of Jordan.....	500
I visit Jesus grave in spirit.. <i>Christian R. v. Zinzendorf.</i>	164

	HYMN.
When in ecstasy sublime.....	140
in the bosom of the earth.....	800
in the night I sleepless lie.....	822
in the slippery paths of youth.....	21
in the solemn hour of death.....	510
infant heirs of heaven..... <i>J. A. Rothe—J. Bomberger.</i>	886
Jesus into Salem rode.....	759
Jesus left his father's throne..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	759
languor and disease invade..... <i>Augustus M. Toplady.</i>	838
love in one delightful stream.....	463
nature fails, and day and night.....	21
on Calvary I rest.....	140
on my aching, burdened heart	510
on Sinai's top I see..... <i>James Montgomery.</i>	140
once it enters to the mind.....	768
our earthly comforts fail.....	556
pride would stir.....	455
rising floods my soul o'erflow.....	431
rising from the bed of death..... <i>Joseph Addison.</i>	898
rolling years brought on the day	226
Satan by my sins made bold.....	396
shall that hour of grace appear.....	718
shall the voice of singing..... <i>James Edmeston.</i>	720
shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls.....	905
shall thine hour, dear Jesus, come.... <i>Count Zinzendorf.</i>	718
shriveling like a parched scroll.....	896
simplicity we cherish..... <i>August Gottlieb Spangenberg.</i>	432
sorrow and remorse..... <i>Justus Gesenius—Winkworth.</i>	507
sorrowing o'er some stone.....	488
streaming from the eastern skies..... <i>Wm. Shrubsole, Jr.</i>	804
temptation sorely presses.....	559
that illustrious day.....	331
the evening skies display.....	802
the full light of heavenly day.....	396
the judge his seat attaineth.....	904
the Lord appears.....	404
the morn shall bid us rise.....	701
the round of care is run.....	802
the soft dews of kindly sleep.....	814
the storms of trial lower.....	280
the sun of bliss is streaming.....	126
the woes of life o'ertake me.....	126
they think of home, now dearer.....	722
they reach the land of strangers.....	722
those we love, in Jesus sleep..... <i>Anon.</i>	884
thou didst hang upon the tree.....	225
thou, my Saviour, shalt appear.....	107
through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie.....	501
through the deep waters, I call thee to go.....	501
thy days are veiled in night.....	497

	HYMN.
When thy days on earth are past.....	494
to heaven's great and glorious king.....	807
to the cross I turn mine eyes.....	630
vexing thoughts within me.....	488
we asunder part.....	460
we seek relief.....	499
weary in the christian race.....	396
with him, my Lord, in closest union.....	409
worn with sickness oft hast thou	21
Whene'er we to mankind proclaim.....	709
Where divine affection lives.....	469
every polished stone shall be.....	843
high the heavenly temple stands.....	<i>Michael Bruce.</i> 561
is the blessedness I knew.....	444
the saints of all ages in harmony meet.....	163
thou hast thy work begun.....	675
two or three with sweet accord....	<i>Rev. Samuel Stennett.</i> 659
Where'er I thee this day did grieve.....	819
Wherefore weep we over Jesus.....	<i>Philip Spitta.</i> 152
Whether the period of this life,.. ..	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 866
to live or die... ..	382
Which of all our friends to save us.....	389
teaches me to do.....	325
While here on earth I still remain.....	302
I am a pilgrim here.....	545
I draw this fleeting breath.....	308
I hear the grace revealed.....	134
I know, his providence.....	478
life's dark maze I tread.....	309
like a tide our minutes flow.	26
Moses stood with arms spread wide.....	543
place we seek, or place we shun.....	377
rich and poor for mercy call.....	655
successive years are wasting....	<i>Wm. Okely & C. Wesley.</i> 786
the pilgrim travels.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 32
the prayers of saints ascend.....	689
the troubled soul is sighing.....	318
the wicked are confounded.....	904
through this changing world.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 440
thy glorious praise is sung.....	689
thy ministers proclaim.....	689
we, deeply humbled.....	527
we pray for pardoning grace.....	700
we take our seat.....	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 436
we thy past dealings.....	350
with ceaseless course, the sun.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 787
with her sweetest flowers.....	49
with repenting tears.....	627
yet his anguished soul surveyed.....	633
Whither should I, sinner, flee.....	863

	HYMN.
Who can condemn since Christ.....	176
can thy operations trace.....	228
defeats my fiercest foes.....	370
early by a living faith	755
for Israel's consolation.....	<i>B. La Trobe.</i> 783
in Jesus Christ abideth... ..	432
is life in life to me.....	370
is the king of glory who.....	187
is this that comes from Edom.....	<i>Thomas Kelly.</i> 177
sincerely loveth Jesus.....	432
to Jesus humbly cleaveth.....	432
who would live away, away from his God.....	163
would not now pursue the way.....	461
would still such mercy grieve.....	266
on Christ's dear mother gazing.....	154
Whoe'er would spend his days	351
Why art thou afraid to come.....	269
do we mourn departing friends.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 880
need we mourn, as in despair.....	568
O God! thy people spurn.....	<i>Edwin H. Hatfield.</i> 854
restless, why cast down, my soul.....	380
should I complain.....	491
should I shrink from pain and woe.....	905
should the children of a king.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 240
should we fear to trust.....	876
should we start and fear to die... ..	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 873
shrinks my soul? in death's embrace.....	893
will you be starving.....	246
will you waste on trifling cares.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 247
Wide as the world is thy command.....	584
Wisdom and power to Christ belong.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 75
and zeal and faith impart.....	748
With a mind from earthly cares divested.. ..	157
awe and deeply bowed.....	<i>Anon.</i> 76
boldness, therefore at the throne....	561
cheerful heart I close my eyes.....	824
force of arms we nothing can.....	514
gladness they obey his will.....	33
grateful hearts the past we own.....	788
heart and hand you now we own.....	619
high and heavenly bliss.....	629
humble faith on thee I call.....	300
joy I still discover	806
joy we meditate the grace.....	<i>Isaac Watts.</i> 195
love's ardor to be fired.....	465
my burden I begin.....	545
my Jesus I will stay	354
my substance I will honor.....	590
new life endowed by Christ	<i>Count Zinzendorf.</i> 452
pining sickness I decay.....	840

	HYMN.
With pleasing grief and mournful joy.....	305
them my thoughts are dwelling.....	399
thy favored sheep, O place me.....	904
us when the storm is sweeping.....	388
Within the house thy servants rear.....	843
these walls let holy peace.....	845
thy temple, where they stand.....	748
Without beginning or decline.....	41
thy favor.....	459
Witness here to all around thee.....	613
true and faithful.....	350
ye men and angels now.....	<i>Benjamin Beddome.</i> 333
Wonderful in counsel he.....	69
Wonders without end they see.....	408
Wondrous honor hast thou given.....	597
sound the trumpet flingeth.....	901
Work while it is to-day.....	<i>James Montgomery.</i> 98
with them, and confirm thy word.....	846
Worship, honor, power and blessing.....	186
honor, power and blessing.....	<i>J. Bakewell.</i> 566
Worthless are my prayers and sighing.....	904
Worthy O Lord, art thou.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 209
the Lamb that died, they cry.....	578
Wounded head, back ploughed with furrows.....	124
YE chosen seed of Israel's race.....	198
fearful saints, fresh courage take.....	474
followers of the slaughtered Lamb.....	<i>Toeltschig—Horne.</i> 647
Gentile sinners, ne'er forget.....	198
heavy-laden, sin-sick souls.....	255
little flock with pleasure heed.....	621
mourning saints dry every tear.....	175
mourning souls dry up your tears.....	183
must be born again.....	267
pilgrims on the road.....	571
saints, who here in patience.....	521
servants of God your great Master.....	<i>Charles Wesley.</i> 218
servants of the Lord.....	<i>Philip Doddridge.</i> 522
sinners who with grief.....	315
who called to Christ's service are.....	<i>L. E. Schlicht.</i> 727
who have sold for naught.....	257
who in Christ believe.....	627
who Jesus death proclaim.....	616
who long, alas, have been.....	270
who pine in weary sadness.....	72
who profess his sacred name.....	564
who see the Father's grace.....	270
who tossed on beds of pain.....	260
with your Lord are risen.....	627
Yea, Amen.....	914

	HYMN.
Yea, bless his holy name.....	798
Lord, we wish to cast.....	792
only he who feels.....	45
should it even to man appear.....	341
Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe.....	753
let it go.....	332
Lord we will remember thee.....	634
since God himself has said it.....	<i>John Newton.</i> 494
thou art precious to my soul.....	86
whosoever will.....	256
Yet clouds will intervene.....	926
countless are his promises.....	516
faintly to us mortals here.....	47
'fore thee, Jesus, I must own.....	348
Lord, for us a resting-place.....	418
Lord to thy dear will.....	664
not the less that blood avails.....	118
one thing will I ask of thee.....	837
save a trembling sinner.....	275
since the Lord forgave my sins.....	355
this acknowledgment I'll make.....	573
this is confessed.....	337
thou dost even for my sake.....	151
through this rough and thorny maze.....	390
we are of defects aware.....	818
when my Saviour I shall see.....	302
Yield not to temptation.....	<i>H. R. Palmer.</i> 766
ZION hears the watchmen singing.....	916
where God records his name.....	<i>R. Simpson.</i> 674
stands with hills surrounded.....	<i>Thomas Kelly.</i> 603

AN INDEX

OF

TUNES AND METRES:

AND OF THE

HYMNS UNDER EACH TUNE.

¶ The numbers of the Tunes refer to the Tune-books, or Collections of Chorals, edited at various times by Gregor, La Trobe, Wolle, Kunz, and others. In the same line, and in heavy type, is printed the metrical equivalent, and whatever else is needed to assist the Organist or the Minister in finding an equivalent melody.

TUNE 8—4 LINES.....IAMBIC 7s & 6s.
Hymn 166.

TUNE 9—4 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7s & 6s.
Hymn 484.

TUNE 10—4 LINES.....IAMBIC 7s.
Hymn 806.

TUNE 11—4 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7s.
Hymns 31, 51, 61, 62, 69, 82, 84, 91, 105, 134, 140, 144, 160, 168, 193, 230, 260, 262, 270, 280, 285, 314, 320, 327, 358, 365, 385, 408, 414, 420, 451, 457, 467, 470, 471, 483, 497, 513, 532, 535, 545, 556, 576, 582, 583, 587, 628, 675, 689, 714, 719, 721, 752, 760, 764, 781, 802, 803, 817, 830, 836, 849, 854, 860, 863. Doxologies 5, 6.

TUNE 14—(SEE TUNES 590 & 593).....C. M.
Hymns 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 13, 14, 21, 26, 27, 35, 38, 55, 57, 80, 81, 86, 89, 95, 101, 103, 106, 107, 118, 122, 130, 133, 136, 142, 188, 189, 195, 198, 206, 211, 213, 215, 216, 220, 222, 229, 232, 235, 236, 237, 238, 240, 245, 265, 274, 279, 288, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 305, 313, 323, 325, 331, 332, 333, 338, 341, 342, 347, 352, 363, 375, 380, 383, 391, 392, 397, 411, 415, 416, 425, 435, 440, 442, 443, 444, 453, 458, 459, 461, 463, 474, 486, 487, 502, 510, 516, 537, 542, 544, 554, 568, 573, 578, 585, 598, 607, 617, 621, 623, 630, 631, 633, 640, 644, 655, 663, 674, 676, 688, 731, 736, 740, 755, 757, 759, 768, 773, 784, 793, 796, 800, 807, 823, 824, 829, 833, 838, 839, 841, 844, 845, 847, 851, 852, 858, 864, 866, 878, 879, 880, 888, 893, 898, 905, 906, 911, 913, 918. Doxologies 9, 10.

TUNE 16—(SEE TUNE 167)—4 LINES.....TROCHAIC 8s & 7s.
Hymns 8, 56, 64, 65, 78, 126, 214, 282, 318, 423, 432, 441, 498, 524, 531, 547, 610, 613, 765, 815, 825, 855, 875, 903, 929. Doxology 15.

TUNE 22 (SEE TUNES 90, 96, 166.)**L. M.**

Hymns 2, 10, 17, 23, 33, 34, 37, 41, 44, 47, 50, 52, 66, 71, 73, 77, 85, 90, 99, 100, 104, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 125, 132, 135, 139, 149, 153, 183, 187, 192, 197, 199, 217, 225, 226, 228, 239, 241, 243, 244, 247, 250, 253, 255, 258, 259, 264, 268, 275, 276, 284, 291, 300, 301, 302, 304, 307, 310, 326, 328, 330, 349, 377, 387, 390, 394, 396, 418, 419, 427, 431, 433, 447, 455, 456, 492, 493, 519, 525, 530, 534, 543, 549, 550, 558, 560, 561, 575, 584, 586, 588, 589, 593, 595, 601, 603, 609, 611, 614, 619, 622, 624, 626, 635, 650, 651, 656, 659, 661, 665, 668, 671, 672, 683, 685, 698, 709, 712, 718, 726, 730, 732, 733, 738, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 747, 748, 753, 756, 778, 780, 788, 799, 801, 805, 808, 811, 813, 814, 818, 819, 822, 827, 832, 837, 840, 842, 843, 846, 853, 856, 861, 870, 873, 881, 883, 884, 892, 896. Doxologies 11, 12, 13.

TUNE 39—4 LINES..... DACTYLIC 11s or 12s.

Hymns 11, 70, 79, 163, 218, 246, 371, 464, 491, 501, 505, 581, 734, 754. Doxology 21.

TUNE 56—5 LINES..... TROCHAIC 4, (4,) 5, 7, 7, (4,) 4, 5.

Hymns 632, 727, 767.

TUNE 58—5 LINES..... IAMBIC 10, 10, 10, 10, 4.

Hymn 612.

TUNE 68—6 LINES..... TROCHAIC 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5.

Hymns 40, 42, 113, 404, 436, 499, 920.

TUNE 72..... 6s.

Hymn 54.

**TUNE 79 or 580—6 LINES..... IAMBIC 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8.
or 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8.**

Hymns 96, 97, 150, 151, 171, 191, 221, 289, 348, 353, 421, 438, 506, 552, 776, 809, 821, 831, 834, 835, 885, 886, 902.

TUNE 80—6 LINES..... IAMBIC 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Hymn 529.

TUNE 82—6 LINES..... TROCHAIC 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.

Hymn 366.

TUNE 83—6 LINES..... TROCHAIC 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.

Hymns 180, 181, 182, 354, 361, 538, 553, 779, 891.

TUNE 84—6 LINES..... TROCHAIC 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8.

Hymn 677.

TUNE 89—6 LINES..... TROCHAIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

Hymns 9, 117, 177, 196, 389, 494, 810, 816.

TUNE 90 or 96—6 LINES..... L. M.

Hymns 138, 201, 242, 293, 294, 321, 345, 369, 372, 398, 488, 684, 737, 790, 794, 804, 812.

TUNE 95—6 LINES..... TROCHAIC 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

Hymn 154.

TUNE 97—6 LINES..... IAMBIC 8, 8, 8, 8, 10, 10.
Hymns 401, 449, 600.

TUNE 106—6 LINES.....IAMBIC 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8.
Hymns 25, 889.

TUNE 115—6 LINES.....IAMBIC 11, 10, 11, 10, 8, 12.
Hymns 351, 362.

TUNE 119—7 LINES.....TROCHAIC 3, (3,) 7, 8, 7, 8, 9, (3,) 3.
Hymns 3, 87, 165, 208, 422, 643, 874, 914.

TUNE 132—7 LINES.....IAMBIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
Hymns 286, 564, 897. Doxology 25.

TUNE 141—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 6s & 5s.
Hymns 32, 224, 350, 417, 527, 642, 691, 763.

TUNE 146—8 LINES.....IAMBIC 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.
Hymns 190, 207, 210, 517, 565, 569.

TUNE 149—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7, 6, 7, 6, 3, 3, 6, 6.
Hymn 925.

TUNE 151—8 LINES.....IAMBIC 7s & 6s.
Hymns 22, 49, 53, 92, 119, 120, 121, 148, 162, 167, 169, 287, 292,
319, 339, 360, 376, 393, 399, 424, 428, 430, 475, 479, 521, 594, 639,
657, 706, 713, 716, 720, 769, 872, 899, 907, 908, 909. Doxology 28.

TUNE 152 or 591—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7s & 6s.
Hymns 269, 405, 496, 919. Doxology 22.

TUNE 155—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7, 8, 4, 7, 3, 8, 8, 7.
Hymn 724.

TUNE 157—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 8, 3, 3, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6.
Hymn 72.

TUNE 159—8 LINES..... IAMBIC 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.
Hymns 75, 402, 445, 446, 466, 472, 476, 540, 658, 679, 696, 761,
770, 775, 850, 915, 923, 930.

TUNE 164—8 LINES.....IAMBIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 8, 8.
Hymns 406, 539.

TUNE 165—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.
Hymn 826.

TUNE 166—8 LINES.....L. M. D.
Hymns 24, 74, 324, 480, 546, 634, 641, 647, 680, 693, 729, 777,
791, 877. Doxology 14.

TUNE 167—(SEE TUNE 16)—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 8s & 7s.
Hymns 94, 116, 143, 146, 152, 156, 170, 186, 200, 202, 290, 317,
322, 356, 359, 384, 388, 462, 465, 481, 485, 526, 551, 566, 577, 590,
592, 596, 597, 604, 678, 710, 783, 789. Doxologies 16, 17.

TUNE 168—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7.
Hymns 124, 129, 131, 346, 618, 785, 869.

TUNE 172—8 LINES.....IAMBIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 11, 9, 11, 8.
Hymn 43.

TUNE 184 or 594—8 LINES.....IAMBIC 9s & 8s.
Hymns 128, 646.

TUNE 185—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 10, 7, 7.
Hymns 114, 157, 164, 172, 357, 409, 434, 437, 452, 454, 562, 615,
645, 681, 682, 782. Doxologies 19, 20.

TUNE 195—9 LINES.....TROCHAIC 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6.
Hymn 667.

TUNE 199—9 LINES.....IAMBIC 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7.
Hymn 514.

TUNE 203—9 LINES.....IAMBIC 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 4.
Hymn 233.

TUNE 205—8 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7s.
Hymns 88, 158, 179, 184, 204, 205, 252, 261, 266, 277, 281, 364,
386, 429, 478, 482, 495, 533, 563, 616, 638, 707, 728, 739, 787, 797,
900, 912, 922, 924. Doxologies 7, 8.

TUNE 211.....P. M.
Hymn 636.

TUNE 221—9 lines.....P. M.
Hymn 715.

TUNE 228.....P. M.
Hymn 410.

TUNE 230—12 LINES.....8, 9, 8, 8, 9, 8, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 8.
Hymns 367, 403, 570, 673, 690, 916.

TUNE 249.....6, 6, 6, 7, 7, 6, 4, 6.
Hymns 48, 76, 579, 921.

TUNE 285 or 583—4 LINES.....IAMBIC 10s.
Hymns 373, 750.

TUNE 341.....6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.
Hymns 29, 203, 209, 567, 692, 694.

TUNE 342.....H. M.
Hymns 67, 257, 660, 695. Doxology 24.

TUNE 519.....P. M.
Hymn 147.

TUNE 581—6 LINES.....TROCHAIC 7s.
Hymns 12, 16, 30, 39, 93, 115, 123, 159, 161, 273, 308, 336, 378,
412, 469, 637, 700, 701, 758.

TUNE 582—(SEE **TUNE 595**).....**S. M. or S. M. D.**
Hymns 127, 141, 155, 272, 278, 283, 473, 536, 648, 705, 749, 751,
867, 868, 871, 876, 882, 890, 926, 927.

TUNE 585.....**8s, 7s & 4s.**
Hymns 18, 58, 59, 63, 145, 185, 219, 249, 448, 490, 500, 508, 559,
605, 652, 666, 669, 697, 703, 711, 722, 723, 762, 771, 786, 848, 894,
895, 920. Doxology 18.

TUNE 587 or 596—3 LINES.....**5, 5, 11.**
Hymns 337, 887.

TUNE 588—6 LINES.....**IAMBIC 4, 6, 6, 5, 7, (4,) 4.**
Hymn 137. Doxology 26.

TUNE 590—(SEE **TUNES 14 & 593**).....**C. M. D.**
Hymns 36, 176, 178, 306, 329, 340, 381, 395, 450, 708, 901.

TUNE 593—(SEE **TUNES 14 & 590**).....**C. M.**
Hymns 355, 477, 509, 515, 528, 608, 735, 774, 795.

TUNE 595—(SEE **TUNE 582**).....**S. M. & S. M. D.**
Hymns 19, 20, 28, 45, 46, 60, 83, 98, 102, 173, 194, 212, 227, 231,
234, 248, 251, 254, 256, 263, 267, 303, 311, 312, 315, 316, 334, 335,
344, 368, 379, 382, 407, 426, 439, 460, 468, 504, 507, 511, 518, 520,
522, 523, 541, 548, 555, 557, 571, 572, 574, 580, 591, 599, 602, 606,
620, 625, 627, 629, 649, 653, 654, 662, 664, 670, 686, 699, 717, 725,
746, 772, 792. Doxologies 2, 3, 4.

6s & 4s.

Hymns 15, 223, 309, 374, 400, 798, 857, 859, 862. Doxology 27.

6s & 5s. DACTYLIC.

Hymn 413.

6s. IAMBIC.

Hymns 503, 512. Doxology 23.

6s. TROCHAIC.

Hymn 54.

7s. TROCHAIC—5 LINES.

Hymns 174, 370.

8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

Hymn 175.

8s, 7s & 6s.

Hymn 702.

8s TROCHAIC.

Hymn 904.

8s DACTYLIC.

Hymn 910.

11s & 8s.

Hymn 687.

11s & 10s.

Hymns 68, 498.

PARTICULAR METRES.Hymns 271, 343, 704, 766, 828, 865, 928. **Doxology 1.**

